

LA
BELLE ASSEMBLÉE

OR,

BELL'S

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

Magazine,

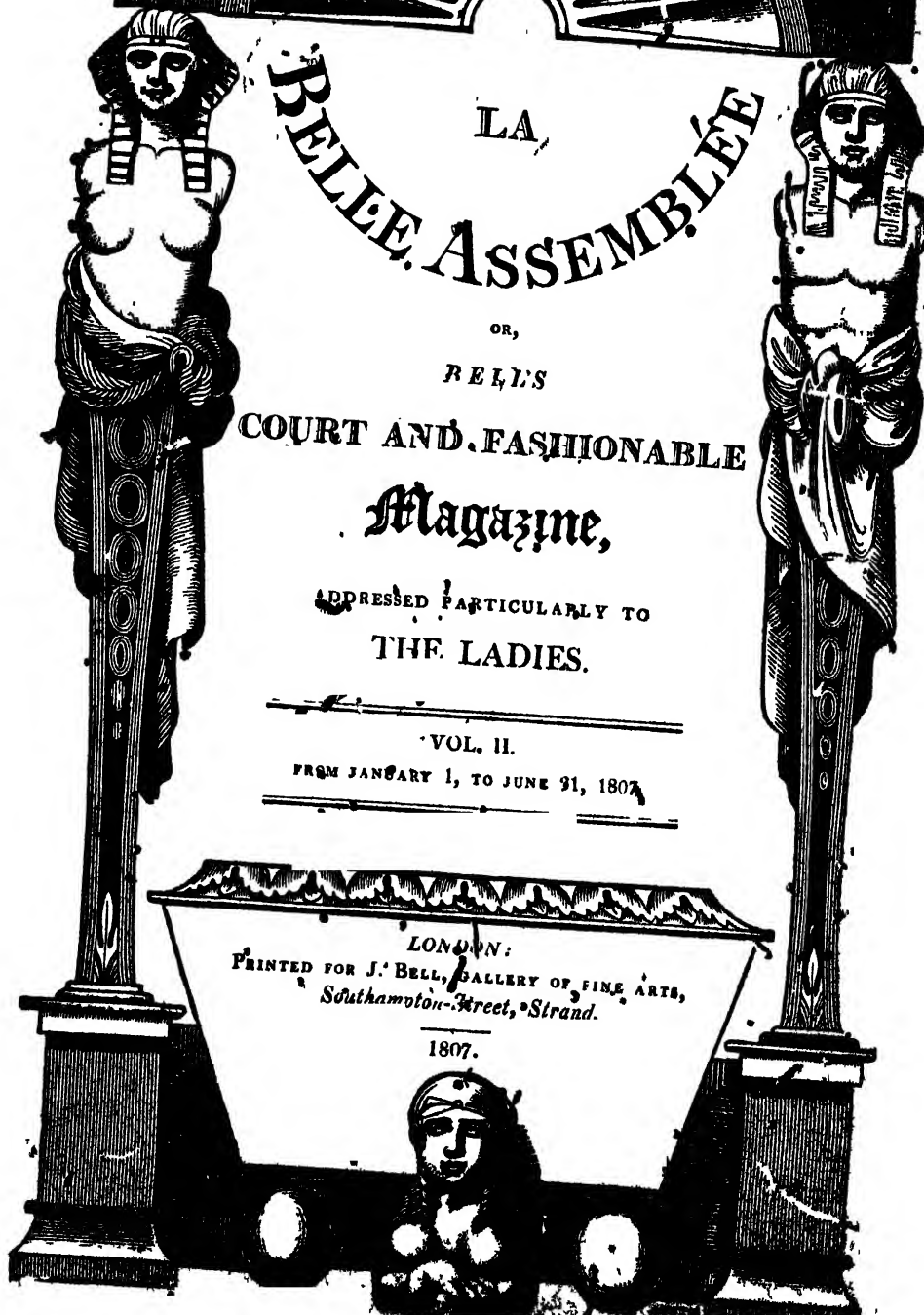
ADDRESSED PARTICULARLY TO
THE LADIES.

VOL. II.

FROM JANUARY 1, TO JUNE 31, 1807

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PREFACE.

IN concluding the SECOND VOLUME of our Miscellany, it is with no ordinary satisfaction that we look back upon our Work, and, in measuring our performance with our promise, consider ourselves entitled rather to the thanks and acknowledgments of our Readers, than compelled, according to ordinary practice, to sue for grace and favour, to extenuate omissions, and demand pardon for breach of faith.

If this be the language of pride, we trust, nevertheless, that it is the language of truth. And it is surely better to have placed ourselves in a situation of just, though lofty pretensions, by exertions beyond our promises, and the warranted expectations of our Subscribers, than to have been condemned, at the winding up of a Volume, to slur over all recollection of our pledges, and to have commenced another course of boast and ostentation, with a long arrears of broken faith.

A slight review of what we have done in the last Volume of our Magazine, will sufficiently impress upon our Readers' minds the truth of our assertion. And first, as far as regards the decorative part of our Work:—

In our last Numbers we have constantly given the Figures in one of our two Plates of Fashion, COLOURED. This may be considered by some as a material improvement, others will estimate it more cheaply, but all must concur in pronouncing it a very heavy and additional expence to the Proprietors,—an expence, moreover, for which they did not stand engaged, and which must, of consequence, be more praiseworthy in the Reader's estimation.

Some of the Portraits likewise, in the latter Numbers, have been executed with a degree of skill and taste which, they confess, had not been obtained in their former Numbers, and rarely been equalled in any other Work. The Proprietors may here refer to the Portrait of the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, in No. 16: which for spirit and delicacy of execution, taste and accuracy of likeness, has never been excelled by any engraving of a similar sort.

The MUSICAL department of their Work has been improved in the same manner; and they may confidently affirm, that a more choite collection of original English Songs, each expressive and characteristic of the skill and taste of its peculiar Composer, has never appeared in any similar publication. The names of the most eminent Masters, and those only, will be found in the list of the contributors; and the present Work on this account, if no other, would be well worthy of public encouragement.

In respect to the LITERARY department of this Miscellany, the Proprietors have most faithfully kept their engagements. It is impossible to analyse each particular article, or branch, of a mass so copious and varied, but they can safely pronounce, that a more original, interesting, and choice miscellany has seldom been produced in a similar Work; and that under the department entitled, FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES, will be found matter not even unworthy of the reading of the professed Scholar and Philosopher.

Having taken this just and necessary retrospect, the Proprietors have not much to add. With respect to the general plan of their Magazine, it has been too strongly sanctioned by the Public to admit of any material change. There is no charm in a stiff and unbroken monotony; there is no advantage in a wavering levity and capricious change.

Animated by past favours, and happy in the prospect of opening new resources, the Proprietors close their Half-Year's labours, and cheerfully prepare for a renewal.

EXPLANATION
OF THE
FRONTISPIECE TO NUMBER NINETEEN;
BEING THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE subject of the annexed Plate has an historical interest, of no ordinary dignity and importance. It was the first germ of a political connection between two illustrious Princes, whom we now see confederated, in strict alliance, to oppose the usurpation of a gigantic power which has long threatened the kingdoms of Europe with slavery and extinction.

In a word, the subject of the present Plate is that of the first introduction of the Emperor Alexander of Russia to the Queen of Prussia. The Emperor is introduced by the King of Prussia, who is seen in the act of presenting his industrious guest to the Queen—Her Majesty, accompanied by the Countess Vonneg, receives him with an air of dignified complacency and august grandeur. The termination of the Picture are seen the two brothers of the King of Prussia, Prince William, and Prince Henry. They are dressed in the military habit of the country; but the Queen is attired in a plain and simple manner, much after the Parisian fashion of dress which prevails generally in the Prussian Court.

This interview took place on the 10th of June 1802, at Mettet, a city at some distance from Berlin, and situated on the Polish frontiers. The Emperor Alexander had left his capital on a purpose intimately connected with the peace and prosperity of Europe. He had never seen the King and Queen of Prussia before; he had, at that time, not long ascended the throne of Russia. The Emperor Paul, and his system of politics was either execrated or forgotten, and a new æra was opening to Europe. The grand object of the Emperor's travels was that of settling the business of the indemnities in Germany. The King of Prussia, as being a member of the Germanic body, was equally, perhaps more immediately concerned in the arrangement; but the mediation of the Emperor of Russia was necessary to effect, by the weight of his authority and the influence of his interposition, that which negotiation and debate could only hope to compromise in a more tardy and insufficient manner.

Europe at this period enjoyed a short interval of peace,—a kind of restless doze, a fatal and disturbed slumber, which rather exhausted than recruited her strength. In England this period was known as that of the peace of Amiens, on

the Continent it was called the treaty of Lunenburg.

It is not our intention, in the brief account which we purpose to give of the subject of the present Plate, to enter at large into the complication of European politics at this period; suffice it to say, that the conduct of the court of Berlin, at this moment of time, was not at all in harmony with the general intrigues and purposes of the Prussian cabinet. The King and his ministers were at the head of one party; the Queen, Count Hardenburgh, and others of the discarded favorites, were at the head of another party. The latter gave its tone of sentiment and character to the court; the former, of course, directed the conduct and system of the cabinet.

Thus the King of Prussia and Baron Haugwitz were decidedly in favour of a pacific system, in other words, of a system of compromise and expediency; with them followed the rest of the ministry. The Queen, on the contrary, and the noble minded Hardenburgh, entertained views of greater enlargement and disinterestedness, and supported the war party. The first was called the French faction; the other the English. Names of reproach were bandied about from one to another, without much precision of meaning or fitness of application; but it is, nevertheless, certain, that the party which at that period predominated at Berlin, and at the head of which was the King, together with his organ Haugwitz, was, with some few exceptions, wholly in the French pay. They were traitors, in every sense, to their country, and whilst they abused the good nature, and worked upon the understanding of a monarch not the brightest perhaps of the princes of Europe, they were quietly advancing the objects of the common enemy, and sealing the doom of Prussia. The Emperor of Russia himself was for some time the slave of a similar party, and enthralled in the same system of politics.

We may here be permitted to make a few observations which, though not immediately connected with our subject, are yet apposite upon the present occasion.

The situation of the court of Petersburg is now very well known in this country.

The court of Petersburg, like every other court on the Continent, has long been divided

between two parties, almost equally powerful;—one of which most obstinately supports peace, whilst the other is considered as having urged the Emperor to war. The old Ministers of Catharine, and their immediate pupils, were unanimous for the prosecution of the war; and in the circumstances which immediately preceded the last campaign, their counsels were recommended by their evident necessity:—the war, though yet distant, was approaching the Russian borders, and the imminent thunder already menaced the empire of the North: barrier after barrier was giving way before the armies of France; the high road to Moscow was more than half finished. Under these circumstances, and the direct overtures of England, the Emperor Alexander was at length aroused to the full peril of his situation. The age and experience of his councillors, added to the full evidence of the thing itself, gave authority to their arguments, and in despite of the artifices of the Empress's mother, the Emperor was moved, and the Russian armies marched.

The character of the Emperor Alexander, however, we speak not in disrespect to this excellent Prince—is rather domestic, and suited to his age and station, than composed of those extraordinary virtues, and that ardent heroism, which is necessary to meet the perils of the times; but which, as not in the common course of nature, it would be unjust to expect as indispensable in the character of a Prince. In the revolution of centuries, a state of things may doubtless arise, which may require a Gustavus, or an Henry the Fourth, to ward off an extraordinary peril, and save his country and the world. But, in the regular course of things, the domestic virtue, moderation, and simplicity of an Alexander, are perhaps of more real worth than the more splendid talents of either an Henry or Gustavus. The Emperor Alexander, therefore, if any credit may be given to the most respectable accounts, entered upon the present campaign with no inconsiderable disgust. He was already weary of a war which had proceeded so little according to his expectation. In the court of the Emperor, moreover, there is something of an interior cabinet—a kind of bed-chamber cabal—which, without the ostentation of business, or any responsibility or official character,

are, in fact, the actual Ministry. They govern the Prince at their pleasure, and according to a narrow interest peculiarly their own, and indifferently second or thwart the acknowledged administration. Every thing, therefore, at the court of Petersburg, has long passed into intrigue, and is directed or controlled by these court parties. Every thing, therefore, must partake of the nature of its authors. The Princess N—, the acknowledged favourite of the —, it is unpleasant to us to speak these facts—is at the head of this domestic cabal, and, from a state of temporary retreat, has now been recalled, and accompanied the — into the neighbourhood of the camp in Poland. In her jealousy of the influence of the Empress's mother, the Princess N— has been the constant patroness of the French party.

Such is the present state of the politics of the court of Russia, and we will venture to pronounce that under the present circumstances, and the influence of the existing intrigues, the Emperor Alexander will soon be worked upon to conclude a peace.

Our readers will pardon this digression. With respect to the Plate, we have only a few more words to add.

In order to celebrate this interesting introduction at Memel, the King of Prussia gave his commands to a celebrated artist, at Berlin, to paint a picture of the interview, and to introduce all the illustrious characters who were present. The most eminent painter stepped forward on the occasion, and it is a certain fact, that every one of the personages in this picture, was personally for their several likenesses; and such was the estimation in which it was held on the Continent, that a Print was instantly engraven from it by Bolt, to which the Emperor of Russia, the King, Queen, and all the Prussian court, were liberal subscribers. It only remains to be added, that the annexed Plate has been faithfully copied from a Proof impression of Bolt's engraving. The present Plate, therefore, may safely be pronounced to contain the most accurate, and only whole length likenesses of these distinguished personages now to be had in Great Britain.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

EMBELLISHMENTS

1. The Portrait of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS SOPHIA, finely engraved, by special permission, after an original Miniature in the possession of the Princess Elizabeth.
2. MADAME CATALANI in the Dress and Character of *Semiramis*, in the Opera of *Semiramide*.
3. A WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT FRENCH FIGURE, in a Parisian Winter Morning Walking Dress.
4. The authentic ROXBOROUGH EVENING DRESS, as worn by the Duchess of ROXBOROUGH.
5. A newly-invented SPENSER WALKING DRESS, with the INCOGNITA HAT, as worn by Miss DUNCAN, in the new Opera of *False Alarms*.
6. A NEW SONG, set to Music for the Piano-Forte, by Dr. CALCOTT, expressly and exclusively for LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.
7. Two new and elegant PATTERNS FOR NEEDLE-WORK.

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS SOPHIA.

*Engraved by J. H. Stanger from a portrait by Sir J. H. Stanger.
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COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1807.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Thirtieth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS SOPHIA.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS SOPHIA was born November 3, 1777.—The education of this Princess has been similar to that of her Royal Sisters. Under the eye of her Majesty, and the superintendence of her truly amiable governess, Lady Charlotte Finch, she commenced that course of study, which had been traced out for the Royal pupils, with a zeal and an industry not inferior to any of her family.

Music and drawing, as we have often observed, are the most favourite studies of their Royal Highnesses; and in their pursuit of excellence in these branches of science, they have not only distinguished themselves as scholars and amateurs, but two of the Princesses have attained to a perfection which would not pass without its just applause in a master.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia is rendered extremely prepossessing by a loveliness and delicate vivacity in her manner, which, as softened by the most gracious affability, and heightened by the most perfect modesty, are, perhaps, the most attractive qualities in a young woman. One of her amusements is the unfashionable employment of the needle.—The knowledge of this once famed instrument of housewifery has long ceased in the upper circles; it still, however, preserves its importance at Windsor Castle; and whilst the more elevated and refined arts are cultivated with an enthusiasm, to which nothing but more serious duties are suffered to give way, the primitive and truly English employments of our British matrons are not spurned or neglected.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A WELL CULTIVATED MIND.

It is not without reason that those who have tasted the pleasures afforded by philosophy and literature, have lavished upon them the greatest eulogiums. The benefits they produce are too many to enumerate; valuable beyond estimation, and various to the scenes of life. The man who has a knowledge of the works of God in the creation of the universe, and in his providential government of the immense system of the material and intellectual world, can never be without a copious fund of the most agreeable amusement; he can never be solitary, for in the most lonely solitude he is not destitute of company and conversation; his own ideas are his companions, and he can always converse with his own mind. How much soever a person may be engaged in pleasures, he will certainly have some moments to spare for thought and reflection; no one who has observed how heavy the vacuities of time hang upon minds unfurnished with images, and unaccustomed to think, will be at a loss to make a just estimate of the advantages of possessing a copious stock of ideas, of which the combinations may take a multiplicity of forms, and be varied to infinity. Those who have heard the frequent complaints of *ennui* among such as have no source of amusement in themselves, must feel some degree of commiseration for those whose minds, destitute of cultivation, must either be melancholy from the immediate impulse of external objects, or sink into a lethargic state of torpid inaction. Mental occupations are a pleasing relief from bodily exertions, and that perpetual hurry and wearisome attention which, in most of the employments of life, must be given to objects which are no otherwise interesting than as they are necessary. The mind, in an hour of leisure, obtaining a short vacation from the perplexing cares of the world, finds in its own contemplation, a source of amusement, of solace, and pleasure. The tiresome attention that must be given to an infinite number of things, which singly and separately taken, are of little moment, but collectively considered form an important aggregate, requires to be sometimes relaxed and dissipated by thoughts of a mere general and extensive nature, or at least of a different kind, and directed to objects of which the examination may open a more spacious field of exercise to the

mind, give scope to its exertions, expand its ideas, present new combinations, and exhibit to the intellectual eye images new, various, sublime, or beautiful. The time of action will not always continue, the young ought ever to have this consideration present to their minds, that they must grow old unless prematurely cut off by sickness or accident; they ought to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and in whatever degree attained, only of a short and precarious duration; every day brings some disappointment, some diminution of pleasure, or some frustration of hope, and every moment brings us nearer to that period when the present scenes shall recede from the view, and future prospects cannot be formed.

This consideration displays, in a very interesting point of view, the beneficial effects of furnishing the mind with a stock of ideas that may amuse it in leisure, accompany it in solitude, dispel the gloom of melancholy, lighten the pressure of misfortune, dissipate the vexations arising from baffled projects, disappoint hopes, and relieve the tediousness of that season of life when new acquisitions can no more be made, and the world can no longer flatter and delude us with its illusory hopes and promises.

When life begins, like a distant landscape, gradually to disappear, the mind can then receive no solace but from its own ideas and reflections; philosophy and literature will then furnish it with an inexhaustible source of the most agreeable amusements, as religion will afford substantial consolation. A well spent youth is the only sure foundation of a happy old age; no axiom of the mathematics is more true, or more easily demonstrated; old age, like death, comes unexpectedly on the unthinking, and unprepared, although its approach be visible, and its arrival certain. Those who have in the earlier part of life neglected to furnish their minds with ideas, to fortify them by contemplation, and regulate them by reflection, seeing the season of youth and vigour irrecoverably past, its pleasing scenes annihilated, and its brilliant prospects left far behind, without the possibility of a return, and feeling, at the same time, the irresistible en-

encroachments of age with its disagreeable appendages, are surprised and disconcerted by a change which, although they knew to be certain, they had scarcely expected, or for which at least they had made no preparation. A person in this predicament, finding himself no longer capable of taking, as formerly, a part in the busy walks of life, of enjoying its active pleasures, and sharing its arduous enterprises, becomes peevish and uneasy, troublesome to others, and burdensome to himself; destitute of the resources of philosophy, and a stranger to the amusing pursuits of literature, he is unacquainted with any agreeable method of filling up the vacuity left in his mind by his necessary recess from the active scenes of life; ignorance renders him obstinate, things that pleased him please him no longer, and experiencing this revolution in his own notions and inclinations, he thinks it ought also to take place in those of others. The pleasures and amusements of youth, however innocent, he stigmatizes with the name of folly and vanity, merely because they are no longer accommodated to his period of life, censures the conduct of the rest of the world, and because his own head is covered with grey hairs, thinks every one else should be old through complaisance. Finding the world neither able nor willing to consult his pleasures, or comply with his whims, he turns fretful and peevish, and wanting materials for the exercise of his mind, perplexes himself with useless cares, teazes himself for trifles, and instead of looking back on the illusory scenes of life with magnanimous indifference, and waiting for the conclusion with equanimity and fortitude, too often consumes his latter years in whimsical peevishness, and stupid vacuity of thought.

All this is the consequence of squandering the days of youth and vigour without acquiring the habit of thinking; excepting the case of the very lowest classes of society, to whom indigence has precluded the means of education, and continued labour has allowed no leisure for reflection, the period of human life, short as it is, is of sufficient length for the acquisition of a considerable stock of useful and agreeable knowledge, and the circumstances of the world afford a superabundance of subjects for contemplation

and enquiry. The various phenomenon of the moral, as well as the physical world, the investigation of science, and the information communicated by literature, are calculated to attract attention, exercise thought, excite reflection, and replenish the mind with an infinite variety of ideas.

The evening of life is a melancholy season when the whole day has been spent without any preparation for its arrival. The man who, in youth, has been favoured by fortune with affluence, or at least with competency, or has enjoyed fair opportunities of acquisition, and having squandered the former, or neglected the latter, feels the pressure of age and infirmity without any other resource than the precarious assistance of friends, the penurious support of parochial allowance, or the humiliation of mendicancy, is in a situation truly deplorable, and with anguish of heart has reason to reproach himself as the author of his own misfortunes. The condition, however, of that man, is scarcely less miserable, and certainly not less blamable, who having possessed abilities and leisure, has made no provision of knowledge for that season when the mind, no less than the body, requires to be well supported, when the gaiety of youth, and the vigour of manhood are no more, when the festive song and dance have lost their power of pleasing, and when the glittering shew, the delusive hopes and flattering prospects of the world no longer fascinate the imagination. The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. A well cultivated mind places its possessor beyond the reach of those trifling vexations and inquietudes which continually harass and perplex those who have no resources within themselves, and, in some measure, elevates him above the smiles and the frowns of fortune.

THE ROBBER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF M. VON MESSING.

FAMILY affairs obliged me to undertake a journey to the mountainous region of Bohemia, and I arrived without the slightest accident at the estate of my uncle in that kingdom. There I used generally to spend the evening in walking. In one of these perambulations I had overtaken me in a wood bordering on my uncle's domain, and extending on the contrary side to a chain of mountains. My imagination was so occupied with the idea of my native land, and the dear objects I had left behind, that I wandered unconsciously from the path. On awaking from this delicious dream, I found that I had totally lost my way; all my endeavours to regain the right track were unavailing, and such was my situation, when I heard a sudden rustling near me in the thicket. On raising my eyes, a man stood by my side, and enquired whither I was going. I replied that I had lost my way, and at the same time mentioned the name of my uncle's mansion, requesting him to conduct me the nearest road to it. He paused for a few seconds, and then answered:—" 'Tis a great way, and I cannot possibly conduct you now; but if you will accept of a night's lodging in my house, follow me."

I hesitated not a moment to accept this proposal. He walked along by my side in profound silence, answered none of my questions, and appeared to be quite absorbed in thought. At length he said—"You have not been long in this kingdom." No, replied I, but who made you acquainted with my situation?" "Yourself." I stood still, and looked at him with the utmost astonishment. "Myself," cried I, in amaze. "Yes, yourself; this wood is frequented by robbers, and you seem not to be afraid." "Why should I be afraid, I have nothing about me that can be of any value to robbers." He now grasped my hand with eagerness. "Young man, said he, you have nothing to fear; the robbers in this wood never commit murder."

Amidst this conversation we arrived at the door of a habitation concealed in a deep recess of the wood. My companion knocked three times; a rough voice cried from within—"Who is there?" "A son of night," was the reply of my conductor. The door opened; I saw myself, by the light of a lamp, in a spacious apartment, painted black; the walls were decorated with arms; a few chairs, and two tables, composed the whole of the furniture. One of them stood beneath a looking-glass, was covered with a white

cloth, and upon it lay a human skull. "Jacob," said my companion to a man with a frightful physiognomy, make a fire in the chimney, and bring provision for my guest. In a few moments a fire blazed on the hearth; he took me by the hand, and we seated ourselves before it.

I had now for the first time an opportunity of examining this extraordinary man. I most candidly confess that I never beheld a more perfect model of manly beauty, but never were the characters of the most profound sorrow and affliction so legibly inscribed on any brow.

No sooner did our conversation commence than esteem and astonishment took possession of my soul; never had I met with a man who combined such a variety of attainments; he passed with perfect ease from one subject to another, and it appeared as though he had devoted a whole life to the study of each. Meanwhile a clock that stood in the next room struck twelve, and at the same time I heard the report of a gun from without. I started. "That is the signal for dinner," said my host; "we turn day into night, and night into day. You will sit down with the refuse of mankind, with a band of robbers, but you have nothing to fear. At the table of kings you may often eat with greater villains, and the rights of hospitality are with as sacred and inviolable."

He took me by the hand; a table was spread beneath a moss-grey oak in the front of the hut. I seated myself beside my host; eighteen other persons partook of the simple repast, seasoned only by the narratives of the leader. All listened attentively to him; there was nothing that could be construed into the slightest breach of decorum, but the conversation was such as you scarcely expect to find in the most polished private houses.

The repast being finished, I returned with my former companion alone to the apartment we had quitted. Our conversation was renewed, but not with the same vivacity. My host had become more grave, and all that he now said bore the character of gloomy misanthropy. I was struck with the unusual colour of his room, and at length asked,—“Why did you chuse black, that colour makes one sad, and it is our duty to be cheerful.” “You are right,” replied he, in a sarcastic, but by no means offensive tone. “You are right if you speak of yourself, but as for me, I know joy only by name; to me that sensation has long been a stranger. You look at these walls; their black colour excites your sur-

prize. It is the colour of my fate, and— Oh! that it were also the colour of my heart!—An extraordinary wish!—It only appears so to you. With a black heart I had perhaps been happy, now I am wretched, inexpressibly wretched! all my riches consist in yonder skull (at the same time pointing to it with a terrific look and distorted features). It is my all, continued he; when in the hours of serious meditation I stand before it, and the thought that I too shall cease to exist arises in my soul, then alone am I rich, richer than your princes, or the greatest of fortune's favourites. They lose, I gain; to them death is terrible, to me it is a blessing. To die never to wake more, what a delightful thought, of which I can never contemplate enough! I shall once sleep, and those serpents with me that prey upon my vitals! Whoever shakes my faith in annihilation, robs me of felicity! Oh, there are moments in which it would be happiness to be deprived of reason, a fearful truth, which in the days of prosperity I could not have believed. Sorrow and anguish impress deeper wrinkles on the brow than the tooth of time; but they are not mortal."

The clock now struck two. My host shuddered. "Already so late?" said he, and added in a milder tone:—"Pardon me, stranger, for having so long cheated you of your rest; in that room my bed is prepared for you; sleep and be not afraid."

I cordially grasped his right hand. "You have told me too much, said I; you have excited my curiosity; may I intreat you to communicate to me your history?" But heavens! what request had I made! his features assumed a terrific appearance; his look was that of despair.

"My history, replied he, with a ghastly smile, would not lull you to pleasing dreams; it would make the hair of your head stand on end, it would cause you to repent your request, and never will I violate the rights of hospitality. I wish my guests to sleep in peace beneath my roof. But to-morrow, before you depart, you shall hear the history of my life,—short, but not agreeable as a moment of pleasure."

I went and threw myself upon the bed, but was unable to sleep. From time to time I heard a noise in the hut, and then again profound silence. At last the clock struck five; I could restrain myself no longer, sprung up from the bed, and opened the door of the chamber. My host was still seated before the chimney, with his eyes fixed on the extinguished ashes. "You have not slept, said he: is this dwelling doomed to chase sleep from every eye?" He then made me sit down beside him, and a simple rustic breakfast soon made its appearance. Our con-

versation was of considerable length. It was about seven o'clock when I prepared to depart; for I would not for the wealth of both the Indies have reminded him of a promise which seemed to give him so much pain. "Then you are going," said he. "I must, replied I; at home all my friends will be under apprehensions on my account." "You are right; for they know that this is the retreat of robbers; but wait a few moments." He then ordered a couple of horses to be saddled, and led me back to my seat.

"Young man, said he, in a grave and solemn tone, I will keep the promise I gave you, and you shall know the history of my life. I am the only son of a man of high rank in this kingdom; my father, who was very rich, expended large sums on my education, and I flatter myself that they were not thrown away. I shall pass over the early years of my life, which cannot have any interest for you, and shall begin my narrative with my leaving the academy. On my return I received promotion, and in a few years had the fairest prospect of being called to conduct the helm of the state. Insatiable pride swayed the bosom of my father; he loved me only because my progressive elevation was flattering to that passion. Such was my situation, surrounded with brilliant prospects, I, arrogant boy, imagined that I could read the book of futurity, forgetful that the wisest of men cannot predict with certainty the events of the next minute. I saw a young female belonging to the lower class of the people. That inexplicable passion which has precipitated many a useful statesman, many a valiant warrior, from the pinnacle of glory, took entire possession of my heart. At first I employed every possible expedient to subdue her virtue. She repulsed me with contempt, and the fire burned still more fiercely. I threw myself at the feet of my father, and implored his consent to our union. 'Are you mad?' thundered he, spinning me from him, 'a drab, from the scum of the people, my daughter-in-law! rather could I see you and her on the gallows than at the altar.' What room had I now for hope? Half a year passed away; I saw her seldom, but my passion daily increased in violence. In more tranquil hours, I certainly advanced every possible objection that could be made against such an union; but what influence has cold reason over a heart replete with glowing passions? Vanquished at length in this conflict, I fled with her to one of the remotest provinces of the kingdom, where the hand of the priest united us. With the little money I had taken with me I purchased a small farm. Here Rosalia and myself lived by the labour of our hands. These, these were the halcyon days of my life! Beneath the lowly roof of my cottage

I enjoyed greater happiness than the prince with his diadem, or the hero crowned with laurels. But let us hasten over these scenes. At the expiration of a year I pressed a pledge of our love to my bosom, and for two more blissful years, continued to taste the delights of conjugal and paternal love, out of the cup of human felicity. One evening, on my return from the chase, I found my father at home with my wife. This spectacle excited sensations which it is impossible to express. Rosalia, penetrated with gratitude, was embracing his knees, my little boy was bathing his hand with tears of infantine love. Joy threw me senseless on his bosom, for his consent was alone wanting to complete the measure of my happiness. In a word, it was the greatest festival that filial love and gratitude ever celebrated. But pardon me, stranger, I scarcely know how to proceed. In three days my wife and child died of poison, given them by my father; and on the fourth died that father by the dagger of his son! Adieu, stranger."

He pressed my hand at parting; the copious tears trickled from his large blue eyes, and attested the truth of his narrative. "Adieu! that was the skull of my wife." I departed; at the door I stopped, and once more turned towards him. "Will you never return again to the society of men?"—"Never; all that could impart felicity is consigned to the grave; and, besides, I am more serviceable here than I should be among you. I am the Captain of a band of robbers; now they only venture to plunder, whereas were it not for me they would assuredly murder too."

I left him, and accompanied by his servant, arrived at the skirt of the wood, whence I easily found my way back to the mansion of my uncle. Most certainly there are men, guilty of the greatest crimes, who are proudly condemned by the multitude, but who, were we acquainted with their history, would not only be found deserving of indulgence but perhaps of esteem.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE LAST ERUPTION.

THIS account is dated 15th July, 1806, from Resina, which is four miles distant from Naples, at the foot of the mountain leading to the bottom of the cone that forms the volcano.

On May 31, about ten o'clock in the evening, as I was retiring to bed, I heard a noise something like a violent gust of wind; at which I was so much the more surprised, as a moment before I had observed that the sky was fine and clear. However, I would not take the trouble of enquiring into the cause of this unexpected change, but a person whom I had sent to Naples returning a quarter of an hour after, I got up to speak with him. As I passed near the stair-case, I could see through the trees of a grove, a blaze issuing from Mount Vesuvius, in height about 100 toises. This flame alternately rose and sunk, and resembled those beautiful sheaves which are so greatly admired in well executed fireworks. It was a confused mixture of stones and inflammable matter, thrown up from the crater of the volcano, and which, as they fell, seemed to be fluid. We were then threatened with two dreadful calamities, an earthquake which generally precedes the eruption, and the eruption itself, on that side where the lava would flow. I spent the whole night in observing this sheaf of fire which continually increased, and diffused such

a light, that at a league's distance, one might easily have read a letter. I endeavoured to conjecture in what other part of the mountain it was probable another eruption would take place; when at four o'clock precisely, the volcano began to discharge inflamed matter through three new mouths, without the discharge having been preceded by an earthquake. These mouths, or issues, were near one another, at about one hundred toises from the top of the mountain. The lava issued from the side of the *Torre del Greco*, and *l'Annunziata*, near Portici, on the road from Naples to Pompeii. I went in the evening to the foot of Vesuvius, to examine a torrent of lava that had already reached to a distance from the mountain. Although it was the most inconsiderable branch, yet it was at least, 12 or 13 feet wide, and 8 deep; a very torrent of fire.

June 2, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, the smoke began to rise with greater violence than on the preceding day; it was also thicker. During the whole day a hollow sound prevailed, similar to that of two armies engaged, whose artillery and musketry are well served. Towards night I approached the great torrent of lava, which was rather slow in its progress. I estimated it 200 feet long, and 16 deep. The whole mass resembled a wall of glass in the act of melt-

ing; sometimes I could see flashes of lightning shooting from it, and these were followed by a report as loud as that of gun of a large calibre. Whatever happened to impede the course of the lava, vines, trees, houses, &c. was instantly melted or devoured. I arrived at the moment when the lava was sapping the foundations of a wall in front of which was the bed of a torrent from thirty to forty feet deep. I saw the wall give way, and the lava precipitate itself like a cataract of fire, nearly perpendicular, into the bed of the torrent. This kind of sea of fire, which covers three miles of a most fruitful country, and forms but one mass from the mouth whence it issued to the point where it stops, is a sight, at once amazingly grand and dreadful. June 3, the lava ran very slowly, and through a single opening. The matter which on the 2d ran from the other two apertures, had stopped at the foot of Vesuvius. At night the whole mass had ceased to advance, the borders were already cool, although the middle was burning. A few detonations were heard, but not so frequently as on the preceding day. The mountain continued to emit clouds of smoke.

On the 4th and 5th the hollow noise from the interior of the mountain became much louder, and continued during much longer periods than before. The bellowing was distinctly heard both at Naples and at Portici, notwithstanding they are two leagues distant from one another. A thick smoke continued to issue from every part of the crater. Soon after, clouds of ashes rose, and overspread the country around; the lava next followed. It issued from the same chasm, as the most considerable torrent had ran in the same direction. On the 6th and 7th the volcano vomited a large quantity of ashes: Portici, Resina, and *la Torre del Greco*, were entirely covered with them, but the internal noise had subsided. It was renewed with still greater violence on the 8th and 9th, over Portici and Resina, and poured a sable and thick rain, consisting of mud and sulphureous particles. On the following days, the noise from the interior rolled at long intervals only; the smoke, though not so thick, continued to rise from the mountain; a small quantity of ashes also rose, but fell back into the crater.

July 1, as I supposed the eruption to be terminated, although the mountain continued to smoke, I set off with a few friends to visit Vesuvius. At 10 o'clock in the evening we reached the hermitage, where we stopped till midnight.

We then proceeded, and were obliged to climb rather than to walk; however by half after one o'clock, we arrived at the summit. We found the ascent very difficult, as the eruption had destroyed the former path-way. We were under a necessity of proceeding up a new one on the opposite side, which was almost perpendicular. This path-way was composed of ashes and stones, in which we sunk up to our knees. We found the mountain totally altered. Those parts which had formerly been filled with the lava and pebbles, and over which it was equally difficult and dangerous to proceed, are now become a plain, and so levelled, that an army might manoeuvre there. If the volcano were but extinguished, certain hillocks here and there might be cultivated; but no doubt it is far from that state.

The former crater has disappeared, it is filled up with ashes and lava, but a new one has been formed at the eastern part of the mountain, which is about one hundred fathoms deep, and nearly as wide at its opening. We descended about half way, but dared not proceed any farther. We were already close to the flames, and felt a most violent heat. In this position we continued half an hour, admiring the spectacle offered by the liquid lava bubbling at the bottom of the crater; which resembles the melted matter in the boiler of a glass-house. The stones that we threw into it were instantly melted. The mountain is considerably lowered, and has two large clefts, one facing *la Torre del Greco*, the other fronting Resina. A new eruption is very much apprehended, on account of the large quantity of melted matter which remains in the crater, and of the clefts observed in the mountain. These clefts are not in the crater, some are a mile distant from it; the most considerable hardly reaches the top.

The damage occasioned by this eruption is immense. The governor of *la Torre del Greco*, has reported the great distress of so many families, and of most of the country people, whose whole harvest has been destroyed. The first step towards their relief has been exempting from all taxes the property that had suffered. A resolution has also passed that the Benevolent Commission should, in future raise a fund to indemnify such landowners or farmers in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, who might become sufferers by eruptions of the volcano; a subscription will be opened for the immediate relief of the unfortunate sufferers.

cise, and we understand it fully: but if, from a desire of multiplying words, he should praise his courage and fortitude; at the moment he joins these words together, our ideas begin to waver. He means to express one quality more strongly, but he is in truth expressing two: courage resists danger: fortitude supports pain. The occasion of exerting each of these qualities is different; and being led to think of both together, when only one of them should be considered, our view is rendered unsteady, and our conception of the object indistinct.

To be precise, signifies that we fully express the idea we wish to convey and nothing more. To wish or to speak, therefore, with precision, we must pay a strict attention to the specific meaning of the words. The following instances show a difference in the import of many words that are synonymous.

To *avow*, to *acknowledge*, to *confess*. The synonymy of these words consist in their agreeing to express some truth; the distinction between them is marked by the difference of the circumstances under which the declaration is made. We *avow* what we are not unwilling should be known, we *acknowledge* an error, and we *confess* a crime.

Surprized, *astonished*, *amazed*, *confounded*. We are surprized with what is new and unexpected; we are astonished at what is vast or great; we are amazed at what is incomprehensible; we are confounded by what is shocking or terrible.

Custom, *habit*. *Custom* respects the action; *habit* the actor. By *custom*, we mean the frequent repetition of the same act; by *habit*, the effect which that repetition produces on the mind or body. By the custom of walking often in the streets we acquire a habit of idleness.

Difference, *inequality*, *disparity*. *Difference* marks a distinction in kind; thus we say different animals, different plants. *Inequality* relates to number, and *disparity* to qualities. There is a great difference between men and brutes; a great inequality in the population of different places; and a great disparity in the character and talents of the human race.

Only, *alone*. *Only*, imports that there is no other of the same kind; *alone*, imports being accompanied by no other. An *only* child, is one that has neither brother nor sister; a child *alone*, is one who is left by itself. There is a difference, therefore, in precise language, between these two phrases, "virtue only makes us happy," and "virtue alone makes us happy;" the first phrase imports that nothing but virtue can make us happy; the last, that virtue itself is happiness.

Haughtiness, *disdain*. *Haughtiness* is founded on the high opinion we entertain of ourselves;

disdain, on the low opinion which we have of others.

Durable, *constant*. That which is durable does not cease; that which is constant does not change. The friendship of a virtuous man is durable, and he is constant in giving proofs of it.

Wisdom, *prudence*. *Wisdom* leads us to speak and act what is most proper; *prudence* prevents our speaking or acting improperly.

Entire, *complete*. A thing is *entire* by wanting none of its parts; *complete*, by wanting none of its appendages.

To imitate, to *counterfeit*. We imitate from admiration; we counterfeit for amusement.—We imitate a particular style of painting, and may improve upon it; we counterfeit the voice, or the manners of another, and to succeed we must be exact.

The foregoing instances show the utility of paying attention to the distinct import of words. The next thing to be considered is the arrangement of them. As the grammar of our language is comparatively not extensive, there may be an obscure order of words, where there is no transgression of any grammatical rule. The relation of words, or members of a sentence, are, with us, ascertained only by the position in which they stand. Hence a capital rule in the structure of language is, that the words, or members most clearly related, should be placed in the sentence as near to each other as possible, so as to make their mutual relation clearly appear. The importance of this rule will appear from the following instances of faulty arrangement; but in order more clearly to determine the proper application of it, what is meant by a member of a sentence must be explained. A sentence, or period, is what extends from one full stop to another; a member is what runs from one rest, or pause, to another.

EXAMPLES OF ILL ARRANGED WORDS AND SENTENCES.

"By greatness," says Mr. Addison, "I do not only mean the bulk of any single object, but the largeness of a whole view." From the improper place in which the adverb *only* stands in this sentence, the question may be put—what does he mean more? The arrangement would have been equally faulty if the adverb had followed the word bulk, as, "I do not mean the bulk only;" for it might then have been inferred that he meant its shape also, or its colour, or some other property which it possessed. As the word object is what the adverb relates to, this last should have stood thus:—"By greatness I do not mean the bulk of any single object only;" for then, if we ask,—what else does he mean?

the answer comes out as the author intended,—the largeness of a whole view."

"Theism can only be opposed to polytheism, or atheism." Is it meant that theism is capable of nothing else besides being opposed to polytheism, or atheism? This is what the words literally import, through the wrong placing of the adverb *only*. It should have been, "Theism can be opposed only to polytheism or atheism."

"The Romans understood liberty, at least, as well as we." These words are capable of two

different senses, according as the emphasis in reading them, is laid upon *liberty*, or upon *at least*. The words should have been thus arranged:—"The Romans understood liberty as well, at least, as we;" for as the adverb stands in the first sentence, we may suppose, either that if the Romans understood nothing else as well as us, they understood liberty as well, if not better; or simply, that their knowledge of liberty was equal, or superior to ours.

[To be continued.]

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY

[Continued from Vol. I. Page 583.]

CHAP. VII.

Of the use of Snuff.

ONCE and quadruply cursed be the unlucky Spaniard who, walking abroad one fine morning in Jucutan, * discovered that famous plant from which was made the black and filthy powder which came and wiped the noses of our belles, soiled the purity of their breath, and added to the disgusting tax of a frequent emunction.

Cursed be the ambassador, Jean Nicot, who gave his name to tobacco, and who imagined that he was making a valuable present to a powerful queen, by sending her his adopted daughter, the young Nicotiana, who, proud of having raised herself to the nasal ducts of Catharine de Medicis, and of having irritated the pituitary membrane of a royal nose, then assumed the pompous appellation of the Queen Plant. †

Cursed be also that grand-prior of France, and those two cardinals who contested the ridiculous honour of perpetuating their memory by giving their name to this royal powder.

Of all the fashions invented by caprice, none is more ignoble than that of taking snuff, which was so universally practised.

We must not, however, deprive snuff of an honour to which it is justly entitled; let us be impartial, and acknowledge that there is nothing but what is productive of some little benefit. The wisdom of nations has said,—"Tis an ill

wind that blows nobody profit;" and here this proverb may be very happily applied. Very snuff productive of no other advantage than that of having excited, at its origin, a long civil war among physicians, this service ought to compensate, in some measure, for the disagreeable sensations it has since occasioned.

When the use of snuff began to gain ground, all the physicians declared either for or against this new sternutatory, and more than a hundred volumes were written by both sides on this subject. The sage doctors forgot even their favourite *facianus experimentum*, and were wholly intent on supporting to the last drop of their ink, the opinion they had thought fit to adopt in this celebrated dispute. How many patients were indebted for their recovery to this lucky armistice! At length the contest ended; the medical men were tired of waging war with each other, they returned to their functions, and fell to work again upon their patients. Snuff came off victorious, and it was soon in general use.

I shall not here pursue the history of snuff, which would, however, be a curious subject; I must say, to the honour of our ladies, that for some years they have almost relinquished the practice of taking it. As every thing, however, depends on fashion, should it please that omnipotent deity to revive this disgusting custom, we should soon again see it become general. Nay, it is even said that we are threatened with such a circumstance; the women have lately begun to carry very small boxes which they denominate *demi-journeés*.

Must then the most ridiculous abuses be renewed at certain periods? Have we not heard

* A province of Terra Firma. This was about the year 1520.

† Catharine of Medicis was desirous of giving her name to tobacco, and that it should be called *Medicea*; but she could not accomplish her wish.

declamations enough against the use of snuff! If the ancients held in such abhorrence women who used a handkerchief in their presence, what would they have said of those that took snuff, had the practice then existed? Is it still necessary at the present day to employ the weapons of ridicule against this filthy preparation?

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Luxury of Women.

“Le superflu, chose si nécessaire,
“A reuni l’un et l’autre hémisphère.”

THIS humorous idea of Voltaire is certainly fully justified by modern manners. Luxury has become so general that we may assert, without fear of being thought paradoxical, that superfluity is now an object of the first necessity. Are we on this account the more happy? How many actually stint themselves of real necessities in order to display in appearance a small portion of this so necessary superfluity!

When I observed in a former chapter, that a taste for dress is natural and commendable in the sex, every reader must be aware, that I was not alluding to luxury in dress. As natural as taste and the coquetry of dress are in the sex whose principal destination is to please, so widely different is luxury from the object which nature has proposed to herself.

It is luxury that awakens in the bosom of the youthful female new desires, wants that are not avowed by nature. It is luxury that banishes from her mind the image of the man she loves, in favour of another for whom she feels none of those tender sentiments that would constitute his happiness! the former, it is true, has given the power of language to her heart; the latter has done more, he has imposed silence on her virtue, and gold has obtained what she could have refused to love. Luxury is therefore the first seed of corruption, especially in the lower and most numerous class of society. This truth is so evident that I have no occasion to enlarge further upon it.

Much has been written both for and against luxury, but the reader must not expect me to repeat here the different arguments advanced by its enemies or by its partizans. I shall adopt, with respect to luxury, the system that is approved by each; I will not side either with its enemies or with its partizans. I am, therefore, ready to admit with the latter, if they please, that luxury is essential to the prosperity of great states, though in my own mind I am not convinced of the truth of the position. But I shall state one grand truth, a truth confirmed by the experience

of every age, by the testimony of all nations that the luxury of women destroys population, private happiness, and the harmony of families; that it undermines public morals, nay, even overturns the fundamental constitutions of empires, and at length effects their total subversion. This truth must justify the conclusion, that supposing general luxury ought to be encouraged, the luxury of women ought to be rigidly restrained by the laws.

My conclusion will appear extremely severe; it is but just if the proposition from which I deduce it be true. Let us examine whether this is the case.

Luxury is inimical to the real destination of women; the exorbitant expence required by the refined elegancies of the toilette detests men, and especially such as have any prudence, from thinking of a serious establishment, which most frequently presents to their view no other prospect than the shameful waste of their fortune. The young man, then, who is about to try the uncertain chance of a legal union, seeks a wife whose fortune may, in some measure, indemnify him before he is for future expence. Money, therefore, becomes the only merit; money compensates for figure, talents, and loveliness.—*Beauté, adieu! adieu, ye native graces! adieu, ye mild and amiable virtues! ye are now but an empty name! adieu, ye endearments of love!* no longer are ye the bond of union between two youthful hearts! *Love!* what do I say? The brisk coquette who reads this word, shrugs her shoulders with contempt, and laughs at the Gothic author who would thus couple love and matrimony. “As if love,” she will exclaim, “had any thing to do with the choice of a husband! For my part, if I ever marry, give me a man with plenty of money; I will always be fond enough of him if he complies with all my fancies. What a charming thing it is to have elegant apartments, a fashionable chériot, and rich jewels; to display continual variety in dress, to humble all one’s rivals by superior splendour and magnificence!” Which of us has not repeatedly heard this kind of language! Such is the way of thinking of the sex in the ages of luxury. Accordingly, it is in the ages of luxury that marriage sinks into contempt; that the conjugal union becomes more rare; nay, even that the man who has entered into this contract dreads the fruit it may produce, and that what ought to be its highest pleasure is converted into a deprecated scourge. Thus luxury is the ban of posterity.

In proportion as marriage becomes more rare, we witness the multiplication of that class of useless females who take not even the trouble to throw the veil of illusion over the false de-

lights which we seek to enjoy in their company. Sterile priestesses of love; each of their sacrifices to Venus is a robbery committed on population. Thus the indolent fly, without benefit to herself, plunders the calix of the flower of that precious dust with which the industrious bee would have produced honey.

But if the fortune of the husband is inadequate to the devouring luxury of his beloved half, need I describe the irregularities, the intrigues, the corruption that ensues; need I paint the honor of the wife eclipsed by insatiable avarice, the departure of happiness, the introduction of misunderstanding and discord, with all the evils that accompany them, into the bosom of the family? Let us draw the curtain over this picture, unfortunately too faithful, of female luxury.

• But this is not all. Women are seducing, they are artful; we are weak, we love them in spite of their faults. When love is extinguished in the bosom of man, self-love still survives; he is desirous of having a handsome wife not always because he loves her, but because she is handsome. Such is the emprise which woman exercises over our sex. With many men the possession of a beautiful woman is a glory even after it has ceased to be a pleasure. Thus they still continue to pay the same tribute of homage to their charms, only under another name. But in an age when women are spendthrifts, what must that man do who is solicitous to captivate them? The answer is easy,—he must spend immense sums of money. Thus man himself will be led to sacrifice every thing to the thirst of gold, since gold alone can procure him all the objects of his desires.

Hence springs that avidity for wealth, so fatal to every other species of merit; hence the credit, the honours, the consideration, and even the esteem so prodigally bestowed upon riches; hence the bad faith of the merchant, the duplicity of the statesman, the partiality of the judge, the intrigues of the factious, the hardihood of the conspirator; hence all the abuses, all the crimes that desolate society, disturb order, and corrupt the whole mass of the nation. It is the thirst of gold, very often combined with the desire of presenting it to an ambitious and intriguing woman, that gives action to the arm of the traitor, that whets the dagger of the assassin. How many crimes would never be committed

were the luxury of women rigidly restrained by the laws.

But, it may be asked, why should luxury in the fair sex alone be the object of such pointed censure? Why, because among them it makes such rapid progress, which nothing is able to check; the history of the luxury of the Roman ladies convinces; because in women, no consideration whatever can stem the destructive torrent of their desires; because women who have once launched out into the career of pleasure, never set bounds to it; ever running into extremes, they would consume in an instant the fortune of ten families, witness Cleopatra.

Why, because women are never satisfied, and because the pleasures of luxury, like all others, fatigue without satiating them.

Why, because the luxury with which they are environed, gives them an influence too powerful, an influence invariably pernicious to all that surround them.

• But how is luxury to be repressed? By sumptuary laws which should permit the higher classes alone to make use of the most costly substances? By no means; the great number of laws which have been made to that effect are sufficient evidence of their inutility. To allow articles of luxury to the great, is to confer a merit on such objects, and to double their value in the eyes of the multitude. It was not by such a measure that Zaleucus checked the inordinate luxury of the Locrians, but by prohibiting superfluities among the most distinguished persons in the state. By his laws no woman of rank could be attended by more than one slave, unless she was intoxicated; he allowed ornaments of gold and embroidery to be worn only by courtizans, and rings by men notorious for depravity. These laws produced all the effect that could be wished, whereas the numerous statutes of our kings on this subject have tended only to excite the cupidity and desire of possessing the brilliant vanities that they designed to prohibit. I could enlarge still more on this subject, but I dare not. It is not always advisable to cry out against abuses. How many are there who subsist by them! and with such the feelings of private interest are always too powerful for that of public benefit. I shall therefore leave all those gentlemen at rest, and that I may not disturb their repose, I shall quietly terminate this chapter.

(To be continued.)

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

SCENE III.—*Glycerium, the dealer in flowers and garlands; the Chaplet of Isis; Garland of Parsley for the Head; Garlands of Roses of Pæstum for the Neck; Wax-Fruits.*

CLIO, the chambermaid and confidant of Sabina, now hastily enters and informs her mistress, that Glycerium, the well known Alexandrian dealer in garlands and flowers, desires to be admitted to her. "She is attended," continues Clio, "by two young slaves, carrying, in handsome baskets, the newest and most tasteful flowers, partly natural and partly artificial. She has been told that you have no time now to spare, and that she had better return in the afternoon before the hour of bathing. She will not, however, take any denial; and appears as though she has something which she can deliver only into the hands of the Domina herself."

Sabina, who had waited, with secret impatience, for this morning visit, nods approbation; and the loquacious Glycerium, with all the natural and artificial treasures of Flora's kingdom, is instantly admitted.

What abundance of the choicest and most elegant festoons, garlands, and chaplets, Glycerium now displays to the eyes of the eager Domina and her astonished slaves! She bore, with justice, the name of that celebrated female who rivalled her lover, Pausias, the famous painter of Sicily, in the art of blending the variegated beauties of flowers. In the one kalathiskos, for so the curiously woven flower-baskets were denominated, were the loveliest children of Flora, which seem to have just sprung up in the footsteps of the dancing goddess of love. The gilly-flower, the narcissus, the lily, the crocus, the hyacinth, and the rose, entwine the young shoots of myrtle with ingenious variety and the nicest attention to the shades of colour and resemblance of smell. You might exclaim with Goethe's Pausias: "What ought I to admire the most? The exquisite beauty of the flowers, the art with which they are arranged, or the taste of her who selected them?"

Nevertheless, all this display was so far from satisfying the inquisitive looks of the lady, that she scarcely designed to bestow upon it a hasty glance. It was not till she examined the second basket that the rays of joy were seen to illumine her countenance. She there found the most recent fashionable productions, consisting of

branches and flowers, imitated in metals and other substances; among which she spied the chaplet, the arrival of which she had so anxiously expected ever since she first entered her dressing-room. It was a chaplet of Isis, such as was worn at solemn assemblies and sacrifices, by those initiated into the mysteries of the great Egyptian goddess. The body of the chaplet was composed of tresses formed of the most delicate rind of the papyrus, twisted and fastened with elegant knots. Palm-leaves, of silver, resembling rays, projected from it at small intervals. From behind, where the ends of the chaplet met, hung two ribbands, which were suffered to flow on either side over the shoulders. Sabina hastily seized this chaplet; and actually found the significant Greek words, "My life and my soul," embroidered in one of the ribbands.

It is obvious that this chaplet was not an ordinary article of sale; nay, perhaps, the reader may have already guessed that its object was nothing less than to effect a secret assignation by the aid of the flower-dealer. The young knight Saturninus, who had lately become the favourite lover and disciple of our Domina, had yesterday, at parting, concerted this sign with her, and had found means to gain over to his interest the officious Glycerium, who was not accustomed to refuse any other occasional employment in addition to the trade of making chaplets, for which her country was so renowned.* Sabina now knew, from this distinguished chaplet, that every thing was prepared for the most so-

* Egypt, subsequent to the time of Alexander the Great, was the only centre of Grecian refinement, supported by Asiatic luxury. The art of making chaplets was likewise carried to the highest degree of perfection in that country, which, according to Athenæus, produced flowers all the year round. It was, therefore, natural enough that at Rome, where every nation was esteemed only in proportion as it contributed to the pleasures of the luxurious masters of the world, a strong prepossession should prevail in favour of Egyptian flower-girls and dealers in chaplets.

lemn nocturnal devotions (*pervigilium*) in the sacred temple of the benevolent Isis, who so readily affords relief to all the distressed, and can even prescribe the most efficient remedies for the pains of tender lovers. She consequently knew also what she had to do; and, in a whisper, directed the trusty Chio to make the needful preparations for an interview in the temple of Isis the following night.

Not till then had Sabina either time or inclination to examine, with attention, the baskets of flowers and chaplets which the young slaves still held on their heads, and to chuse what she should want for the evening. "Here, Spatale," cries she, "run and hang this fragrant garland of Egyptian lotus upon the statue of the great health-dispensing goddess that stands in my chamber, in the little golden temple beside my bed, and forget not to swing round the silver *sistrum* three times in a circle from right to left.* We shall stand in need, to-day, of the protecting care of the goddess who nourishes all beings."

"And now, dear Glycerium," continues she, "what novelties out of the kingdom of Flora have been imported from Alexandria in the fleet of merchantmen that the day before yesterday arrived at Ostia? For what kind of chaplets have you had the greatest demand since the last Apollinarian games? You know how stedfastly all eyes are fixed upon me. My husband gives a great entertainment to-day, and it is necessary that I should appear in the newest style of fashion."

"Domina," replies the artful Glycerium, with a smile scarcely half suppressed, and yet with a respectful inclination, "the silk fancy-flowers, after Indian patterns, are still universally in fashion, for chaplets to be worn on the hand.—Here," continued she, taking the basket from the head of one of the boys, and shewing a fragrant garland, in which the flowers of the lotus, intermingled with the leaves of the Indian spikenard, were as naturally imitated in silk as if they had been plucked only the same day among the banians on the shores of the Indus or Ganges, "you see the newest that the flower-dealers of Alexandria have sent me. They are sprinkled with essence of roses and cinnamon, but just invented and brought by the last fleet from India

to Egypt. As to garlands for the neck and bosom, even the all-fructifying Nile cannot dispense, from his boundless stores, any thing more beautiful and becoming than these leaves and roses of Pæstum†, in the most modern taste, to soft bandeaus of linden-bark. You know we have discovered the secret of keeping them fresh for several days. And were it even for infusion in beverage, nothing could surpass these roses of Pæstum."†

"I shall trust entirely to you, my dear Glycerium," replied Sabina, with unusual condescension. "Give me one of those chaplets. But what treasures are contained in that basket, in which I perceive nothing but green plants? Have you transformed yourself from the Egyptian queen of flowers into the mother of Euripides, the tragedian, and taken up the trade of selling chervil and anis?†"

Thus said Sabina, and laughed. The whole circle of her surrounding attendants did the same, and pointed contemptuously to the basket of green chervil. Glycerium was so far from being disconcerted, that she appeared to be the only person in the company who was in the right. "I beg pardon, Domina," said she, "for not shewing you, at first sight, this new and wonderful production of a most skilful gardener on the Tusculan hill; but you prevented me by your questions concerning the novelties of my native country. Know, then, that these are garlands of water-parsley (*apium*), which my friend, the gardener, of Tusculum, has such a method of rearing, that in delicacy and beauty of appearance it is not surpassed by the hair of Queen Berenice; which, as you know, now shines a star in the firmament of Heaven. How admirably would a garland of this parsley decorate, this evening, your charming locks, which the hand of nature herself has formed into such elegant curls and ringlets. Our ancestors, it is true, likewise wore garlands of this kind of parsley: but they knew not, in those days, how to improve it by art. People tell many curious things concerning its secret virtues and ancient origin, and give it the mystical appellation of 'blood of the Corybantes.' But I ought rather to hold my tongue, lest I should expose myself still

* The primitive use of the *sistrum* was, undoubtedly, to accompany, in some measure, the lamentations made for Osiris. In process of time the real motive of this custom was lost; and it appears, that the Roman females shook the *sistrum* just as in modern times there are persons who mechanically repeat prayers with heads.

† It was customary to pluck the leaves from the chaplets, to infuse them in wine and to drink them with it. Pliny, who relates a curious anecdote of Cleopatra's curing Anthony of his distrust of her, by means of an impoisoned chaplet, calls it, to drink chaplets—*coronas libere*.

‡ In the comedies of Aristophanes, he often indulges in sarcastic allusions to Euripides, on account of his mother, who is said to have sold chervil and other culinary vegetables.

more to your raillery and the laughter of your servants: especially as you have no occasion for the secret virtues of this wonderful plant; and as Clio told me, when I came in, you have not a moment to lose on my unprofitable gossiping."

The crafty Glycerium knew but too well that this address would only inflame the curiosity of Sabina, and that the Roman ladies of distinction were as superstitious, and as easily gave credit to every ridiculous tale, as the lowest of their slaves. On the very day the fleet of Egyptian merchant vessels was unladen, she had brought Sabina some bottles of unadulterated Nile water, with which the votary of Isis did not fail the same evening to sprinkle the statue of the great goddess in her temple. Nor was she deceived in her expectation.

"Stop a moment," said Sabina, "meanwhile I will have my nails pared. But tell me how does your good friend at Tusculum contrive to give his parsley this admirable curly and fizzled appearance? Perhaps he understands something of magic?"

"No doubt," replied Glycerium, "he makes use, in planting, of some secret arts, which he takes care not to communicate. So much, however, I know and have witnessed with my own eyes, that after treading down the young shoots with his feet, he every morning draws the garden-roller over his parsley-bed. In short, his parsley is the most beautiful and curly of any in the whole country, and —" Here Glycerium paused, and seemed preparing to depart.

"Go on, go on!" exclaimed Sabina with impatience, "you praised the secret virtues of the plant, and said something about the sacred origin from which it derives its romantic name. Explain yourself, or I shall not buy one leaf of all these herbs, which are much fitter for the collection of a *Rhizotomos** than for the toilette of a lady of distinction."

"The secret virtue of this parsley, illustrious Domina," rejoined Glycerium, "is that, when chewed, it operates as a powerful sweetener of the breath. For this reason I provide a regular supply of it for the little Arbuscula, the dancer, who lives behind the Temple of Peace: and it is asserted, that among all the remedies for a foul breath, prescribed in the works of our Greek masters in the cosmetic art, this is the most natural, the most effectual, and the most harmless."

* Sabina every where affects Greek appellatives. She might have employed the Roman word *herbarists*. What we call botanists, the Greeks denominated *Rhizotomos*, cutters of roots. By *Botanistai*, the Greeks denoted only the labourers who were employed in weeding.

With respect to the cause of its extraordinary name, you, perhaps, recollect reading, in the ancient books, lent you some time ago by the priestess of Isis, a tradition relative to the rebellious smiths of Crete, called Cyclops or Corybantes. They slew one of their comrades, or their third brother, as the fable has it, covered the head of the deceased with a purple cloth, and buried him at the foot of Mount Olympus. The parsley is said to have sprung up immediately from the blood of the sufferer; and for this reason, in the mysteries and orgies of the Corybantes, it has ever been considered as the greatest of crimes to lay a plant of this kind on the sacred table."

"I shall take your chaplet of parsley," exclaimed Sabina, with sparkling eyes, "and you shall see that in a few days all Rome shall wear chaplets of parsley, as did our grandmothers fifty years ago, as we are told by Horace."

The Domina had, in fact, more than one motive for choosing this chaplet. Certain secret indulgences had given her breath, especially at rising in the morning, a kind of odor not much less disagreeable than that of a fasting Jew. On this account she was accustomed to take the first thing after rising, and sometimes even before she was up, a decoction of aniseed, and some honey boiled in wine. At this very time, while she was engaged with her toilette, she was chewing myrtle pastils to cure an evil, which gave rise to an important question among the lawyers of old, namely, Whether a person with offensive breath were to be considered as sick or in health? How welcome then was the chaplet, whose leaves combined such elegance with such salutary virtues. Isis herself, in a happy hour, sent this excellent remedy to her pious votary.

Spatale now returned, and with great concert announced that the Domina's monkey had found means to introduce himself into her bed-chamber, and had broken and destroyed the beautifully painted wax-figures and garlands, suspended beneath the figure of Isis, in two small silver *cornucopia* entwined in each other, probably mistaking these fruits for real apples, nuts, and pears. None appeared to be so distressed at this intelligence as Clio, who had the care of that apartment, and who might certainly be accused, with justice, of some degree of negligence.

Fortunately Sabina, in whom the coming of Glycerium had awakened pleasing hopes, regarded the emptying of the *cornucopia* as a favourable omen. "Blessed and praised be Isis, the great goddess!" exclaimed she aloud. "The goddess pours forth her favours on her handmaid. I vow to present to her three of the fattest geese in our poultry-yard, and a silver lamp on her sacred table!"

"The mischief may be very easily repaired," said Glycerium, "for in this basket I have some wax fruits of the greatest beauty, such as are sold at Alexandria, at the great festival of Adonis, and as we shall have here in Rome at our Saturnalia next December. It is true your friend Calpurnia had bespoken them of me as a votive gift to her Isis: but you shall have the preference; so take and dedicate them to the benevolent goddess." Before Sabina had time to answer her, the trembling Clio held both her hands, and ridded Glycerium of a commodity for which at that season of the year she would scarcely have been able to find a customer.

Glycerium was now dismissed with her slaves with a gracious nod. "Clio," said the Domina, "pay the Alexandrian immediately, and without any abatement, what we owe her. But hark,

forget not to give her the chaplets left from the last entertainment, and the other things that belong to them."

For these the sly procuress had long been waiting. Saturninus had expressly enjoined her to being him some token from Sabina that all was right, and that the private signification of his chaplet had been understood. Clio, obedient to the commands of her mistress, paid Glycerium two hundred sesterces, great part of which was to recompence her secret services. She gave her the half-withered chaplet which the Domina had worn at the last entertainment, and had put off on retiring to bed. A fig of Clios, of which Sabina had bitten off a piece, completed the symbolical love-letter. Instead of the fig, she would undoubtedly have sent a love-apple, had it not been too early in season to procure any.

ON THE TOMBS OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

IN A LETTER FROM A GRECIAN LADY TO HER FRIEND.

DURING the last conversation we had together, my dear friend, you appeared to be much astonished, when I related to you that the Greeks thought it their duty, and even a pleasure, sometimes to spend a whole day near the tombs of their departed friends. "Truly a pleasant amusement," you said, "to go and sadden one's self upon a grave!" But, my friend, the tombs of the ancients, and those which are still seen in Greece, particularly those of persons distinguished by birth and fortune, have nothing in them that ought to excite horror. I will give you a description of one of these tombs, and then you may judge. It was raised by a virtuous son under the reign of the Sultaun Mahmoud, to immortalize the memory of a beloved mother.

This lady, who enjoyed all the endowments of nature and fortune, and whose least advantage was that of being extremely beautiful, had the happiness of saving the life of her father and her husband, by her courage and her eloquence. These two persons filled the first stations under the Sovereign Princes of Moldavia; their immense riches excited jealousy in the breasts of many who put every device in practice to create suspicions respecting the conduct of the father and son-in-law. They went so far as to say, that their large estates were the produce of taxes they

dared to levy on several villages of Moldavia, without the permission or knowledge of the reigning prince, to whom they were nearly allied. The prince, irritated, hearkened to the voice of envy, and notwithstanding the ties of affinity, he sent these two noblemen to Constantinople, to be treated as state criminals. In twenty-four hours, (for justice is expeditiously executed in Turkey), they were condemned to have their heads cut off, and all their estates were confiscated.

When the lady heard this fatal news, she fled from her house in a state of distraction, covered with a black veil followed by her slaves, and holding by the hand her only child, a boy of eleven years old, she went and placed herself on a spot where she knew the Grand Seigneur would pass. Before I proceed in my narration, allow me to make a little digression to acquaint you with the character of the Sultaun Mahmoud. There are some people who, with a prejudiced mind, which will not allow them to view things with an impartial eye, or, through a too great attachment to the nation to which they belong, imagine that, out of their own country every thing is bad, or inferior. But you, my friend, who know men, you who are unprejudiced, by the just attachment you have towards the most celebrated na-

tion in the universe, and have not shut your eyes to the merit of others, examine if among the Turks there be not also men truly worthy of the appellation of great.

The Sultaun Mahmoud was the most enlightened, the most amiable, and the most gallant prince of the Ottoman house; he was a great admirer of painting, music, and poetry. While he lived the arts had a protector in Turkey; he cultivated them himself with great success, and whoever excelled in them were certain of his esteem and patronage. Clemency was in general his principal characteristic. He delighted in redressing the wrongs of his subjects, particularly those of men who were incapable of repelling the attacks of injustice. He was not inferior to his predecessors in greatness of soul, nor in the art of governing. From his cabinet he made war against three great potentates, with whom he afterwards succeeded in making an advantageous peace. He excelled most men of his kingdom in the knowledge of the Turkish, the Arabian, and the Persian languages.—After this, perhaps, too tedious portrait, I will resume the thread of my narrative.

The lady awaited the approach of the Sultaun Mahmoud, and as soon as he arrived at a sufficient distance to hear her voice, she called upon him, at the same time raising her right hand, in which she held the petition she intended to present him. The Grand Seigneur turned his head, and sought with his eyes for the person who had called him, immediately one of his two hundred attendants approached the lady, took her arm, and assisted her to follow the cavalcade till they had arrived at the spot where his highness dismounted. All that day's petitions were read to him. Several of these affairs were transferred over to his vizir, to be judged, as a last resource, before his tribunal; but the Sultaun was pleased to reserve a certain number for his own inspection. The lady's affairs were fortunately among the latter. Her petition was nearly couched in the following terms:

"He who created the Heavens, who is the Lord of Kings, as well as of all men, does not disdain paying attention to the wants of the smallest insect; allow me, mighty Sultaun, to enter your august presence, that, prostrate before your august throne, I may reveal to you my affliction, and implore your clemency."

She was permitted to present herself before the Sultaun; for some time she remained silently prostrate at his feet, till ordered to speak, when she expressed herself thus:

"Mighty Prince, as my father and my husband have had the misfortune of appearing criminal and deserving of death, I am come to throw myself at your feet, to conjure you to change the

sentence pronounced against them; if two victims are absolutely wanting to appease your wrath, take my head, and that of my son; it is just we should sacrifice our lives for those who have given us existence."

But, said the Sultaun, "it is not you, nor your son, that are guilty; it is your father and your husband."—She replied with so much respect and wisdom to the Sultaun's question, and he was so touched with the suppliant's greatness of soul, that, turning to those that surrounded him, he exclaimed aloud, "I cannot resist this woman's tears; let her father and her husband be restored to her immediately." Then, addressing her with a kind of placid countenance, he said, "Return home with your son, and banish all inquietude. I also give you back your estates; but as your relatives have so many enemies, prevent their mixing in affairs of state."—This virtuous woman returned home full of gratitude; and penetrated with the liveliest and purest joy to have saved the lives of two persons so dear to her heart. Some years after this, her husband, for whom she had been so much alarmed, died; and, although she was still handsome, rich, and young enough to make a second choice without being subjected to ridicule, she preferred remaining a widow, rather than afflict her son by marrying a second time. She died eighteen years after her husband. Her son, to immortalize his regrets, caused a superb tomb to be raised to her memory in his own ground, and this is the one I am going to describe.

Figure to yourself, my friend, a long square garden, situated at the extremity of a village, in the walls of which there are several windows that on one side look to the sea, and on the other to a public road. It is planted with cyresses, elms, and poplars; the walls are covered with flowers that do not require much care, such as jessamine, roses, and woodbine. The earth is clothed with violets and all kinds of wild flowers. From one angle of the garden there flows a wandering stream, which, gently murmuring, gives a refreshing coolness to this delightful spot, where reigns an eternal spring; the shade of the trees, the peaceful tranquillity, the variety of flowers, the murmurs of the stream, all inspire us with the idea of those happy fields, where the ancient Greeks believed their souls were received and recompensed.

This stream, which I have already mentioned, winds through the garden, and at length falls in a reservoir placed against the wall, which has several cocks; one of them is always open, and destined to water the flocks, the others are shut, and serve to relieve the thirst of the passers by. There are five or six brass cups fastened to the reservoir by long chains, which people on

horseback can make use of without dismounting. There is also a small building which communicates with the garden, composed of an oratory, and several rooms, for the use of priests, destined to pray, and take care of the lamp, always alight before the name of God, which is engraven on a crimson triangle of three or four feet in diameter. By the side of the triangle is also placed a statue of the Holy Virgin. Saturday, the day on which the church pays her particular homage, the priests remain all day at the door of the garden, to distribute alms, without distinction, to all those who beg. To others they offer flowers.

In the centre of the garden arises a white marble tomb: at the deceased person's head is placed an erect square stone of the same materials and length as the tomb. On it are engraven, in golden letters, the following prayer and epitaph:—

PRAYER.

"May the Almighty God, Creator and Lord of all that the eye of man sees, and all that his mind comprehends, be praised for ever by those who dwell on earth, those who are not yet in existence, and those who are sunk in death."

EPITAPH.

"Here reposes the body of a just being, who never ceased to obey the laws of God during her life, which was too transient for her worth—(She attained only her fifty-seventh year.) In this space she fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty, and clothed the naked; never did a word that could hurt any one escape her lips; she protected virtue, and looked with a compassionate eye on the vicious; she was little attached to riches, and even at her death sacrificed them to sooth the pains of others, as much as her power allowed her. Passers by pray for her, and emulate her example."

On the eve of certain days, during summer, her relatives and friends are invited to assemble in this garden. On entering it, all approach the tomb, and the nearest relation, with downcast eyes, bows, and repeats the following words:

"Sacred manes, which this cold marble encloses, accept the homage of our remembrance, of our respect, and of our regrets, which will cease but with our lives."

After a few moments of silence, the company disperse into different alleys; some walk, others gather flowers; others praise the deceased. The garden itself presents many objects fit to awaken reflection. Those trees that tower in the vigour of youth, and spread their branches around, one day shall fall under the blows of the axe, and lie extended without life on the earth. The

stream that murmurs as it winds along offers an image of our existence, which flows through a variety of changing events, while we continually upbraid our fate. The flowers that bloom before us resemble our life, which lasts but a few moments; they wither never to rise again; for they will be crowned again with blossoms, but they are not those that drooped with the passing spring.

It often happens that the sentiments which the sight of tombs inspire, are rendered productive of the most important effects on surrounding families. There, husbands and wives, children and parents, who are divided by discord, are brought together to settle their differences, and not in vain; for it is in the nature of wise and timely reflection to soften the hearts of men, and open them to the most tender feelings.

At a certain hour they all assemble to dine. An abundant repast is spread on the rising turf, beside a refreshing stream. It consists of one or two lambs baked in the oven, stuffed with pigeons and Corinthian grapes; a roasted chicken is placed before each guest; crabs and other shell-fish, boiled in salt water, immediately after they have been taken from the sea, follow the first course, and numerous fruits compose the dessert. Several vases are filled with Grecian wines; with the celebrated wine of Cyprus, that of Tenedos, opposite the promontory of Sigee, where once stood Troy, that of Smyrna, which heighten the complexion of the Grecian virgins, when on festivals they dance on the stones of the Caystrus, and that of the island of Chios, which kindles the enthusiasm of the poet. When Bacchus, ever young, has shed mirth and attic wit around, one of the guests begins to sing, and invites the others to dance; every one in his turn takes the part of the chorister, and the others answer in full chorus. The meaning of these songs is nearly the same as that of the following verses of an old poet:

"Snatch the bud of present joy,

"Catch the moments ere they fly;

"Since no serious thought can spread

"Life beyond th' appointed hour,

"Crown with pleasure's wreaths your head,

"Gather Love's and Beauty's flow'r."

They dance, and the amusements continue till the shades of night descend, and then the whole company retires to the house of one of the guests, when several hours are dedicated to the cheerful sports.—Are not these the same Greeks celebrated by Anacreon, whose lives were enlivened by dances and songs?—You see, my friend, that though returning from the tombs of their friends, these people are not less amiable and joyful.

M. O.

D

THE REPRESENTATIONS OF LIFE.

CONTAINED IN WORKS OF FICTION:

NOT TO BE CONSIDERED AS HAVING ANY EXISTENCE IN NATURE.

M. DE CLAIRVILLE, a native of Paris, had, like many others of the most respectable of his countrymen, emigrated at the time of the revolution. He had enjoyed an honourable and lucrative post under the monarchy, and, by his provident foresight in placing the greatest part of his wealth in foreign countries, had saved, out of the wreck of an ample fortune, a competency sufficient to enable him to live, if not in an ostentatious, at least in an elegant style. His family consisted of his wife and two children, a son and a daughter, to both of whom nature had been lavish of her favours. Both of them, for a pleasing and elegant exterior, united the more valuable accomplishments of the mind; and their indulgent parents had not spared any expence in procuring them an excellent education. The most eminent masters, in every department of literature, had constantly attended them from the moment that they were capable of forming a thought, or articulating a sound; and their genius and docility endeared them to their instructors.

On their first emigration the family had retired to Coblenz, where a number of emigrants were assembled. At first, the intention of Monsieur de Clairville was to take up arms in the counter-revolutionary cause; but circumstances convinced him that the restoration of the monarchy was impossible. He therefore resolved to renounce all concern with the public affairs, and to spend the remainder of his life in philosophic leisure. He had designed to procure a commission for his son, but the unforeseen events which had taken place, had rendered his project abortive. He addressed himself to him in these terms:—

“My son, you know it was my intention, as well as your own desire, that you should be honourably placed in the army; but the course of events has frustrated the design. I have ever esteemed the profession of arms in the highest degree honourable, and peculiarly appropriated to the situation and rank of a gentleman, when they are borne in defence of our country, and the support of legal authority; but I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of making war a trade, as a mere mercenary. The monarchy of France

is overturned, the kingdom of the arts is no more; we have no longer any country to defend. Proscribed by republican usurpers, we have nothing left to do but to seek an asylum in a country where happiness and freedom reign in placid tranquillity. This asylum England affords. Let us hasten to that fortunate land, the bulwark of civilized society, the native soil of rational liberty, where that noble plant first took root, and still flourishes, bidding defiance to the wintry blasts of the revolutionary storms which have laid waste our unfortunate country. My economy and foresight, attended with the blessing of Divine Providence, have been successful in securing an ample provision for myself and you, my dear children. I yet possess enough to satisfy all reasonable desires. We will retire to England, where we may live in philosophical and elegant retirement; amuse our leisure with the study of literature, enjoy the protection of equitable laws, and contemplate the structure of a government which constitutes the glory and happiness of a great nation.”

Madame de Clairville gave her hearty assent to the proposal, and their son and daughter received it with rapture. The arrangements were speedily made; they embarked, and descending down the Rhine, arrived at Rotterdam, where they took shipping for London, and arrived in safety in the British metropolis.

After some time spent in contemplating the novelty of the scene, and making comparisons between the capital of France, in which they had passed their early youth, and that of England, in which they were to fix their future residence, the young Clairville and his sister resumed their literary studies. Under the most eminent masters in Paris, they had made a tolerable proficiency in the English language. After their arrival in London, their attachment to literature continued and increased; and they laboured with assiduity to extend the sphere of their knowledge.

The young Clairvilles were well read in philosophy and the *Belle Lettres*; but their ideas had taken a romantic turn. Their knowledge of books was extensive, and their knowledge of the world was as great as books could give. They

had read all the descriptions of rural felicity that poets have given with such enthusiastic rapture, and had caught the infection. Having been constantly accustomed to a city life, and immured first in Paris, and afterwards in London, they regarded those immense capitals as nothing more than prisons, where the human species are in an unnatural state, where the fascinating charms of nature are unknown, her beauties unobserved, and all genial pleasures disregarded. They began seriously to sigh for rural delights; they longed to partake the enjoyment of those happy scenes which the poets of almost every age had described with such enthusiasm, and which they had contemplated in idea with such rapture, and they anxiously wished for the happy time, when, bidding adieu to the noisy tumult of the metropolis, they might enjoy the peaceful company and innocent conversation of those nymphs and swains, of whose virtues and felicity they had read such extravagant encomiums.

Monsieur and Madame de Clairville, who were both persons of learning and experience, and equally conversant with books and with the world, had observed this romantic cast of mind in their children, and used every argument that reading and an extensive acquaintance with mankind could suggest, in order to convince them of its extravagance. In this attempt to rectify their ideas, they were exceedingly well seconded by M. de Palaise, an expelled ecclesiastic, who, like them, had emigrated from France in consequence of the revolution. This gentleman's knowledge of the world had kept pace with his literary acquisition, and his learning and observations were equally various and extensive. He represented to them the troubles and inconveniences incident to every station, and endeavoured to convince them that no condition of life was free from those evils which are the common lot of humanity. Mademoiselle de Clairville used frequently to reply, "We do not expect to find any situation exempt from those natural evils which Providence has, with unerring wisdom, allotted to human beings; but certainly some conditions of life are free from those artificial evils which the vices and follies of mankind produce." Her brother would sometimes add, "those brilliant and fascinating descriptions of human felicity with which pastoral poets crowd and embellish their pages, must be drawn from some original; they cannot be wholly the work of imagination."

The reasoning of their parents and preceptors seemed sometimes to make them waver in their opinion, and suspect that there might be some degree of exaggeration in those descriptions; but as writers seemed so generally to agree in their representations of rural happiness, they

could scarcely suppose that so general a combination could have been formed, in order to impose on credulity, by painting ideal scenes, formed in the imagination, without any existence in reality. The favourite idea constantly recurred, and as they concluded that experiment must be the surest method of rectifying opinion, they resolved to petition their parents to indulge them with a summer's excursion into the country, in order to

"Clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
"To see and judge if books report it right."

This request was no sooner made than granted. M. de Clairville, whose official duties had required his residence to be constantly at Paris, had not, in the course of many years, enjoyed the opportunity of retiring for a few months into the country, and his long and unremitting application to business had not a little impaired his health. He therefore, the more ready to indulge his son and daughter in a pleasure which, innocent in itself, promised the most beneficial effects, and appeared equally conducive to the re-establishment of his own health, and the rectification of their notions.

Their resolution to bid adieu for a season to the bustle of the metropolis was instantly fixed, and the preparations for their departure were soon made. M. de Palaise, who was equally acquainted with a town and a country life, and knew the mode of living and the general state of society among the lower classes, as also the easiest mode of procuring free access to their company and conversation, advised them to travel in the plainest and simplest style, as any mark of ostentation would naturally keep the rustics at a distance, and whenever an opportunity of conversation occurred, induce them to appear under a mask, and disguise their opinions and sentiments. They travelled, therefore, by the stage coach, unattended by any servant except a single maid. They all spoke the language so well that it was not easy to discover they were foreigners, and they passed for Londoners of some fortune who had retired from business. They fixed their residence in a small country village, where they had the good fortune to find a rural cottage to be let, which exactly suited their purpose. Although not spacious it was convenient, and one of the handsomest houses in the village. Here they passed for a family that possessed a small independency, and had come into the country for the sake of a healthful air and cheapness of living.

The first time they made their appearance at the parish church, all eyes were fixed on them, and the young people were almost stared out of countenance. The minister made a most excel-

lent sermon, but little of it was remembered by the congregation, most of whom forgot the text, while every one could remember each particular of the dress and demeanour of the strangers.

The first company the Clairvilles received, were the vicar and his lady. They were both of them good-natured, chearful, intelligent, and communicative; both were of an acute penetration, and thoroughly acquainted with the world. The vicar was a consummate scholar, and his lady possessed all the knowledge, and was adorned with all the virtues suitable to her sex. In their society, the newly arrived family found that they had made a valuable acquisition.

The vicar, who was as good a judge of men as of books, soon discovered the strangers to be persons of no ordinary rank. He found them desirous of information, and made them acquainted with the circumstances of the village and its adjacent neighbourhood, the qualities of its soil, its productions, the employments, manners, and modes of life of the inhabitants; topics of conversation which, to the Clairvilles, were entirely new. They were delighted with his discourse, and also with the lively and sensible remarks of his wife; but from the picture of village society which they drew, the young Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Clairville soon found reasons to suspect that they should be disappointed in their expectation of contemplating, in this place, those scenes of happiness with which their fancy had been so amused. They could not avoid perceiving that the picture, drawn by the vicar, was very different from that which fancy had delineated; and their own experience alone was to determine whether the poets or the observer had incurred the mistake.

Their plain and simple style of life soon brought them into an intimate familiarity with the farmers, and even with the labourers, with whom they daily mixed in conversation. To the houses of the farmers they made frequent visits, and in all of them heard the same complaints of their high rents, their great disbursements in wages to servants and labourers, their own laborious exertions, in order to lessen, as much as possible, those enormous expences, and the impossibility of saving any thing to portion their daughters, or settle their sons. In every house they found nothing but hurry and bustle, intermixed with anxious solicitude for the advancement of their business; and heard little else than complaints against the unkindness of their neighbours, or narratives of the carelessness or idleness of their servants. When they discoursed with the servants or labourers, they were constantly entertained with an account of the niggardliness or ill nature of their masters

and mistresses, the hardness of their labour, or the scantiness of their food, the difficulty of procuring bread for their families, and the absolute impossibility of laying up any thing for their support in sickness or old age.

The young Clairvilles soon perceived, that, among these rustics, existence was one continued scene of bustle and exertion to procure the necessaries of life; that the same envyings, the same complaints of mutual wrongs, and the same spirit of cabal and intrigue existed in this small village as in places where the most important affairs are debated, and the fate of empires determined. In observing the manners of this sequestered spot, they found among its inhabitants a particular agreement and uniformity of taste in delighting to hear and relate the vices and follies of their neighbours. The first good-natured gossip with whom they fell into conversation, favoured them with an account of the scandalous register of the place, from the earliest period of her remembrance; and added, by way of appendix, what she had heard from her grandmother, and other good old women of former days. These tales of scandal were sometimes interrupted by animadversions on the bad management of their neighbours in their farms or their dairies, and on the niggardly parsimony or expensive extravagance of their housekeeping. The men informed them how well some of their neighbours might have lived, and what money they might have acquired by a proper manner of cultivating their farms, and by a strict attention to their business; and the women told them what a great quantity of butter several housewives of the village might send to market every week, if they knew how to manage their dairies. In fine, they perceived that there was some flaw in the character, the conduct, the economy, or housewifery of every one except the person who was actually favouring them with the important information.

One evening, as they were conversing by the fire-side in their little cottage, M. de Clairville asked them what they thought of rural happiness? "Indeed," said the young man, "I think the specimen we have here found, neither exhibits a very pleasing picture, nor affords any flattering expectation. I hear nothing but mutual complaints, and reciprocal censure; nothing presents any spectacle of happiness or censure; but I cannot suppose this every where the case; we must have made a wrong choice of a situation." "It appears to me," added Mademoiselle, "that the inhabitants of this village labour under some particular disadvantages, and feel the pressure of some circumstances peculiarly unfavourable, which spur their temper and render them querulous, censorious, and discontented. I do not,

therefore, despair of finding a place where things will have a different aspect."

M. de Clairville made no comment on their suppositions. Being desirous that their own observations alone should produce conviction, he was unwilling to anticipate experience, and told them, as their expectations had here been disappointed, he should propose to look out for some new abode, where they might be more fortunate. The young people were delighted with the proposal; and the necessary arrangements for carrying it into effect being speedily made, they departed from a place which had so greatly disappointed their expectations, leaving the whole neighbourhood lost in conjecture. Some imagined that urgent business had called them away; while others supposed that they had come, at the first, to conceal themselves from the pursuit of creditors, and that their abode having been discovered, they had made a precipitate retreat to escape an arrest.

After some days spent in erratic travelling, the Clairvilles arrived at last in a village where was a commodious house to be lett. Pleased with its situation, which appeared, in every respect, answerable to their views, they resolved to take it. The houses were considerably better in this village than in that they had quitted; and although the one, in which they had fixed themselves, was not the largest or best residence in the place, it was very convenient, tolerably genteel, and sufficiently large for so small a family. There they began to live in a plain, but yet somewhat more elegant style than they had hitherto done, which appeared necessary to their design, as they observed a greater air of opulence here than in the place where they had last resided. They did not, however, find the minds of the inhabitants more cultivated, nor their manners more refined, except in some ceremonious punctilios, by which a few individuals, who wished to set themselves up for persons of more than ordinary consequence, endeavoured to appear polite.

In a short time the Clairvilles received and returned the visits of the most considerable persons of the village. The pleasure of those visits had been anticipated, with rapture, by the young Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Clairville, who had expected greater elegance of discourse, and more extensive information, among those refined villagers, than they had met with among the homely rustics of their late residence. Here, however, they again experienced the mortification of disappointment; and were astonished to find no greater elevation of ideas, no greater ex-

tent of information, no higher intellectual attainments, than in the society they had lately quitted. The principal part of the conversation generally consisted in censorious strictures, and invidious remarks on the conduct and pecuniary circumstances of their neighbours. One very communicative person informed them, that a neighbour's daughter had been guilty of an indiscretion some years ago; and another related, that such a one's daughter got married a while since, but that her father, notwithstanding his high looks, and the gay appearance of his family, could give her only a very small portion; and that another respectable woman was to have been married not long ago, and would have met with a very good match, but when it came to a point, her father "could not raise the wind." The most distinguishable difference in moral ideas, to be observed between their present and former situation, was, that here a greater degree of insolent pride seemed attached to the possession of money, and a more visible contempt manifested towards those who were destitute of that useful commodity.

As in the village where they had before resided, so likewise in their present place of abode, the scandalous chronicle furnished an inexhaustible fund of consolation; and the good-natured gossips were extremely careful that the strangers should not long remain ignorant of its contents. Its ample page was unfolded; the follies and misconduct of the preceding, as well as the present generation, was brought upon the carpet, and detailed with the most circumstantial accuracy. They were soon favoured with an exact account of all the children that had been born before, or too soon after marriage; of all the females who had, in their former days, deviated from the path of virtue; and of all those who had been lightly talked of. These anecdotes of human frailty were repeated in almost every visit, and in almost every conversation. Each communicative companion related all the instances of female frailty which had come to her knowledge, with the sole exception of her own; and as this deficiency was commonly supplied by the information of the next friendly visitor, the history was soon read red complete. Every officious informer, however, took care to demonstrate her aversion to scandal, by declaring, that "she would not, on any account, have her name brought into question, as all the world knew she was not one who liked to vilify her neighbours."

[To be continued.]

THE STORY OF THE TAME PIGEON.

BY THE CELEBRATED MISS HAMILTON.

SOME years ago, a deep and universal regret was excited by the premature death of the Earl of N. a nobleman who had the rare felicity of being very sincerely and very deservedly beloved. An eulogium upon his character given in one of the newspapers of the day concludes as follows:

"His lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only son, now in the third year of his age. The present earl and his sister, who is in her sixth year, are left to the sole guardianship of their amiable mother, a lady no less distinguished by exemplary virtue, than by her exquisite beauty, splendid fortune, and brilliant accomplishments."

This account of Lady N. was by no means exaggerated. She had hitherto performed all the duties of life in an exemplary manner. She had been an amiable daughter, a good wife, and a fond mother—but she had been neither more nor other from principle. She had only acted the part planned for her by others, and quietly gone on in the track into which she had fortunately been led.

For the sweetness with which she accommodated herself to the inclinations of her parents, and her husband, Lady N. had obtained much applause, and would have merited more than all the praise bestowed, had her obedience proceeded from a principle of duty; but it was in her the offspring of indolence and timidity. She yielded, not to gratify others, but to save trouble to herself. She consequently never had experienced the pleasure which glows in the breast of the generous when conscious of having made a sacrifice of inclination to duty or affection.

Having been successfully guided by the wisdom of judicious parents, and of a sensible husband, Lady N. had always appeared to act with uncommon prudence; but when left solely dependent upon her own judgment, she found that she had been very imprudent in never having given herself the habit of exerting it. She had had what is sometimes called a religious education:—that is to say, she had learned a respect for the institutions of the church, had learned to repeat her creed, and say her prayers, and to keep clear of all gross offences. But even these best impressions were rather adopted as prejudices, than embraced as principles.

It has been observed of women, by a witty poet, (though in fact the observation is equally applicable to both sexes,) that

They who are born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

Indeed, in the very nature of things, they who must be governed will fall under the dominion of the worthless; for who but the self-interested and depraved will practise the arts necessary to obtain an ascendancy over the mind either of an equal or superior?

Those who do not select from esteem, or esteem from real and accurate observation, will be forever liable to misplace their confidence. Such was the fate of lady N. Her too great facility of temper rendered her an easy prey to the arts of the designing. Her principles were good; but they were not fixed in her mind with sufficient strength to be resorted to as the support and guide of her life. She thought it requisite for her to have some one on whom to lean, and indolently resigned herself to the first to whom chance happened to direct her.

Mrs. Pegg, the person who, after the death of the Earl of N. had the boldness to aspire and to gain her lady's confidence, was a woman of very low origin, but of very insinuating address. By pretending a more profound degree of sorrow for the death of her late master than was at all consistent with probability, she made her first approaches to her lady's favour. The grief of Lady N. was unaffected and sincere. She was soothed by the apparent sympathy of the hypocrite, whose tears flowed still faster than her own, and considered them as an infallible proof of the strength of her attachment.

Lady N. was not deficient in understanding; but Mrs. Pegg was so much her superior in talents as in artifice: had her talents been guided by principle, she would indeed have been a valuable acquisition in any family; but her heart was corrupt and depraved: her talents were therefore employed to cheat, to circumvent, and to deceive. She soon penetrated into all the weaknesses of her lady's character, and with infinite dexterity turned them to her own advantage. Every thing at Castle N. was now placed under the control of this ambitious woman. So complete was the ascendancy she obtained over the mind of her too easy mistress, that she neither heard, saw, examined, nor judged for herself. Every thing was left to Mrs. Pegg. All the servants, even the old and attached domestics of the family, were, one after another, on various pretexts, dismissed. Some Mrs. Pegg thought it dangerous to keep, because they knew too much of her real character; others were too unbending to be subservient to her wicked views: she therefore made use of the

opportunity which constant access to her lady afforded, to prejudice her mind against them all.

Never, indeed, did Mrs. Pegg make use of her influence for the advantage of any human being. Never did she commend any one to her lady's favour on account of their real worth; or seek to lessen any one in her regard on account of any blemish in their moral character: all her motives were purely selfish. But if Lady N. had been possessed of the principles of justice, she would not have taken this woman's representations as sufficient evidence, neither would she have delegated to a mean and vulgar person that authority, for the due exercise of which, she was to be responsible at the tribunal of the Almighty.

The dread of giving herself trouble, would not then have appeared to her as a sufficient excuse, for shrinking from those inquiries by which the truth would have been established; nor would she have considered herself justifiable in giving up her own judgment, where she was called upon by Providence to exercise it.

With respect to her children Lady N. was still more seriously to blame. She doted upon them to excess. Yet she did not give herself any trouble in the formation of their minds. She trusted every thing to Mrs. Pegg. "What could she do?" she said; "she never had been used to children, and did not know how to manage them; but happily Mrs. Pegg had been fixed to them, and therefore could not fail to manage them properly!"

Their first notions of right and wrong were consequently imbibed from Mrs. Pegg. Now it happened, that of right and wrong Mrs. Pegg had no other rule or standard than self-interest.—Whatever gave her trouble was punished as a fault of the first magnitude. Whatever did not interfere with her ease or convenience was passed without notice. No idea of the consequences which false and injurious impressions might have upon the future character, entered into her imagination; nor, if it had, would it have disturbed her peace. The children might be false, cruel, capricious, proud, or obstinate, with impunity, provided they paid a proper respect to her, and never failed to observe her special orders; but no sooner did they transgress in this respect, then they were punished with unmerciful severity; and so completely did she keep the poor infants under subjection, that they dared not utter a complaint.

The children believed that their mamma's apartments were haunted by a secret spy; and in truth they were so; for the unprincipled nurse, not contented with the possession of her lady's unbounded confidence, took care, by means of listening, to inform herself of all that was going forward. And such an adept had she become in

this detestable practice, that a two-inch door was no obstacle in the way of her information.—When she had, from any thing that passed, the slightest grounds for alarm respecting the continuance of her influence, she had immediate recourse to a method which she had ever found to be infallible. Lord N. or Lady Mary were, upon such occasions, the innocent sufferers.

As they were the objects of their mother's doting fondness, their slightest indisposition ingrossed her whole attention; and upon such occasions her sole dependence was placed on the care, the skill, the wonderful management of Mrs. Pegg. No wonder, then, that Mrs. Pegg should be sometimes induced to make to herself an opportunity of evincing her skill and dexterity, in their recovery; and as she could do it at the expense of a little stomach sickness, the children were, perhaps, in reality, not much the worse for the experiment.

Mrs. Pegg was not, however always thus fortunate in being able speedily to remove the effects of her own treatment. When her young lord was in his fifth year, he was seized with an inflammation, in his lung, which had nearly cut short the slender thread of his existence. It is impossible to describe the confusion and dismay which reigned at Castle N. during the anxious period of his danger. No eye (at least so Lady N. believed) ever shut in sleep; no lips were opened for any other purpose but to sigh. How much the usual consumption of victuals was lessened, is best known to the housekeeper; but certain it is, that among the numerous train of domestics and dependants at Castle N. there were few who did not on this occasion feel deeply interested for their lady, or for their young lord, or for themselves!

We may believe that Mrs. Pegg would now act the part of grief to admiration. She indeed appeared to be almost distracted; but she did not now act a part: her terrors were, for the first time, sincere. For, though her soul was of too hard a texture to be susceptible of the tenderness of affection, the fond mother herself was not now more truly anxious for her son's recovery than she was. Her attention was not however solely engrossed by the little sufferer, Lady Mary never experienced from Mrs. Pegg so much tenderness of endearment, or such unlimited indulgence as she now experienced. She was only entreated not to speak of her brother to her mamma, and she might have what she pleased.

Mrs. Pegg gave herself, in this instance, a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The poor child's spirits had been too effectually subdued by terror to betray any transaction which it was Mrs. Pegg's interest to conceal: nor did it, perhaps, enter into her mind to ascribe her brother's ill-

ness to any other cause than that to which she had heard it ascribed, viz running across the lawn without his hat. But though Lady Mary might not know, or might not chuse to tell, I know, and I shall tell you how it really happened.

Mrs. Pegg's standard of right and wrong has already been explained. Now as the children could do nothing which produced so much trouble to her as soiling or tearing their clothes, so no fault of which they were ever guilty, was punished with half the severity. Lady Mary, being of a timid and quiet disposition, was not nearly so apt to transgress in this way as her brother, who, while he was in frocks, was perpetually grieving Mrs. Pegg's righteous spirit by stains, and rents, most unfeelingly inflicted on her future perquisite. Nor when he exchanged the fragile muslin for the stouter trowsers, were her troubles at an end. Though he could no longer tear, he still could soil; and in those elopements into the garden or court-yard, which not all her vigilance could prevent, he would sometimes in running after a butterfly slip his foot on the fresh dung mould; sometimes in caressing a spaniel receive such a warm return of gratitude as left its visible effects behind; nor did he think of the consequences, until he beheld the marks of his favourite's paws upon the fair nankeen, which he would then most willingly have exchanged for the coarsest linsey-woolsey that ever little boy was clothed in.

It happened on a luckless day, when, as Lady N. dined at home, Mrs. Pegg intended saving herself the trouble of dressing the children a second time, that Lord N. finding himself unobserved, and hearing the voice of Tom the stable-boy speaking to the tame pigeon, was tempted to slip down the back stairs to share with Tom the pleasure of feeding his pet.

The pigeon was at first a little shy. It flew away at his approach, but being lured back by Tom, it at length became so familiar as to eat the corn which he scattered for it at his feet. Tom assured him that when a little better acquainted, it would eat from his hand with as little fear as it now did from his. Lord N. was very ambitious to rival Tom in the pigeon's favour, but in the eagerness of impetuosity he defeated his own purpose. The pigeon took fright and retreated. He pursued. Seatching the hat full of corn from Tom's hand, he followed the fugitive, coaxing it in such sweet accents as but one other little boy in the wide world could utter. The hard-hearted pigeon heeded not the music of his voice. It walked on till, turning into an inner court, it there took to its wings and flew to the top of the opposite wall. Poor N. rushed on unconscious of his danger, nor once perceived the heap of mud which had

been that morning raked from a sewer, and lay directly in his way, and in which he would, the next moment, have measured all his length, had it not been for the agility of his companion, who, throwing himself before him, saved him from falling farther than his knees. As he was not hurt, he would have joined Tom in the loud laugh which he instantly set up, had not the idea of Mrs. Pegg presented itself to his affrighted imagination, banishing all thoughts of mirth and gladness from his mind. As he looked in sad dismay on the woefully bespattered trowsers, the roses forsook his cheeks, the ruby lips grew pale, and the long dark silken fringes with which nature had adorned his seraph eyes, were moistened with tears of anguish. He stood aghast and trembling; afraid to cry, lest his crying should reach the ears of Mrs. Pegg, and yet not able to refrain from giving vent to the misery which swelled his little heart. At length he took courage to turn his steps towards the house, supported by Tom, who was now little less terrified than himself, though he knew not for what; when, all at once the sound of Mrs. Pegg's voice broke in thunder on his ears, and her stately form was seen advancing towards them, clothed in all the majesty of anger. Lord N. now screamed outright; but unmiddled of his emotion she took him by the arm with one of those jerks which prove that dislocation is not so easily accomplished as some weak persons may imagine; and giving Tom a box on the ear which sent him staggering to the other side of the court, hastily proceeded with the culprit to her own apartment. How she stamped and raged, and scolded, it is needless to describe, but as she had stamped and raged, and scolded at offences of the same kind before now, and as it proved without effect, she determined on a new method of punishment. Having stripped the unfortunate delinquent of his soiled garments, she put him in a corner, there to stand during the term of her pleasure, and then calmly left him, in order to resume the occupation in which she had been so disagreeably interrupted.

It was in the month of May. The sun was hot, but the east wind blew chill. The poor boy had thrown himself into a heat running after the pigeon, which had been increased by succeeding agitation, and from wearing coat and trowsers lined with flannel, he was now exposed, without defence, to the piercing air of an open window. The consequences are not so surprising as his recovery appeared to be to those best acquainted with his danger.

These consequences it is certain Mrs. Pegg did not foresee, but she made no scruple of doing under the eye of God, what she would not have done under the eye of her mistress. And that

she was conscious of doing wrong was evident from the rage she was in on finding that the situation in which she had left Lord N. was discovered by little Tom; who, deeply interested in the fate of his young master, and directed by his lamentations to the scene of punishment, had adventurously dared, by the assistance of a step-ladder, to peep in at the window through which he hastily offered all the consolation in his power, by assuring Lord N. that the pigeon should be his own.

When Lord N. was well enough to be taken out an airing, he went one morning with his mamma and sister, attended by Mrs. Pegg, in the landau, and was standing up by his mamma's side looking over the carriage, when it stopped so suddenly as to throw him off his balance, with a violence that might have been fatal, had not Mrs. Pegg's arm been ready to receive him.

The coachman at the same moment called loudly to some one to get out of the way. "No," replied the person spoken to, "I will not get out of the way. You may ride over me, you may trample me to death, but I will not stir till my lady promises to speak to me."

Lady N. stood up, and on looking out perceived a little boy kneeling in the middle of the highway, which was in that part only sufficiently wide for the carriage. She called out to know who it was. "It is little Tom, the stable-boy, please your ladyship," said the coachman, "he was turned away yesterday morning by your ladyship's orders."

"I gave no such orders," said Lady N. "let the boy come here to speak to me."

"Bless me," cried Mrs. Pegg, "I dare say Mr. Ditto (the steward) has mistaken me. I told him yesterday that I was sure if your ladyship knew what a sad liar this little fellow was, you would not keep him another day about the house; but I did not say your ladyship had dismissed him.—I wonder how he could mistake me so."

"I wonder so too," growled the coachman; "I never knew Mr. Ditto make blunders, nor did little Tom ever tell a fib in all his life, as I know of."

Tom was by this time at the carriage door, a piteous spectacle. Stripped of his livery, and having out-grown his former clothes, he had, in order to secure himself from the inclemency of the weather, fastened his old coat upon his back by bringing the sleeves round his neck, and tying them in a hard knot upon his breast, where they conveniently hung, as they now served the office of a handkerchief, in wiping the tears from his swollen eyes.

Lady N. could not but compassionate the little wretch. In a mild tone she desired him to tell

what he wanted, but to be sure to speak the truth, for that she could not endure any one that told lies.

"No, my lady, I have never told no lies since I was born, my lady. My lord there can tell you it was no I, was it, my lord? Pray tell your lady mamma; was it I that 'ticed you out the day you fell into the mud and dirtied all your clothes so? and when Mrs. Pegg was so hugeous apgry? Do pray speak, my dear sweet young lord, was it I?"

"No," said Lord N. looking wistfully up in his mother's face, "indeed, indeed, mamma, it was not Tom's fault."

"I know not what you speak of, my dear child," said Lady N.

"I said so," cried Tom, "I said my lady knew nothing of the matter, I was sure and certain, my lady, that it was all a story of Mrs. Pegg's own making, and that you never would have had the heart, my lady, to order her to twist off the neck of my pretty pigeon."

"You little abominable lying vagabond," said Mrs. Pegg, lifting up her voice, and casting her indignant regards on the unfortunate outcast, "what is it that you dare to say of me?"

"I say," cried Tom, agitated with fresh emotion, "I say that you said as how that my lady said, that my lord caught cold by following of me; and that it was I that 'ticed him into the yard, and that it was by my lady's orders that you twisted off the head of my pretty pigeon. Lady Mary saw you do it; ay, she saw you do it, and she saw you throw the bloody head in my face, too, and heard you tell me that I should be served in the same way myself. And she heard you say, too, that it was all my lady's orders. Did not you my Lady Mary? I am sure you will not say you didn't."

The poor Lady Mary sadly discomfited by this appeal, sat trembling and silent. Three times the truth rose to her lips, and a voice within her heart told her that she ought to give it utterance. But a glance from the eyes of Mrs. Pegg silenced the feeble voice of conscience, and repelled the truth that sat upon the tongue. Lady N. looked at her daughter in surprise, "and do you know any thing of this, my love?" said she, taking her kindly by the hand.

"Do, pray tell," cried Mrs. Pegg, in a tone which Lady Mary perfectly well knew how to interpret, "did you ever see me do such a thing in your life? Me twist off the head of a tame pigeon! Do, pray tell, my dear, I insist upon your speaking."

Lady Mary was still silent.

"Bless you, dear sweet young lady, speak," cried Tom. "I am sure and certain you can't have forgotten."

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"Was there ever such impudence!" cried Mrs. Pegg, in a voice half choked with rage, "you little story-telling villain, I shall know who it is that has put you upon this." Then turning to Lady Mary, whose hand she at the same time seized with vehemence, "tell this moment, I insist upon it. Did you ever see me do such a thing?"

"No," faintly uttered the too timid Lady Mary: the consciousness of flagrantly departing from truth and justice, dying her face with crimson as she spoke.

"Now," cried Mrs. Pegg, in exultation.

"Now, my lady, I hope you will believe, I hope you see what a knave this is: if your ladyship chuses to listen to him all day you will have plenty of stories, I'll be bound for it."

"You know it is no story," said Tom, "indeed, indeed, my lady, it is no story; I have not a friend in the wide world, but God; and my mammy told me God would be my friend while I told the truth. Indeed, my lady, I don't lye, and if your ladyship's honour will let me go back to the castle, I will bring proof that I don't."

"What astonishing impudence!" cried Mrs. Pegg, turning up the whites of her eyes, "I wonder how your ladyship can encourage such a depraved little wretch, I should hope your ladyship cannot possibly take his word against mine and Lady Mary's too! Shall I bid the coachman drive on?"

Lady N. silently assented. The coachman smacked his whip. The horses darted forward, and poor honest Tom was left a helpless orphan, destitute and forlorn, to seek his way through a world in which he saw hypocrisy and falsehood triumph over innocence and truth; and in which he found the ear of the powerful to be only open to favourites and flatterers, even when justice and judgment lifted up the voice!

Had Lady N. been sensible of the fatal impression which her conduct at that moment made upon the mind of a fellow creature, had she foreseen the consequences which ensued from depriving this, then innocent boy, of the confidence which he had been taught to put in the certain success of integrity, she would have been struck with horror! But though these consequences were too remote to be distinctly foreseen, she must doubtless be considered as responsible for them, in so far as she acted upon other principles than those which her heart and conscience most seriously approved.

She was in reality far from being satisfied that Mrs. Pegg was free from blame, and far from being convinced that the boy said what was false; but she had not courage to pursue an enquiry, which if it terminated to the disadvantage of her favourite, would disturb her own peace; and

which would at any rate give a sad shock to her poor nerves.

The principle of selfishness was, therefore, in Lady N. more powerful than the principle of justice. She had from youth been accustomed to cultivate the one, for it is evident that it had become a habit of her mind; and she had from youth been accustomed only to talk of the other, so that it had no real influence upon her conduct. Lady N. was mild, amiable, and gentle, as heart could wish, yet here we see her guilty of an act of cruelty and oppression, of which a person of a less yielding disposition, and who had been actuated by steady principle, would never have been guilty.

Even for the crimes into which Mrs. Pegg was led, Lady N. was in a great measure accountable. Had she considered the influence she possessed as a trust received from God, a talent which she was bound to employ to the best advantage, she would not have deemed herself excusable in thus disposing of it. The ambition which led Mrs. Pegg from crime to crime, would have been crushed in its very birth. Her talents would have been employed in their proper sphere; and her merit judged of, not merely according to the height of its artificial gloss, but by the rigid rules of truth and justice. The poor woman would by this means have escaped the misery into which she was afterwards led by the gradual but overpowering force of great temptations.

As to Lady Mary, we cannot but consider her as an object of pity. She had been told to respect truth, yet was placed in a situation where to speak truth required a degree of fortitude beyond her strength. She had never been taught the necessity of exerting it. But had religious principles been implanted in her heart, she would have felt that it was less daring to offend Mrs. Pegg, than to offend her creator and her judge. She would therefore at all events have run the risk of incurring Mrs. Pegg's displeasure, rather than soil the pure integrity of her mind, by giving utterance to a wilful falsehood. Granting that through timidity she had permitted herself to be inadvertently hurried into this grievous error; she would, upon reflection, have hastened to repair it, and by an ingenuous confession of the truth, have wiped the stain from her conscience. Thus would the principles of honour and humanity have been upheld by the principles of religion.

Happy they who are taught the practice, while they are initiated into the precepts of virtue! Happy they who at an early period, have acquired sufficient resolution to adhere with firmness to the principles in which they have been thus instructed!

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

ON PNEUMATICS

DEFINITIONS.

PNEUMATICS is that branch of natural philosophy, which treats of the weight, pressure, and spring of the air, and of the several effects connected with these properties.

• *Dilatation* is an increase of volume without an increase of matter: thus air is said to be dilated, when any portion of it is made to occupy more space than it did before.

When a quantity of air is reduced into a much smaller space than it filled before, it is said to be condensed.

A *vacuum* is a space from which all the air has been taken away.

A *valve* is a kind of lid that opens one way, and closes the aperture more completely as the pressure upon it is greater; so that it either admits the entrance of a fluid, and prevents its return, or allows it to escape, and prevents its re-entrance.

A tube is sealed *hermetically*, by melting the glass and consolidating it.

OF THE WEIGHT AND PRESSURE OF AIR.

Atmospherical, or common air, is a thin, transparent, and elastic fluid that surrounds the earth to a considerable height, and revolves with it in its course round the sun. Air resembles other fluids in its general properties, but it differs from them in this, that it admits of being compressed into any space, however small, and that it is incapable of being converted into a solid by cold. When the particles of air are acted upon by the voice, or any other moving power, they flow among, and over each other, in every direction, and convey sound, &c. to distances proportional to the impulse they had received.

Air, like every other fluid, has weight, and presses in every direction. It compresses the animal body, and keeps the fibres from being forced out of their natural order; but as it presses equally on every part, we are insensible of its effects, except it be partially removed, as in the following experiment. Put a piece of burning paper into a wine-glass, the air contained in which will be displaced by the flame in a few seconds. Then place the fleshy part of the hand

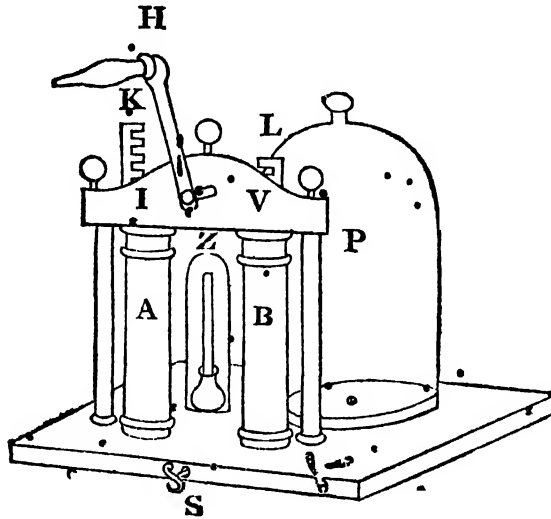
evenly on the mouth of the glass, and the pressure of the atmosphere on the upper surface of the hand will be so great, that it will require some exertion to remove it from the glass. A quart of air weighs about $14\frac{1}{2}$ grains.

If the atmosphere were non-elastic, or of uniform weight throughout, its whole height from the base of the earth upwards, would not exceed $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles; but air is elastic, which gives it a density, or weight, proportioned to its compression, and causes the atmosphere to extend to an unlimited height. Some idea of the elasticity of air may be conceived by compressing a sponge, or piece of wool, which is no sooner set at liberty by the opening of the hand, than its parts distend in every direction till they have recovered their former bulk.

From various experiments it appears, that the spaces which air occupies when it is compressed by different weights, are reciprocally proportional to the weights themselves; for the more the air is compressed, the less space it takes up. Therefore as the pressure of the upper parts of the atmosphere upon the lower becomes less, according to the different heights, it must follow that the air in the higher part of the atmosphere where the pressure is very inconsiderable, may be rarified to an almost unlimited extent. On the supposition that the atmosphere diminishes in weight exactly in proportion to the different heights, it is calculated that at the height of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles the atmosphere is about twice as rare as on the surface of the earth; that at seven miles it is four times as rare, at 14 miles 16 times as rare, at 21 miles 64 times as rare, and so on in proportion.

When wool, or any other elastic body is compressed, it resumes its former bulk when the pressure is removed; but air not only resumes its first bulk, but expands to any extent, diverging in right lines, and in all directions as from a common centre. Hence soap-bubbles derive their spherical form, the air within them having an equal divergency from their centre.

The nature and properties of air have been clearly demonstrated by means of a machine called an air-pump. The construction of this pneumatical instrument is as follows:

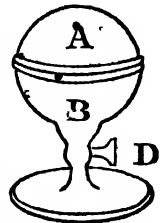


A and B are two brass barrels, or cylinders, within which are toothed rods, K and D, called pistons, which fall into a toothed wheel sunk in the block I V. P is the receiver, sometimes called the recipient. It stands on a brass plate that has a small hole in the middle, through which the air passes from the receiver into a closed channel made of brass, which communicates with the cylinders A and B. Near the bottom of each cylinder is a valve opening upwards; and above these valves are two others, which are moved up and down by the toothed rods. On turning the handle H, one of the pistons is raised and the other depressed, consequently a rarified space is formed between the upper and lower valve in one cylinder; and the air which is contained in the receiver rushes through the conducting pipe, and by its elasticity forces up the lower valve and enters the rarified part of the cylinder, when the valve closes, and prevents the return of the air into the receiver. When the motion is reversed, the other piston ascends, and that in the opposite cylinder is depressed; in its depression the elasticity of the air, contained between the two valves, forces open the uppermost valve, and it escapes into the upper part of the cylinder; then the valve closes again and prevents its return. The opposite piston performs the same operation, but the motions are alternate, so that whilst one piston exhausts the air from the receiver, the other is discharging it from the top of the cylinder. Thus, by continued exhaustion, the density of the air keeps decreasing in the receiver, till its elasticity is no longer able to force up the lower valves, which terminates the effect of the machine. The air may be re-admitted into the recipient, by unscrewing a small nut at S, and a barometer gauge Z, is connected

with the machine, and shews in an accurate manner the changes which take place in the density, or weight of the air within the receiver.

The atmosphere is supposed to be about fifty miles high; but though this is merely conjectural, it is known with certainty that a column of air whose base is a square inch, and whose height that of the atmosphere, weighs fifteen pounds on the surface of the earth. Therefore estimating the surface of a man's body at 15 square feet, the pressure he continually supports is equal to 33,480 pounds, or upwards of 14 tons weight. The reason why we are insensible of this enormous pressure is, that there is within a quantity of air which counterbalances the pressure of the atmosphere upon our bodies. This re-action of internal against external air has been demonstrated by a variety of experiments, of which the following will suffice to establish the fact.

The machine, called the Magdeburg Hemisphere, consists of two hollow brass hemispheres, which when put together form the sphere A B, but may be separated at a touch. In the lower part D, there is a stop-cock which communicates with a tube that screws into the plate of the air-pump, and by means of which the air may be withdrawn from the interior of the globe. When this is effected, the stop-cock is shut to prevent the return of the air, and the counterbalancing force being removed from the interior of the globe, the pressure of the atmosphere upon the surface will compress the two hemispheres so closely together, that they cannot be separated without employing a considerable force.



When the receiver is first placed upon the plate of the air pump, the pressure of the air contained within the receiver being equivalent to that which acts on the exterior part, it may, like our bodies, be moved with facility; but as the air is exhausted, the equilibrium is destroyed between the inner and outer surfaces, till the pressure of the atmosphere without fixes the receiver so firmly to the plate, that it requires a greater force than one man can exert to remove it.

Place the hand upon the top of a small glass, called a hand glass, which is open at both ends, and stands on the plate of the air pump; then exhaust the air which it contains, and the fibres, or fleshy part of the hand, will distend, with a very painful sensation, which is occasioned by the want of atmospherical compression on that part of the hand which covers the mouth of the glass. In treating of the barometer, the pressure of air will be still further illustrated.

ON HERALDRY.

It has been justly observed "that in some cases, a book from its own nature cannot be rendered, without the utmost art, agreeable both to delicate tastes, and to correct judgments; and authors, in order to gain an extensive audience to their works, are sometimes seduced to seek after entertaining embellishments, more than is entirely consistent with that strict propriety which a just criticism demands in every literary production; but, after having bestowed infinite pains to prepare for the public useful compositions, instead of reputation, they do not rarely meet with mortification or disappointment." Such is the disadvantage of every treatise on Heraldry which is, or can be published.

A late author says, "of all the inventions of vanity, perhaps the most frivolous are armorial ensigns; but considered in a philosophical view, they afford to profound thinkers, who delight to examine 'the mechanism of the mind,' a curious example of that powerful principle termed 'association of ideas,' by which thought is continually led in its progress, and one image presents to the fancy another which has been discovered by experience, or which is supposed from habit to be connected with it. These badges, being intended to distinguish persons by whom martial achievements, or noble deeds had been performed, it is probable were originally personal, and were adorned, perhaps with designs or emblems ingeniously expressive of the actions which had procured them; but forming a part of the estates of the persons who had obtained them, and at their deaths passing to their heirs, they at last became relics, respected and precious, which, connecting their possessors with those on whom they had been bestowed, men would be proud to display; and they would be carefully preserved on that account, as the fancies of those to whom they were shewn, as well as of those to whom they pertained, would be conveyed by them, with quickness and vivacity, to the persons who had

achieved them. Arms came thereby to be converted into marks of descent; and obscure hieroglyphics were gradually substituted for solid instruments adorned for shew, but made for use. Hence ranks and degrees were distinguished by fanciful conceits."

It will, however, be necessary to remark, what the learned and ingenious Mr. Boyer advanced concerning the usefulness of arms.

He says, "notwithstanding the great abuses that have crept into the use of arms, one cannot yet deny their usefulness, on considering, that as they are hereditary marks of honour and nobility, they are, or at least ought to be, a spur to excite those that bear them, to tread in the footsteps of their glorious ancestors who have acquired them by their virtue and noble achievements."

Secondly, that princes, when they rewarded those who signalized themselves in their service, did often annex great estates to the marks of honour wherewith they made them illustrious; and in order to perpetuate the grandeur of families, those honours and estates have generally been entailed on the eldest males of noble houses. Thus plain coats of arms do, of right, belong to the heads of families, and are thereby become, not only marks of honour, but also good titles, both for the enjoyment, and even for the recovery of certain estates, of which a house may have been dispossessed, either by intestine or foreign wars, or by other public calamities.

Again, it is to be observed, that arms being hereditary, the right that a man has to bear them is imprescriptible and almost inadmissible, since it is never lost, or forfeited, but by crimes which entirely degrade one from nobility, such as high treason in England, and what the French call *La Majesté*. In France, a family may, by divers accidents be reduced to the utmost indigence and poverty, and even in some countries, derogate from nobility, and become plebeian, by exercising mechanical arts: but nevertheless, it still

preserves its arms; and if, in process of time, it happens to rise again, they prove a good title towards its being restored to its ancient honour, and recovering its pristine lustre. Now, if by his personal merit and abilities, a man sees himself raised to an eminent post, either at court, in the army, or in the law, or, if by his labour, or industry, he raises a considerable fortune, it is natural for him to look back on his ancestors, and to cast about for a noble descent: and if by rummaging into old musty records, and ransacking or turning over the registers of honour, he is so happy as to find out a coat of arms, belonging to his family, what a pleasure and satisfaction it is to him, to be able to repay what he owes to his progenitors, and to add a fresh lustre to the glory he derives from them! In such a case the most illustrious families court his alliance; whereas when either by the smiles of blind fortune, or through the caprice of princes, sometimes blinder than fortune

itself, a man starts up on a sudden from obscurity into an eminent station; although he be endowed with a superior genius, and extraordinary abilities, he nevertheless can hardly escape the malicious slurs of envy and detraction, ever ready to reflect on his low extraction.

Lastly, arms and armoury serve to bring us acquainted with great and illustrious families; and therefore the study of Heraldry is absolutely necessary for all the princes of Europe, in order to know their alliances, pretensions, and interests; and for the same reason, is extremely useful to their ministers, for the management of important affairs."

"In these lights, therefore, we trust it will not be amiss to present our readers with a concise system of Heraldry.

[To be continued.]

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

EATING.

DINNER is to the epicure the most interesting action of the day, the one in which he acquits himself with the greatest eagerness, pleasure, and appetite. Few therefore, excepting invalids, do not attach to this meal all the importance it deserves. A coquette would rather renounce the pleasure of being admired, a poet that of being praised, a Gascon believed on his word, an actor applauded, and a rich Midas flattered, than the seven-eighths of a great town would give up a good repast. We have often been surprised that no author has hitherto treated this subject with the importance it merits, and have not written a philosophical essay on dining. How many things may be said on this memorable deed which is renewed 365 times during the year?

If by some unforeseen event, or uncommon circumstance, the dinner be retarded only for half an hour, how the physiognomy of each guest lengthens, how the most animated conversation becomes languid, the visage darkens, the muscles are paralyzed; in short, how every one is mechanically turned towards the dining rooms! Does the obstacle cease, does the butler announce that dinner is served, this little word produces the effect of a talisman; it contains a magic influence which restores to each person his wonted serenity, liveliness, and wit. A good appetite is expressed in every eye, hilarity reigns in every heart, and the impatience with which each takes possession of his plate, is a manifest

and certain sign of the unanimity of wishes and the unity of sentiments; nature now assumes her rights, and even the flatterer allows his thoughts to be read in his countenance.

To shorten the ceremony usually attendant on sitting down, it would be a good plan to cause the name of each guest to be fixed to the plate destined for him. Every one seated, an universal silence prevails, which attests the strength and unanimity of sensations.

NEW AND EASY METHOD OF ACQUIRING APPETITE.

It is particularly necessary that merchants, and all men of business, should digest well; their fortune endows them with the means of keeping a good table, and to put in practice every advice they may receive; but their stomachs sometimes refuse their office. The mind must be perfectly free from care and inquietude for the inside to keep its digestive powers well in action, and it is very difficult with the foregoing professions to enjoy those advantages. We agree that Diet may be called to the assistance of intemperance, but regimen, privation, and regrets, are melancholy resources to a glutton; and he then often envies the ostrich, towards whom Providence, in endowing her with the faculty of digesting iron, has shewn her a preference that more than one human stomach would wish to have been the object of.

If to repair sooner the strength he has abused, our glutton has recourse to rhubarb, treacle, dias-

cordium, and all the tonical digestives which pharmacy offers, he will be but the more to be pitied, as he must soften the effect of the drugs after being cured of his complaint, and this cure is often more tedious and difficult than the other.

Placed between diet and his apothecary, the glutton finds himself in quite a contrary situation from that of Buridan's ass. To get rid of it, he will again take the road of indigestion, and he again falls into debility for having depended too much on his strength.

Wisdom advises him to be temperate, to avoid excesses, and to consult his appetite rather than his sensuality; this is doubtless a very good

counsel, and readily hearkened to in sickness, but disdained in health. It is thus that the mariner, timid and devout in the midst of a storm, braves new dangers as soon as the sky reassumes its serenity. When the winds are favourable he believes no more in hell than a glutton does in medicine as long as he can digest.

But this is precisely the difficult point; and it is to teach these gentlemen how, without any inconvenience, to give free scope to their appetites, that we allow this article a place in our sheets.

[To be continued.]

LETTERS ON BOTANY, FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[Continued from Vol. I. Page 538.]

LETTER XVIII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA.

Let us now endeavour to describe a noble beauty. Its name is Queen of the Meadows, or, common meadow-sweet, *spiraea almaria*. The sweetest perfume is exhaled from its bosom. She alone does the honours of the meadows.

The stem rises to almost three feet. I believe it to be ligneous. It is straight, and has a profusion of branches around it. The palace of this Queen is a whole empire.

Its stem has five tints, irregularly dyed with a fiery red, or a pale green.

Its leaves, more numerous, large, and open at the base, are carried on ligneous branches, and posed in the same way as those of the rose tree; but the foliols have here no particular petioles, they are sessile; and between the large leaves you see on the same branch, the appearance of numerous little leaves, which drawing up the abundant juice that nourishes the plant, cause its leaves and branches to thicken and grow stronger. These species of leaves are generally called compound leaves. Those of this plant are those which are called pinnated.

The end of the stem from which the leaf escapes, is almost entirely surrounded by another round leaf, resembling a fill, and notched like the others. The leaf that terminates the branch is not entirely separated from the two divisions, but on the contrary completes them. They are so very deep, that at the first glance one would imagine there were three leaves, and we are surprised in discovering them to be but one.

The leaf is of a dark green, like that of the

oak, which it resembles as well in the shape as in the manner it is notched. The under part is almost white, and so transparent that it has the appearance of being lined with Italian gauze.

The flowers are placed at the summit of each branch; the branch springs up to support them, and seems then to distend the leaves already shrunk into littleness.

The spiraea forms an irregular corymb, loaded with an immense quantity of white flowers, whose crowded aggregation produces a very handsome bunch; she gives rather the idea of a flourishing republic than that of a monarchy; and if the spiraea is queen of the meadows, she is (as Rome was) of the world.

I have said that the flowers of the spiraea form a corymb, I do not know whether I am right; the stem is separated into peduncles of unequal height, which are also themselves divided; innumerable flowers cover and bend them down.

It is not without some difficulty that I reckoned twenty stamina on each of these pretty flowers. Their filaments are white, extremely delicate, straight, and each surmounted by a little yellow anther, about the size of the point of a pin. This forest of stamina, is not very perceptible at the first view, as you only distinguish on the large bunch of this plant a light transparent yellow, whose delicate flexibility adds to the elegant lightness of this charming flower.

The five little pistils with white heads, are more easily distinguished, whose ovaries are green; like Sultanas in a seraglio, they are guarded on all sides.

These flowers in miniature have each their

calyx, whose five divisions are overthrown when the bud is unclosed; it dies away when the fertile ovary carries and ripens the seeds.

The corol has five concave petals, white like ivory, round, and holding to the calyx by a very slender claw. They separate as much as possible, in order to give room to the little crowd of stamina, who start up like electrical sparks.

In general the production of seeds is immense, and proportioned to the waste, or rather to the use which men and animals make of them; one single poppy produces thirty two thousand seeds; and was it to preserve the same fecundity for four successive years, and none of the seeds to prove abortive, it would produce many more than the whole surface of the globe could contain.

The multiplication of the spiræa ought also to be immense; each of the ovaries swell after the fecundation, and when the flower is fallen, their aggregation forms a sort of ball, slit like a sliced melon, which had not been separated. This aggregation ceases, and the seeds separate when they are ripe, and the sap no longer nourishes them; they fall, and are scattered around, and the ruins of this fine empire form others!

The spiræa is placed in the Icosandria, and its order is pentagynia. I do not, however, believe that the number of its pistils is exactly ascertained.

[To be continued.]

ON MUSIC.

[Continued from Vol. I. Page 545.]

OF THE ART OF PLAYING THE PIANO-FORTE.

THE piano-forte undoubtedly is one of the most important musical instruments hitherto known, and very deserving the general use that is made of it by the fashionable world. We therefore flatter ourselves that the present article on the art of playing it, will be equally acceptable to our readers, as those we have given on singing, and on thorough-bass, in our former volume.

The invention of the piano-forte is ascribed to the late celebrated C. G. Schroeter, organist at Nordhausen, in Germany. For when he studied at Jena, and also taught music, he was not satisfied with the nature of the harpsichord, because its sounds could not be modified by the touch of the performer. He therefore tried to construct an instrument, which might be as powerful as the harpsichord, but calculated to shew the taste and feeling of the performer, like the clavicord, (a fine and very simple, but not powerful instrument, of which we shall give a description in a subsequent number.)—And fortunately he completed two sorts of mechanism, by which a hammer could be made to strike against the strings of a harpsichord, the one from below, as in piano-fortes in general, and the other from above, or perhaps as in upright piano-fortes. But as he could not afford the expence of having a whole instrument of each sort constructed, he only made two models of his invented mechanisms, and in the year 1717 presented them to the Court of Dresden, being that of the Elector of Saxony, who was then also King of Poland. Since that time piano-fortes have been made not only in Germany, but also in other countries, and particularly in England,

where they are now brought to a very high degree of perfection.

The art of playing the piano-forte may be considered, first with regard to the teaching and learning of it; and secondly, with regard to the performance itself; as follows:

To teach the piano-forte, is not so easy as it seems to be too frequently considered. For the very great demands which are justly made on that instrument, require a particular method of explaining and facilitating the study of it, and therefore we shall endeavour to point out the principles of that method.

A great difficulty is immediately met with at the first beginning. For there a learner is least inclined to go through a series of dry studies, and wishes for the enjoyment of playing tunes, more than when he has made some progress. And yet it seems to have hitherto been an universal maxim, that he cannot learn this regularly, and fundamentally, without knowing first the notes, and other rudiments. How much time there is usually spent with the learning of such preliminary things, and how almost every beginner has formerly been discouraged and disgusted by them, we trust most readers of this article will know from their own experience. But what has a beginner to do with all the notes, before he can make practical use of a few of them? and with different sorts of length, before he can bring them regularly into some sort of an equal length? Or why should he be troubled with the learning of any note, of its rest, time, character, grace, and term, before he has an immediate opportunity of seeing the practical use of it?

The importance of these questions is evident; and the first and only author who seems to have attended to them is Mr. Kollmann, whose dis-

tinguished merit in the higher branches of the science of music we have shewn in our last number. The valuable, though small work, he has published for that purpose, is entitled: "The first beginning on the Piano-Forte, according to an improved method of teaching beginners." It contains, first, a brief and very concise explanation of the rudiments of playing, which it requires to be taught only occasionally, in that progressive order in which they are wanted; and then proceeds to practical pieces, with which the beginning is to be made in the following manner:

In the first lesson nothing is required to be learnt and explained, but the three notes C, E, G, the lowest in the treble staff; and how they can be found on the instrument. This being so very simple and easy, it enables any learner, even a sensible infant of five or six years of age, to begin immediately to play at sight a short prelude and tune, composed of those notes only. But a brief general explanation of the gradual order in which all the notes and keys follow, both ascending and descending, is also given.

In the second lesson the three notes D, F, A, between the former ones are introduced, which enables the learner to play immediately a prelude and tune of the six notes, C, D, E, F, G, A; and the names of all the five treble lines and spaces are now set down to be got by heart. In a similar manner a few more notes are introduced at every new lesson, till all the treble notes are known; and then the bass notes are learnt in the same manner downwards.

Thus all the notes, with their simplest sorts of divisions, and the rudiments of the rests, of time, and of fingering, are learnt imperceptibly in twelve lessons. Each of those lessons consists of a short prelude and tune, or of two movements; and they are written in the most progressive order imaginable. But what renders them particularly valuable, is, that they are calculated to prepare a person for a good player, because they employ the left hand in a similar manner as the right; and that they are throughout pleasing and expressive, and contain nothing of that disgusting dryness, which is too often found in methodical works of this kind.

The said twelve lessons any attentive person of common capacity may learn to play well and regularly by notes in three months; and any discerning person will allow that they are far from being trifling. But to prevent the learner's being confused by too many explanations at once, they are all written in the natural key of C major; and the practice of other keys is the object of the rest of the work. This begins with an introductory page, containing the signatures of every major and minor key, in the harmonical circle,

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which is to be practised occasionally; and short cadences, in one, two, three, and four sharps and flats. And then follow six sonatinas in one, two, and three sharps, and as many flats. The two last of which are made characteristic, and express. No. 5, "Evening Repose, and Morning Serenity;" and No. 6, "The Falling Out, and the making up."

All these pieces shew the man who has presented us with the first treatises on harmony and composition, as well as a most judicious and experienced teacher of the piano-forte. As compositions, they are masterly, and full of the best taste and expression; and as progressive lessons, they exceed any thing of that kind hitherto known. And it must also be observed, that throughout they require no greater stretch of the hand than that of a sixth, which renders them more calculated for young children, than practice, which require the frequent stretches of a seventh, and octave.

The other particulars which ought to be attended to, not only at the beginning, but through all the stages of improvement in playing, are the proper sitting before the instrument; and the regular holding of the hands, and using of the fingers, as also explained in the work mentioned.

When the first and greatest difficulties are overcome, and a learner knows the notes and other rudiments, it must be considered what sort of works will be most proper for his further improvement. Whether he ought to play generally, and often, with accompaniment; how long he should practise every day? and whether it is good to be long about the same lesson or not? These important questions we shall give some consideration.

Concerning the first question, or *what sort of works are most proper for the improvement of players*, it is certain, that original works, composed for the piano-forte by great masters, who are perfectly acquainted with that instrument, are in general better for learners, than works or pieces that have been composed as quartettos, symphonies, and concertos for other instruments, and are only arranged for the piano-forte. For pieces of this kind are in music, what translations are in a language; and though both may be useful for entertainment, the former are no better for learning good playing, than the latter are for acquiring the purity and true idiom of a language. And nearly the same it is with songs, ballets, and dances. For, as very seldom any of them have been set for the purpose of serving as lessons for the piano-forte, they are only calculated for the amusement of those who can play already, and not for improvement in playing.

The modern authors, whose works are most useful for the practice of the piano-forte, and

most generally admired in this country, are, Beethoven, Clementi, Cramer, Dussek, Haydn, Kozsluch, Mozart, Pleyel, Heibelt, Herkel, and Wolff; and among the antient ones, Sebastian, Bach, Handel, and Scarlatti, rank foremost. From the numerous works of those authors, it will not be difficult to select pieces, adapted to the progressive capacity of the learner, as well as to his particular taste and disposition. And to

that list a judicious teacher will know to add those works of other authors, which, though not so generally known as the above, may also be found classic and improving. But all that cannot improve the taste, as well as the execution of a performer, should be carefully withheld from him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON THE ART OF DRAWING.

"THE cultivation of the arts gives a new spirit to commerce; opens new sources of wealth, and, concurring with morals, softens the manners of a people, and renders them more subservient to the laws that govern them."* But among the number of arts and sciences, the above, in my opinion, is one of the most elegant accomplishments of the gentleman. Drawing is the art of justly representing the appearance of objects upon a plain surface, by means of lines, shades, and shadows, formed with certain colouring materials. It is a most useful acquirement in various professions and occupations of life: and an early propensity to the art should ever be encouraged and cultivated, with a portion of extraordinary attention in both sexes; it will hereafter afford them some of the most innocent and delightful pleasures of which the human mind is capable. On its utility, which is universally admitted, it is unnecessary to enlarge.—The satisfaction to be derived from it, the entertainment it will constantly afford, should be impressed on the youthful mind, whose first pursuit is pleasure; they may be truly and emphatically told, that this delightful art will furnish them with new sources; will enable them to see every thing more distinctly, in truer shapes, and more beautiful colours.

How different the feelings of two travellers, setting out on the same road; the one painfully toils up the high and misty mountain's side, blind to the beauties of all around; his only object, is to attain the end of his journey, before it be well begun. The other, at the dawn of day, mounts, with alacrity, the rugged steep hill, rejoicing to behold the orient sun emerging from the bed of Thetis, unveiling, by degrees, the varied scene, in various tints of colouring. Descending, at noon, into the sequestered vale, the one, after a necessary refreshment, perhaps, resigns himself

into the arms of Morpheus: the other admires each beauty of the sylvan scene, brightened by the meridian splendor, or explores the charming contrast of the grateful shade. On him, the descending orb of light beams with superior lustre; his admiring eye—his eye, in a fine "phrenzy rolling," gazes with rapture on the glorious sight. To them both the same objects are presented; but to the one, there is "no light but darkness visible:" to the other,

"Sweet is the breath of morn; her rising sweet,
"With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
"When first on this delightful land he spreads
"His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and

flower,
"Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth,
"After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
"Of grateful evening mild; then still night,
"With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
"And these, the gems of heav'n, her starry train."

Milt. Par. Lost.

The consideration of the immense difference between the perceptions and pleasures of two persons, equally intelligent, will induce the ingenious to attain that knowledge which unfolds to the mind such beautiful views of all the objects of sight; that taste which ever distinguishes the enlightened from the ignorant.

Youths should be left to the free scope of their ingenuity; if they shew an early inclination for drawing, their first endeavour should be encouraged, not controuled; the constraint of regular precept, the tiresomeness of performing a task, what should be made a delightful amusement, might for ever suppress the rising flame. An aversion for any art, in youth, is the natural consequence of exacting laborious attention, and making its attainment difficult. Youth should be suffered to amuse themselves with the pencil, as they please, till they become fond of using it. When they find, as they soon will, that their little performances are imperfect, and will not satisfy, or please themselves, then give them instruction.

* The energetic and enlightened words of an able writer, on the re-election of Mr. West to the presidency of the R. A. in *Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

The juvenile part of both sexes are ever inquisitive: nor should this propensity be checked but with great caution: it is the "inlet to knowledge" they are desirous to know; not only the purpose for which a thing is designed, but the manner in which it is constructed, how every operation of art or nature is performed. The gratifying of this natural curiosity, this "original appetite of the soul," is the source of extensive knowledge, and infinite delight; this principle begins at an early period to unfold, and may soon be directed, with facility, to useful and noble objects.

When curiosity has thus led to consider attentively, and to inquire into the objects of nature and of art, the principle of imitation, strongly rooted in the human breast, induces them to copy what they see; unable, of themselves, to produce an adequate resemblance, they will eagerly apply for information, and to be shewn how that is done, which, of themselves, they cannot discover. Then will they easily be convinced that it is necessary they should attain the rules of the art, that these are essential to their improvement, that they will diminish their trouble, and facilitate their work, cannot be too strongly inculcated; their own unassisted efforts may be brought to enforce this truth.

It has been very justly remarked, that rules will not make an artist, any more than they will produce a poet:—"Poeta nascitur non fit." It is undoubtedly true, that some of the most admirable productions of the poet and the painter, have been produced by those who were unacquainted with any rule—even before any rule was discovered; nay, it is certain that "the rules laid down by the critic to guide the pen and the pencil, have been founded on those works which were executed before the invention of the critic art. Longinus and Bossu drew their principles from Homer and Virgil. Fresny and de Piles from Michael Angelo and Raphael."*

These observations may render apparently futile the attempt to teach what can only be attained by genius: what genius will attain without books, precepts, or example. But, though it is certain that the most excellent instructions will not make any proficient where inclination and capacity are wanting, nor an artist without the *mens divinator*; yet let it be considered how many difficulties unaided genius hath to surmount; how many obstacles lie in the road to merit; how few persons, with every advantage, soar above mediocrity; and we shall be anxious to give every possible assistance. We shall develop to them with pleasure the plan pursued by those who have attained pre-eminence. We shall endeavour to point out the shortest path to the

knowledge of each particular object; to define the limits of this art, which, like every other human effort, hath boundaries prescribed by imperious necessity, and to add examples worthy of imitation: holding up with this view, only the most excellent productions, and shewing with candour where excellence itself has sometimes failed.

It has hardly been disputed, that of all inventions the imitative arts most eminently mark the excellency of human genius, since no other can produce such astonishing effects by means apparently so inadequate, that a plain surface, a sheet of paper for instance, should, by the mere addition of two colours, be capable of representing the various forms and distances of objects, would be as incomprehensible and equally incredible, to the man who had never seen a picture, as to one blind from his infancy. To be convinced of this, let us for a moment reflect upon a well-known fact, the case of a person born blind, and suddenly restored to sight by couching: such person, at first, conceives that all he beholds touches his eye; the sense of feeling alone can discover to him that all objects are not equidistant. This sense soon enables him to judge of distance in a considerable degree, and to learn to know the real by the apparent form and dimensions of the object. To this person, in a proper light and situation, present a picture for the first time. Suppose it a fruit-piece, he will attempt to grasp the apple, or take up the plate, and he touches a smooth surface. He immediately exclaims, "does my new sense again deceive me? and long will it be before he can comprehend by what power, less than magic, such deception could be produced. Again, let a miniature be put into his hand, amazement follows; enchantment seems to him to be at work; there is the exact countenance of his friend: oh let it be the precise figure of a building he has lately seen, of St. Paul's for example, equally will he be unable to conceive how his friend, or how so immense an edifice, could exist in so small a compass in his hand!

But painting can deceive not only the unskilled. In many instances it can as completely impose on the most acute and well informed. An eminent writer on perspective bears singular testimony to the strong deception painting can produce:—"His two sons (whom he had instructed in this art) were with him in the garden of a place of public resort near the metropolis, at the far end of which there appeared the representation of some steps; the boys both ran up to them in expectation that they were real; and I own, says he, that I was also deceived."† Yet I do not ima-

* M. Litteraire des Scavans.

† M. Litteraire des Scavans.

gine that the painter of those steps is in danger of being immortalized, or his name so much as spoken of by posterity, unless he has performed works more extraordinary. In fact, such imposition on the sight, although a most surprising power, is not the principal aim of painting—is not that excellence which ranks it among the liberal arts, whose progress and advancement mark the improvement of civilization, and the improvement of society.

But although their perfection proclaim the highest state of that improvement and refinement, yet some traits are to be found among the most uncivilized of mankind; and therefore the origin of design may be traced back to the remotest antiquity, and among the most distant nations.

“To raise or convey ideas of objects by some rude or simple sketch, being by no means difficult, this was probably done long before the in-

vention of written characters. The Mexicans, when first visited by the Spaniards, sent intelligence of the invasion to Montezuma their king, with representations of their invaders. The Indians of North America still perpetuate any extraordinary transaction, or uncommon event, by a kind of hieroglyphics; and the inhabitants of Otaheite, and many of the newly discovered islands, give proofs how far ingenuity will proceed even among the most unenlightened; they delineate, in an uncouth but expressive manner, what they wish to represent, or what they intend for embellishment. Indeed savages of almost every climate show some talents for delineation; witness the various figures with which they paint themselves, either for ornament, or to render themselves terrible, that is frightful to their enemies.”

[To be continued.]

11.

FINE ARTS

DESCRIPTIVE LETTER ON THE GALLERY OF DUSSELDORF.

[Continued from Vol. I. Page 604.]

I WILL mention those I admire most:—

1st. *Jesus in the midst of the Doctors.*—Jesus Christ is represented as a handsome, sensible looking child; he is standing before a table, on which are seen some papers and the holy scriptures. The Doctors surround him, his uncovered head is shaded with flaxen hair; and he is dressed in a grey coloured coat, over it is a purple mantle which falls to his knees. Every body gazes on him, and he draws the attention of all: the principal light falls on his head.

The expression of the heads, the colouring, the well studied architecture, and particularly the choice and extension of the draperies, cannot fail to attract the admiration. This picture which was painted in 1705, is two feet eight inches long, by one foot ten inches wide; it has been engraved by Gron.

2d. *Jesus placed in the Sepulchre*—is another of his pictures which I admire much, as well for the correctness of the design as the expression of the heads. The body of Jesus Christ is lying on a rock; Joseph of Arimathea, magnificently dressed, is on the summit, the Virgin Mary is by his side; she is taking the crown of thorns from the head of our Saviour; the three Marys

are standing at the feet of Christ. Mary Magdeline is kissing his arm. Other figures are seen behind Joseph. I could not cease to admire the expression of grief in the heads of Mary Magdeline and Joseph, and the care with which Mary takes off the crown; one would think that she still feared it should hurt him.

3d. *The Shepherds worshipping Christ.*—The principal light falls on the Infant Jesus.

4th. *Sarah presenting Agar to Abraham.*—This picture was painted in the year 1699. It is impossible to credit that so much luxury reigned in the apartments of the ancient patriarchs. But we pardon the historical painter this defect when we look at the fine execution of his imaginary luxury.

5th. *Abraham sending away Agar and Ismael.*—This picture, painted in 1701, reconciles us to the defects of historical knowledge, which we observed in his preceding. Its author seems here to have studied and felt the simplicity of the patriarchal life.

All these pictures are nearly of the same size as the first.

6th. *Jesus brought before the People by Pontius Pilate*—a picture of four feet three inches long, by three feet eight inches wide, painted on cloth

at Rotterdam, in 1698. We admire in this, as much as in the preceding ones, the expression of the heads.

There are here nine pictures by Rembrandt; some portraits, others historical subjects. The one I admire most is a three-quarter portrait of himself. Those energetic touches, that magic of light and shade, which makes us like him so much, are happily depicted here.

The Assumption of the Virgin, by Guido Reni, is one of his most esteemed works. The Virgin is ascending the heavens, carried on the clouds by two angels; two other angels hide themselves under her drapery. The attitude of the Virgin, the correct and agreeable expression of the heads, the beauty of the drapery, all enchant us in this admirable production. It has been engraved in dots by professor Hetz. This picture is nine feet ten inches long, by seven feet wide.

I have still a few words to say of Rubens: forty-six of his works are found here. I shall not, however, dwell on them, as you have an opportunity every day at the Museum, of judging of more than fifty of his pictures.

The Day of Judgment, is one of the prodigies from the pencil of Rubens, and undoubtedly one of his most capital performances. I, however, think this subject out of the style of painting, still more so than the Deluge. The celebrated Lessing has made the same observation in his *Laocoon*. We cannot deny that this picture has great beauties; but the subject is not treated in a style worthy of its author. None of the figures have the attitude or character that becomes them, not even the principal one, Jesus Christ. If ever a subject was favourable to expressions, this certainly is, where you may represent men of all ages agitated by all the various passions, all the virtues, and all the vices. We cannot then with reason pardon him for making so many mean and insignificant faces, when he had at his command all the various expressions which characterize the human heart. But in reproaching him with this fault, we cannot but admire the grandeur of his composition, his fine groupes, his various attitudes, his bold and striking touches, that warmth and beauty of colouring which enchants us in all the works of Rubens, particularly if we view them at a certain distance; those tints, unequalled in the time he painted, insured him a crown of immortal fame. This picture, one of the largest of this master, by its height, gave the plan for the construction of the gallery; it is twenty feet long, by fifteen feet wide. It has been engraved by Cornelius Vischer.

The Fall of Sinners to Hell—a Sketch. It is not easy to divine where the artist commenced

or where he finished. One suffers with those that are falling. What sublime confusion! It is a burst of Rubens' genius, and can only be compared to the fine conception of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Lucas Vosterman has engraved it.

The whole-length portraits of Rubens and his wife, are well painted, and replete with grace and truth. They have been engraved by Hetz.

I have said too much, and yet not enough; but it is no longer in my power to correct my fault. If I have been able only to make you appreciate the fine collection I have endeavoured to describe, I shall feel myself too happy.

Permit me, however, to add a few words relating to those who have written on this gallery. The first architect, Nicholas de Pigage, has published in 1779, a work entitled "On the Electoral Gallery of Dusseldorf; or, Descriptive Catalogue of its Paintings." This description is written in French, and ornamented with thirty large plates, engraved by Chretien Michel, at Basle. All the pictures are represented in the order they are placed. They are in general well engraved, and in the true style of their different masters. In engraving each part of the Gallery on one plate, the dimensions must be naturally observed; the result is, that the small pictures must necessarily appear embarrassed, so much so that they can scarcely be recognized. This is the fate of two of Vander Werff's. The drawings and the plates cost the Elector above 4000*l*. These plates are so much worn that no more impressions can be taken from them. There are still eight proofs to be sold at the Gallery, their price is six guineas. The descriptive part is well written; as to the judgments, the author in general praises too much, thinking that the name of a great painter is sufficient for a work to be exempt from faults.

J. R. Forster speaks much of this collection in his "Travels to the Lower Rhine," which for the style may be deemed an excellent work. Many of his judgments are just, and prove that he unites genius with knowledge; others shew an amateur prejudiced against the Flemish school, who sometimes only criticises to remain true to his own system.

There has appeared, since 1799, "A Catalogue of the Lower Rhine, for the Amateurs of the Good and Beautiful," by F. Muhr. It gives a description and engravings of the principal paintings of this fine collection. The engravings are executed with care, by Hetz; and the descriptions, written with discernment, give us a just idea of the artist and his performance. Every amateur of painting ought to wish to enrich his library with this work.

T. C.

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ELIJAH'S MANTLE. *

*Written a few months since, and attributed to the
pen of Mr. C.—g.*

WHEN 'by the Almighty's dread command,
Elijah, call'd from Israel's land,
Rose in the sacred flame,
His mantle good Elisha caught,
And with the prophet's spirit fraught,
Her second hope became.

In Pitt, our Israel saw combined,
The Patriot's heart, the prophet's mind,
Elijah's spirit here;

Now, sad reverse, that spirit's rest—
No hope, no confidence is left,
For no Elisha's near.

Grenville! to aid thy Treas'ry's fame,
A portion of his mantle claim,

Pitt's generous ardour feel;
'Bove sordid pelf resolve to soar,
Amidst Exchequer gold, be poor;
Thy wealth—a nation's weal.

Fox—if on thee some remnant fall,
The shreds may to thy mind recal
Those hours of fierce debate,
When thy shallow'd lips oft praised
The glorious fabric traitors raised
On Bourbon's fallen state.

Thy soul let Pitt's example fire,
With patriot zeal thy tongue inspire,
Spite of the Gallic leaven;
And teach thee, in thy latest day,
His form of prayer (if thou canst pray)—
"O save my Country, Heaven!"

Windham—if e'er thy sorrows flow
At private loss or public woe,
Thy rigid brow unbend;
Tears over Cæsar, Brutus shed,
His hatred warr'd not with the dead—
And Pitt was once thy friend.

Does envy bid thee not to mourn—
Fold then his Mantle up to scorn,
His well earn'd fame assail,
Of funeral honors rob his corse,
And at his virtues, still thou'rt hoarse,
Like the Greek Cylic rail.

* The fourth and fifth stanzas of this Ode were,
I course, written previous to the death of Mr.
Fox, otherwise they would never have found a
place here.

Illustrious Roscius of the State,
New Breech'd and harness'd for debate,
Thou! wonder of the age!
Petty or Betty, actor high—
By Gran'ta sent to strut thy night,
On Stephen's bustling stage—

Pitt's chequer'd robe, 'tis thine to wear,
Take of his Mantle too a share—
'Twill aid thy ways and means,
And should *fat Jack* and his cabal
Cry "Rob us the Exchequer *Il-l*,"
'Twill charm away the fiends.

Sage *Palinurus* of the Realm,
By Vincent call'd to take the helm,
And play his Proxy's part,
Dost moon, or star, or compass know?
Canst hand aloft, or steer below?
Hast conn'd the seaman's chart?

Now from Pitt's Mantle fear a rag,
Enough to serve thee for a flag,
And hoist it on thy mast;
Beneath that sign's most prosperous star,
Shall future Nelsons rush to war,
And rival victories past.

Sidmouth—though low that head is laid,
That call'd thee from thy native shade,
And gave thee second birth,
Gave thee the sweets of power and place,
The tufted robe, the gilded face,
And rear'd thy tiny worth;

Think how his Mantle wrapp'd thee round—
Is one of equal value found,
Amongst thy new competitors?
Or can thy cloak of Amiens stuff,
Once laugh'd to scorn by blue and buff,
Hide thee from Windham's jeers.

When factions threaten'd Britain's land,
Thy new-made friends, a desperate band,
Like Ahab stood reproved;
Pitt's powerful tongue their rage could check,
His counsels saved, 'midst general wreck,
The Israel that he loved.

Yes, honour'd shade, whilst near thy grave,
The letter'd Sage, or Chieftain brave,
The votive marble claim;
O'er thy cold corse the public tear,
Congeal'd a chrysal shrine shall rear,
Unsullied as thy fame.

TO MY ARM CHAIR.

Thou lov'd companion of my lonely hours,
When Fortune frown'd and friends were far
away,
Oft have I blest thee for thy soothing powers,
And fondly courted thy narcotic sway.
Lull'd in thine arms I taste a pleasing calm,
With eye lids clos'd, but thoughts that ever
wake.
O'er my wrapt senses steals an opiate balm,
And my rack'd head almost forgets to ache.

To brighter scenes excursive fancy flies,
The future smiles in gayest array'd.
Visions of sweet domestic joy arise,
As peeps the Parsonage from the sheltering
shade.

The laugh, the jest, the fleeting hours beguile,
While heavenly Music's softening charms
combine
With friends who bring good humour's ready
smile,
And hearts which beat in unison with mine.

Not with one wish imagination burns,
O'er proud ambition's slippery paths to roam,
True as the needle, to one point she turns—
The point comprising all I cherish—*Home*

No drowsy dullness o'er the powers of mind
Thy soothing charms, my honour'd chair dif-
fuse;

Oft in thy bosom, by my fire, reclin'd,
I weave the verse, and woo the playful muse.

Borne on her wing, 'mid fairy climes I go,
Tho' sad around me mourns the wintry gale,
Crop Fancy's roses 'mid December's snow,
And balmy Spring's ambrosial breeze inhale.

If such the calm, when blest with thee, I share—
If such the joys thy gentle influence showers—
Can the proud despot's tottering throne compare
With thee, companion of my lonely hours?

No; o'er his head, tho' Parian columns rise,
And lends the cot its humble roof to me;
He, on his throne, 'mid torturing anguish sighs—
I smile serene, and dream of bliss in thee.

STANZAS

Written on the following line from Chaucer:

"Harde is the herte that loveth nought."

As slow the waning year retires,
The wild-wood warblers lose their fires,
Long shall they rest on lonely wing,
Far from their mates, till jocund Spring

Again the month of Love has brought:
But man kind Nature grants to prove
Through every month the power of Love;
Hard is his heart that loveth nought.

And I, who once in frolic mood,
With wild and witless hardihood,
Julia unknown, would mock the woe
Which only faithful lovers know.

When first I saw her face, I thought—
"If aught on earth so angel bright
"Can charm the soul to soft delight,
"Hard is the heart that loveth nought."

Torn from thy circling arms afar,
To pine beneath the eastern star,
As sad mylingeing eyes I turn
To see thee my departure mourn—

"Too dear thy love can ne'er be bought,
"Sweet soul—I sigh; thou ne'er shall rue;
"I deem the heart that loves un-
"More hard than his that loveth nought."

HORACE, ODE VII. BOOK II. IMITATED.

To Mrs. W. Boscawen.

Thou, who if Heav'n, that join'd our hands,
O'er Zembla's snows, or Libya's sands,
Ordain'd me far to roam,
Would'st still, with faithful love, attend
My fond companion, gentle friend,
And deem my heart thy home!

Though yet, unbroke by care and pain,
My health and active powers remain,
Though youthful bloom be thine;
Should age come on with rapid stride,
What blest retreat shall we provide?
Where soothe our life's decline?

Whichwood, in thy romantic shades,
Thy breezy lawns, sequester'd shades,
My youthful hours were blest!
In thy blest scenes, remote from strife,
From public cares, and busy life,
My peaceful age should rest.

But this our wayward lot denies:
Then let us turn our anxious eyes
Where late we joyed to rove)
Turned, to thy salubrious rill,
Thy cavern'd rocks, fam'd Ephraim's hill,
And royal Anna's grove.

Dear chosen spot; where, sheltered vales;
May guard us from th' inclement gales
When wintry tempests blow,
When Zephyr from the distant main
Wafts his soft freshness o'er the plain
To cool the summer's glow.

There social bliss, when hearts unite,
With sweet Retirement's calm delight
(Rare harmony!) we blend
And oft, enlivening vacant hours,
Meet in sequestered walks and bowers
Some dear unlook'd-for friend.

There, when the vital spark decays,
On my lov'd Charlotte's form I'll gaze
Ev'n to my latest breath;
And, if beside my couch she stand,
Grasp her with trembling failing hand,
And smile, serene in death.

THE BIRCH.

YE Worthies, in trust for the School and the Church,

Pray hear us descend on the Virtues of Birch.

Though the Oak be the prince and the pride
Of the grove,

An emblem of pow'r, and the favorite of Jove;
Though Phœbus with Laurel his temples have
bound,

And with chaplets of Poplar Alcides be crown'd;
Though Pallas the Olive has graced with her
choice,

And mother Cybele in Pines may rejoice;
Though Bacchus delights in the Ivy and Vine,
And Venus her garlands with Myrtle entwine;
Yet the Muses declare, after diligent search,
No tree can be found to compare with the Birch.

The Birch, say ever, is the true tree of know-
ledge,

Revered by each School, and remembered at
College.

Though Virgil's fam'd tree may produce, as its
fruit,

A crop of vain dreams, and strange whims from
each shoot;

Yet the Birch on each bough, on the top of each
switch,

Bears the essence of Grammar, the eight parts of
speech.

'Mongst the leaves is conceal'd more than me-
mory can mention.

All cases, all genders, all forms of declension.
Nine branches when cropt by the hands of the
Nine,

Each duly arranged in a parallel line,
Tied up in nine folds of a mystical string,
And soak'd for nine hours in cold Helicon's
spring,

Is a sceptre composed for a Pedagogue's hand,
Like the *Fasces* of Rome, a true badge of com-
mand.

The sceptre thus finished, like Moses's rod,
From flints can draw tears, and give life to a clod.

Should darkness Egyptian, or ignorance, spread
Its clouds o'er the mind, or envelope the head,
This rod thrice apply'd puts the darkness to
flight,

Disperses the clouds and restores us to light.
Like the *Virga diviga*, 'twill find out the vein
Where lurks the ~~rich~~ metal—the gold of the
brain.

Should Genius a captive by Sloth be confined,
Or the witchcraft of pleasure prevail o'er the
mind,

Apply but this magical wand—with a stroke
The spell is dissolv'd, the enchantment is broke.
Like *Hermes's* rod, these few switches inspire
Rhetorical thunder and poetry's fire.

And if Morpheus our temples in Lethe should
steep,

These switches untie all the fetters of sleep.

Here dwells strong conviction, of logic the glory,
When 'tis used with precision *a posteriori*;

It promotes circulation, and thrills through each
vein,

The faculties quickens, and purges the brain.

Whatever disorders prevail in the blood,

The Birch can correct them like guaiacum wood.

So luscious its juice is, so sweet are its twigs,

That at Le'ster we call them the Free-School-
banksigs.

As the famed rod of Circe to brutes could change
men,

So the twigs of the Birch can unbrute them
again.

Like the rod of the Sybil, that branch of pure
gold,

These twigs can the gates of Elysium unfold,

That Elysium of learning where pleasures
abound,

Those fruits that still flourish in classical ground.

Then if such be its virtues, we'll bow to the
tree,

And Birch, like the Muses, immortal shall be.

CANZONET.

THE sailor o'er the ocean borne,

His reck'ning lost, his canvas torn,

While midnight shades involve the sky,

Awaits the morn with anxious eye;

Yet, should the well-known polar light,

Thro' breaking clouds, burst forth to sight,

His fears dispell'd, the joyful Tar

Transported, hails his guiding star.

Thus, tost on love's tempestuous sea,

The darken'd prospect frowns on me;

Within my bosom, dubious care,

And woe-fraught com'rtless despair.

NGS,

h that Work.



Spread o'er my mind a sombre gloom,
And seem to anticipate my doom;
But yet, appears (tho' distant far)
Amidst the gloom, a little star.

Hail cheering light, thy welcome ray
Can drive these terrors far away—
It points to happier scenes of Joy;
No years alarm, no cares annoy;
Where tender hearts for ever prove,
The raptur'd bliss of mutual love—
To follow thee, I'll nobly dare,
And bless my faithful guiding star.

The charms of mind, of form, and face,
Those beautiful charms that Celia grace,
Enkindle in my breast desire,
And tend'rest wishes all inspire!
But, while these prompt me to obtain,
I tremble, lest I find them vain;
Yet, modest hope, exulting spies
A friendly beam in Celia's eyes.

M. .

THE FAREWELL.

Oh, thou, whose ardent soul aspire
To every object bright and new,
'Mid sprightly hopes and gay desires,
Accept Amanda's last adieu.

When capricious novelty shall fade,
And every scene so lov'd and fair,
Oh ne'er let mists of folly shade
The light that wisdom borrowed there.

Full oft in scenes of deep distress
She prints her awful lessons too,
Yet rarely can her power suppress
The anguish of a last adieu.

When foreign climes can yield no more,
And fancy pines for soft repose,
Perchance a wish may waft thee o'er,
Where silver Colne meand'ring glides.

And Colne shall roll his silver wave,
Of Time's soft course an emblem too,
While Friendship withering in the grave,
May greet thee with a last adieu.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

AFTER a campaign, which the unexampl'd folly of the enemy, rather than the fortune of the conqueror, rendered the most complete scene of spoil and triumph on one part, and of ruin and disgrace on the other, Bonaparte has obtained Berlin, and established himself at Warsaw. Two questions here occur,—Will he succeed in his re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland?—Will he proceed forward?

With regard to the first, it will not admit the doubt of a moment. He has conducted this affair with his usual artifice and dexterity. He is fighting his enemy as it were with resources of his own. He raises one part of the empire against another. Of all the unprincipled acts which are recorded in history, none ever equalled that of the partition of Poland. The Government of this country was indeed such as was equally incompetent to its own civil purposes, and with the tranquillity of the neighbouring States. What then?—This state of things might doubtless give the neighbouring States a right to interpose, and demand a new form of policy; but it could give them no right to destroy the liberty of the country, and divide it amongst them. The justice of Heaven, as sure as it is slow, has overtaken the participants in

this base act, and Prussia, Austria, and Russia, have already paid at Austerlitz, or Auerstadt, the full reckoning of their partition. It will not end here:—the Poles remember their ancient independence, and have long felt their new masters. To a man, therefore, they are seen rallying around Bonaparte—To a man they will flock to that standard which invites them to liberty and independence. With these confederates Bonaparte cannot fail of success. The whole force of the Russian Empire will not be equal to a contest between the French and the Poles. Russia will scarcely venture to contest it, and Bonaparte will be suffered to winter in Poland without a battle.

Such has been the first event of the fall of the Prussian Monarchy. It has lost Poland. Bonaparte could by no other means have reached this country, so suited to his ambition and prepared for his designs. The restoration of this Monarchy was long a favourite project with the Emperor of the French,—Poland, as a kingdom, will be a sufficient check to Russia, and a barrier against her entrance into the South of Europe. If there be a Power in Europe which France hates with more passion than another, it is Russia.

With regard to the second question, it is as easily answered—Bonaparte will effect the perfect conquest, or what amounts to the same thing, the perfect restoration of Poland. But here he will stop. He knows his situation too well to venture beyond the Vistula. It is totally a different thing marching to Warsaw and marching to Petersburg. The Russian peasantry will fight on their own fields with all the obstinacy of northern courage—Russia, out of her own country, loses half her strength,—within her own limits she is invincible, and the whole collected armies of Europe would be destroyed in detail. Bonaparte knows this, and will never invade Russia on the side of the North.

What then will be the course of the war after Bonaparte has acquitted himself of his promise to the Poles?

The answer is in one word,—Peace, an immediate continental Peace. This will be the interest of all parties, and therefore cannot fail of effect. We will venture a political presage,—before Christmas, 1807, Russia and France will be at peace.

The last month has supplied many other circumstances of intelligence. The town has been in constant alarm with respect to the different reports from the seat of war. At one moment the Prussians are said to have been annihilated in a pitched battle; at another, defeat, disgrace, and disease, (more fatal than either,) are attributed to the French. At this period (the 25th of Jan.) there is no certain intelligence from the Continent with respect to any of these points.

France is said to be on the eve of a war with Spain. We are sorry for it; Spain, like Prussia, would take up arms to her ruin. She has been a slave so long, that she can have no hopes in a contest with her master. Her spirits must sink within her, even at the contemplation of such an effort. It is beyond her strength; but fall she must, and fall she will. Portugal must follow of course, and Bonaparte again be stopped by the ocean. It is fortunate that there are some bounds.

The most interesting articles of the month are two Proclamations of the King of Prussia.—In the one his Prussian Majesty enters into a kind of historical detail, for such it may be considered, of the causes of the miserable failure of the Prussian arms, and the total ruin of the Monarchy. It appears from this document that a most general treachery pervaded every branch of the Prussian Government,—its Army,—its Garrisons,—its Councils,—and its Nobility. There appeared to be a kind of race of treachery amongst the Governors of the fortresses, and strong towns. History scarcely presents a scene of more general

treachery. There seemed to be a resolution not to fight. Towns, provided with every necessary for sustaining a siege of two or three months, were surrendered in the same moment in which they were summoned. And what is more singular, and as it were most complete in infamy, if any of the garrison happened to be absent from the towns at the time of capitulation, and thus to have escaped the necessity of surrender, they seemed to have considered this escape itself as a misfortune, and to have voluntarily hastened to unite themselves to their companions in disgrace, and deliver themselves up as prisoners. The Prussian proclamation accordingly disgraces them all *en masse*. It would scarcely be going too far to assert, from this document alone, that the Prussian army is declared infamous in the face of Europe. There are, doubtless, however, some most honourable exceptions.

The second Proclamation states a most curious circumstance,—that the King of Prussia's Negotiators had twice signed an Armistice,—once on the 14th of October,—the second on the 22d of November. The latter was proposed by Bonaparte on the violation of the former,—Luchésini signed it, but the King of Prussia, on the approach of the Russians, refused its ratification.

We have received New York Papers to the 14th ult. The intelligence which they afford is extremely satisfactory. That hasty and injudicious measure, the Non Importation Act, passed in a moment of jealousy and irritation, has, at the recommendation of the President, been suspended till the 30th of June.—This limit, short as it is, is still sufficient to answer every purpose. The Treaty concluded with this country will most probably be ratified and published long before the Suspension Bill can expire.

We have the satisfaction of learning, both from the American Papers and private letters, that the prejudices which had been so artfully raised by some designing and factious men against this country were rapidly wearing away. The great body of the inhabitants of the United States was firmly impressed with the advantages of British intercourse and connection, and determined to maintain them.

In respect to our domestic intelligence, there have been few occurrences of importance.—It is now certain that we have lost the valuable settlement of Buenos Ayres.

The chief topic of Parliamentary discussion has been upon the subject of the late Negotiation, on which Ministers have received more than an honourable acquittal, in an implied vote of thanks by way of address to His Majesty.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JANUARY.

MADAME CATALANI.

THIS celebrated singer (a correct likeness of whom, in the dress of her favourite character, *Semiramis*, is given in our present Number), has performed only twice during the last month, on account of indisposition. It is our purpose to enter into some detail of criticism with respect to the powers of this lady.

Madame Catalani has certainly hitherto experienced in this country very flattering, and in some measure, very just encomiums. In England, however, by a little dexterity of management in exciting that curiosity for which we are remarkable, it is easy to create momentary enthusiasm upon a first appearance. We entertain too modest a sense of our progress in accomplishments; and our diffidence in this respect creates a reluctance in each individual to exercise at first his own judgment. There is also inherent in our disposition a spirit of fairness and good nature, which induces us always to greet foreign performers, on their arrival in this country, with applause.

We shall endeavour to consider the excellence of Madame Catalani, and her defects, as a theatrical performer, with a view to prevent the public, under such circumstances, from being misled, or forming a false estimate; at the same time it will be our wish to avoid any remarks which may not be authorised by the principles of true and impartial criticism.

Madame Catalani has certainly the advantages of an elegant well-proportioned figure; and a voice, perhaps the most extensive in its compass of any that has existed within the memory of the present generation. Her countenance is agreeable, even interesting, and nature seems to have endowed her with a variety of qualities, calculated to place her on a very exalted eminence in her profession. She certainly is entitled to rank with the first singers of the day. It would therefore have been, perhaps, more judicious in the friends of this lady, with a view to promote as well her present professional reputation as her future excellence, for her youth will allow her opportunities of acquiring still greater attainments, than she actually possesses, had they contented themselves with endeavouring to procure full justice to her talents, and not adopted an exaggerated style of commendation, excluding the merits of other performers, and demanding, as a matter of right, the admiration of the public beyond the limits of all reasonable allowance. The

indiscreet conduct of her enthusiastic panegyrists compels the notice of many defects in this great performer. The public will judge, by their own feelings and observation, whether the following remarks be fair and accurate:

As a singer, Madame Catalani's principal claim is founded upon the peculiar compass of her voice, which is said to extend through three octaves; and in an admirable facility of execution. It may be submitted, however, whether the astonishing compass of notes, which she can command with such extraordinary ease, be not counterbalanced in its effect by considerable disadvantages? Her voice does not seem always proportionably powerful on those notes which most generally occur in the composition of noble and affecting music. She sings frequently out of tune, and does not even appear sensible of the circumstance. Whether her imperfection may proceed from any natural defect of ear, or from the want of elementary instruction, it is not easy to ascertain. If conjecture be indulged, one might be inclined to think, either that she had already impaired the main strength of her voice by forcing too often its extreme notes—as is frequently done by young performers, to procure violent, but transitory applause; or, that she has never adopted the course in Italy so rigidly observed in musical education, as indispensably necessary to render her voice firm and equal upon every note.

It appears to us that her voice is not generally equal, that it is frequently false; and it is observable, that, however rapid her execution, she seems in every slow movement to have a certain apprehension and difficulty in producing the exact note. Her voice flutters for a moment, in such movements, like the young bird of the grove meditating its flight in fear.

With respect to the quality of her voice, however brilliant, it has occasionally a certain sharpness. It is sometimes harsh; and it wants a sweetness and majesty proportionate to its extent. This disproportion occasions frequently the most mortifying disappointment;—and when, to continue the comparison—after indulging an airy excursion with wings, perhaps, never bestowed upon the human race, through new and untired regions—she returns to the spot from whence she took her flight, we are struck with a certain tenuity which was never expected in the object by the splendor of which in its glittering transit we had been previously dazzled. Her voice, on the notes

within the ordinary compass, leaves no dying sounds long lingering on the ear behind, nor does memory cherish with fond attachment, the recollection of any impression they might have made. There appears no peculiar excellence in her intonation, which inseparably suites the passage and the Performer in a manner to render the same air insupportable in any other singer. If this be the fact, it must necessarily follow, that however extraordinary the compass of Madame Catalani's voice, it is inferior in its effect to the voices of many other Performers; and that it has not in itself any peculiar charm.

DRURY-LANE.

On Monday, January the 12th, a new Opera was produced at this Theatre, entitled *False Alarms*; or, *My Cousin*, from the pen of Mr KENNEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir David Gayland..	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Edgar Gayland	Mr. BRAHAM.
Tom Surfeit	Mr. BANNISTER.
Lieutenant M ^c Leary	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Plot	Mr. MATHEWS.
Gabriel	Mr. PENLEY.
German Servant....	Mr. WEWITZER.
Bob Bumper	Mr. DIGNUM.*
Lady Gayland	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Caroline Sedley	Miss DUNCAN.
Emily	Mrs. BLAND.
Miss Umbrage	Miss POPE.
Susan	Signora STORACE.

PLOT.

Sir David Gayland, married to an amiable woman, through mere fashionable levity professes an attachment to *Caroline Sedley*, whom he had met at a masquerade, a young lady of great vivacity, who had been, unknown to the Baronet, the school companion of his wife. Between these two females a plot is formed to bring back the wanderer to a proper sense of his domestic character, as a part of which *Caroline* assumes the habit of a dashing young Officer, who pretends to make love to *Lady Gayland*: this has ultimately the desired effect, by exciting the jealousy of *Sir David*, and the married couple are, in consequence, reconciled, but not till the

offender has been completely made ashamed of his conduct. *Caroline* gives her hand to a worthy Hibernian Officer, *Lieutenant M^cLeary*; and *Edgar*, the son of the Baronet, after several equivoques and difficulties thrown in the way by *Tom Surfeit*, an insignificant coxcomb of broken fortune, is married to *Emily*, the ward of *Plot*, a rich old potage merchant, with the consent of *Sir David*, extorted by the lively *Caroline*. A learned Lady, the Governess of *Emily*, a German servant in the family of the Baronet, and his wife, an intriguing *Abigail*, are introduced, as adding to the comic effect of the piece.

The Opera, as we have said, is from the pen of Mr. Kenny, whose early pieces, *Raising the Wind*, and *Matrimony* gave a promise of greater excellence. The town had encouraged expectations of some improvement in our drama from the youthful efforts of this gentleman; and if they looked forward to nothing very solid, or elevated, they still hoped to find a material amendment in that which the labours of contemporary dramatists had served to degrade.

Our hopes, however, have been disappointed; and *False Alarms*, instead of adding another feather to the cap of Mr. Kenney, plucks the single, solitary leaf of laurel from his brow.

The plot is such as we read in a novel, and the management is not a bit more artificial; the incidents are hacknied, and the characters, with the necessary variations, are mere transcripts from other dramatists.

The success of this piece, however, did not depend upon any pretensions of this kind; it was fixed in popularity by the music of Braham and King. The song of the *Smile and the tear*, by the former, is a most extraordinary effort of simple and unaffected harmony. Indeed this master has a power beyond any we ever heard, of giving to the fewest and most simple notes, the most exquisite melody and finished taste. The contributions of Mr. King are not to be overlooked; they are such as tend still farther to root him in popular esteem.

COVENT-GARDEN

NOTHING new has been produced at this house since that most popular and amusing Pantomime, entitled *Mother Goose*.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

F A S H I O N S For FEBRUARY, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A NEW SPENSER WALKING DRESS.

Incognita hat of French grey, or pigeon's wing, formed of sarsnet, velvet, or the Georgiana cloth. Tassels and trimming of *chenille*, velvet, or Trafalgar, contrasted agreeably to the taste of the wearer. A Tuscan spenser, the same colour, formed with a round lappel, continued from the back, and round the bosom on one side, with a full flowing robin on the other; descending a little below the knee, and terminated with a rich tassel. A chemisette, with high standing collar, fastened with a brooch at the throat, the whole trimmed to correspond with the hat. The hair in loose curls; gold hoop earrings; York tan gloves; and shoes the colour of the spenser. The hat, as worn by Miss Duncan, is of pink sarsnet, trimmed with black; but the colour is necessarily changed by those fair fashionables who have selected it for a walking dress, to shades of less conspicuous attraction, amidst which the most esteemed are those mentioned in the above description.

No. 2.—FULL DRESS.

A Roxborough jacket of soft white satin, flowing open in front, and down each side the figure, in regular pointed drapery. A plain full sleeve, and short jacket flaps; black and gold Turkish ribbon down the back; trimming and tassels of gold. A round train dress of the finest India muslin over a satten petticoat, embroidered round the bottom, in a light pattern of gold. The hair twisted in a fanciful form, and short corkscrew curls flowing at the temples, and in various directions from the crown of the head; a tiara of fine pearl blended with the hair, and placed rather towards the left side. One row of fine pearls forms the necklace, which is fastened in front with a diamond brooch. An armet of hair, in the new patent plait, with a row of the finest pearl on each side; bracelets to correspond. Earrings of pearl, with a diamond in the centre. White satin shoes, with gold trimming. Fan of Italian grape, with gold

spangles, and devices in transparencies. French kid gloves.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 3.—MADAME CATALANI.

A long flowing *veste* and drapery of crimson velvet, lined with white sarsnet, and richly ornamented with a Turkish border, in gold; the drapery drawn through a *cestus*, formed of gold and sapphire, and terminated with a large gold tassel; confined in front of the right shoulder with a brooch to correspond, from whence flows another point of the vest, finished with a similar tassel. A double *tunique*, or under dress, of French net, with loose long sleeves, and round bosom, cut low, spotted, and most splendidly embroidered in gold at the bottom. White satin petticoat embroidered to correspond. A Grecian diadem, of gold, and brilliants. A square Brussels veil of the most transparent texture, lightly embroidered in gold, fixed at the back of the diadem, and flowing negligently over the left arm. Hair close cropt behind, falling in irregular corkscrew ringlets in front and on the sides. The necklace, one row of fine brilliants, set transparent, and fastened in the centre with a long square brooch of sapphire and gold; earrings to correspond. White satin shoes, trimmed, and embroidered at the toes, in gold.

No. 4.—PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.

A fine milled kerseymer Opera coat, of a silver grey; wrapt plain round the figure in front, and buttoned down the left side; square lapels, and rolled collar, of black velvet; deep cape à la *pelerine*; belt buttoned in front; double, erect, Vandye frill, plaited à la *Queen Elizabeth*. Hunting bonnet similar with the coat, bound with black velvet, bows and ends in front trimmed to correspond. Hair in confined curls; amber earrings. Ridicule of crimson velvet, with gold-coloured silk fringe and tassels. Crimson velvet shoes.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS
FOR FEBRUARY.

In the period of one short month, it would scarcely be supposed that any material change can have taken place in the general costume; yet such is the changeable nature of the ever-varying Goddess, that independent of birth-day decoration, we are enabled to offer to our fair correspondents the subsequent remarks.

The fawn-colour, so universally exhibited in mantles, bonnets, and pelises, is now too common to be chosen by our first order of females; and the dove-brown, or shaded morone velvet, trimmed with swansdown, Indian mole, or grey squirrel very happily supplies its place. They are chiefly formed in large Opera coats, or Cardinal cloaks with long sleeves, and a deep coachman's cape. When composed of sarsnet, the back and collar are made to sit close to the form; and the rubins to flow loose from the shoulders; which are invariably trimmed with skin.

Velvet bonnets of silver-grey, have been the distinguishing ornaments of many modern belles. The Russian helmet, or bonnet of sarsnet, or velvet, trimmed with skin, and entirely concealing one side of the face, is a new and very tasteful article; and the pointed turban is of the same novel standard.

The African robe, of grey velvet, trimmed with silver, in Vandykes, is a most elegant habiliment: with this most attractive robe is worn a tiara of silver frost-work, finished at the edge with Trafalgar trimming in silver. The apron dress, is also very elegant; it is formed of silver, or gold crape, and worn over a satin round-dress. Short frocks are seen on very young women, richly embroidered, or trimmed with lace at the bottom. Gold and silver net is worn as a drapery over white satin dresses; and the hair is confined with the same. It is impossible to conceive a costume which exhibits at once more richness and elegance.

The Spanish vest of satin, or velvet, like that given in our Mourning Dress of last Month, is much esteemed, by our females of rank and fashion. It is usually worn with a petticoat of silver, gold, or embroidered muslin. Round dresses of clear muslin over white satin, trimmed round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves with a satin ribband, laid flat, representing the leopard's skin, has a truly grand effect. With this dress is commonly worn a tiara of similar skin, frosted, or thickly scattered with small gold spots. Brown muslin robes, with silver or gold stars, and diamonds to correspond. Shawl dresses trimmed with Vandyke thread-lace. The Spanish spenser, of velvet, flowing in pointed drapery from the waist, trimmed with narrow gold or silver Trafalgar,

and small Turkeli cap to correspond, have each their share of fashionable distinction.

The long sleeve, is very generally introduced in evening dress, but is ever composed of the clearest materials. Sometimes of lace, patent, or spider-net, and embroidered book muslin.

Several females of taste and fashion have re-introduced the curled top; but the general mode of wearing the hair is in loose curls in front, divided so as to discover the forehead; some form the hind tresses in several small braids, and then twist them in the form of a cable, and bring them round the temple, confining them on the right side, in a knot, with an ornamental comb; others form it in one large braid, and curl the ends, which is made to flow in irregular ringlets on the opposite side. The most distinguishing ornaments for the head are, diadems and tiaras of silver, gold, fur, or bugles. The shawl veil à la Parisian, is also adopted within this last fortnight, forming at once the head-dress and drapery. The passion flower, of diamonds, pearls, or foil, is a most chaste and elegant ornament.

The Madona front is entirely exploded amidst females of taste and fashion, they are now only worn by the obscure individual. We observe that the bosom of dresses are cut much lower of late, and worn with a square tucker of lace or embroidery; the back and shoulders are as much exposed as ever. The short sleeve varies little from our last; the twisted, or rucked sleeve, is also much admired for its simplicity.

Morning dresses are universally composed of cambric, or jaconet muslin, and are either made high towards the throat, with Vandyke frills of lace, or embroidered muslin, or cut low with a frock back and Flemish front; a border of needle-work at the feet, and shirt to correspond. The full plaited, or surplice sleeve, is a new and distinguishing appendage to the morning costume. The veil, or cloister cap, the flurry mob, and the cap à la rustique, as given in our last, very inconsistently forms a part of this habiliment. The cable necklace of pearl, or beads, the cable chain of gold, with bracelets to correspond, is considered as a fashionable and chaste ornament. We must contradict the assertion of a cotemporary writer, who tells us, "that the earring is exploded;" on the contrary, no person can or does appear in full dress without that ornament; and though not insisted on, in the morning costume, is generally seen on the female of a correct taste, in the form of an octagon, or huge ring, variously decorated. The standard for gloves, and shoes remain as given in our last, except that the toes are more round than ever, and white jean are more generally worn than kid, but satin in full dress are seen without an exception.

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Description of all the Court Dresses, from personal observation.

On the 19th day of last May, our revered Queen completed her sixty-second year, the celebration of which has always been postponed, on account of its being so very near her Majesty's, and the 18th of the following January has been fixed on for the celebration. The 18th happening on Sunday, the celebration took place on Monday, the 19th.

The following were the correct dresses of her Majesty and Royal Family; and likewise of the Nobility and other Ladies who attended the Court:—

HER MAJESTY, as usual, on her own birthday, was extremely neat. Her dress was composed of brown velvet, beautifully embroidered with scarlet and white silks; draperies and bottom trimmed with rich point lace, tied up with silk cords and tassels: the mantle to correspond.—The neatness of her Majesty's dress was very much admired.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.—Brown velvet petticoat, beautifully embroidered with silver; a large drapery on the right side, with a most brilliant border, with damask and other roses intermixed; a small drapery on the left side, tied up with a very rich bouquet, and bordered with Italian chains; train of brown and silver tissue. The whole had a very fine effect.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—A magnificent dress of green velvet, superbly embroidered with gold; the right side of the dress composed of a large marking drapery, elegantly striped with gold spangles, and finished at bottom with a massy border of a Mosaic pattern, intermixed with pine leaves, richly embroidered in dead and bright gold foil, bullion, &c. the contour of which was strikingly elegant; smaller draperies in shell-work, with rich borders. Completed this superior dress, which was particularly remarked for taste and effect; the whole finished with a massy border at the bottom, of foil and bullion, and looped up with superb cord and tassels. Her Royal Highness wore a robe of green and gold velvet tissue, sleeves ornamented with tias of gold and green, and trimmed with point lace and gold fringe.

PRINCESS SOPHIA.—A puce velvet petticoat, embroidered round the bottom with twist and spangles, over which a magnificent drapery superbly embroidered with festoons of variegated geranium leaves of gold embossed work; under the leaves was suspended an extraordinary rich drapery, with point, terminating in rich gold tassels; the robe was puce and gold velvet. The

head-dress, as usual, to correspond. The whole dress was uncommonly elegant.

PRINCESS MARY.—The same as her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth, in scarlet and gold.

PRINCESS AMELIA.—An elegant fawn-coloured dress, with silver tassels. Head-dress a very fine penache of nine feathers.

DUCHESS OF YORK.—Her Royal Highness's dress was universally admired; it consisted of a white crape petticoat, the ground richly embroidered with gold spangles, in shell patterns, bordered with wreaths of oak and acorns elegantly worked, in gold intermixed with blue velvet; the drapery showered with gold spangles, beautifully interspersed with bunches of acorns, a border of oak to correspond, the pocket-holes tastefully ornamented with rich gold cord and tassels; train of blue velvet, trimmed with gold fringe, with a profusion of diamonds on the body, sleeves, and girdle.—Head-dress, penache of seven ostrich feathers, with a beautiful heron in the middle bandeau; necklace and ear-rings of diamonds; a very elegant pair of white silk shoes, richly spangled all over with gold, and ornamented with gold; the style of this dress was entirely new, and displayed great taste.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.—A purple velvet dress, with an elegant drapery embroidered with silver, and trimmed to correspond. The whole formed that elegant appearance by which her Royal Highness is always distinguished.

PRINCESS CASTELCICALA.—An elegant dress of white crape, with draperies of patent net, ornamented with white satin, and festoons of white beads, and finished with handsome bead tassels. Robe purple velvet, trimmed with point lace and beads.

MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.—A splendid dress of white crape and satin, richly embroidered in shells of silver and white velvet; the draperies looped up with chains of Maltee silver, and fastened with arrows. Body and train of steel-coloured velvet, embroidered with silver in shells, all of which had a beautiful effect. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF DERBY.—A white crape dress, superbly embroidered in rich stripes of spangles, with a magnificent Grecian border; the whole of the draperies trimmed with a beautiful ring chain, looped with bullion, and tied up with very large gold tassels and cord; the draperies formed of spangled crape, and uncommonly large gold zephyr; train of purple velvet, trimmed with a ring chain to correspond with the petticoat. Her Ladyship wore a profusion of diamonds and feathers.

COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD.—Petticoat of fawn-coloured satin, covered with a crape one of the same colour, richly embroidered in the silver

oriental style; broad border, embroidered in silver oak-leaves; draperies of fawn-coloured crape, with a rich Mosaic of brilliant stars; border of silver leaves, intermixed with silver leaves looped up with zephyr trimmings and rich border and tassels; train of fawn-coloured twist, with a rich border, the same as the petticoat.—Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Countess TEMPLE.—Her Ladyship's dress was much admired for richness, elegance, and taste. She wore three yards of diamonds, valued at \$10,000*l.* on her dress, besides those on her head and neck.

Countess FITZWILLIAM.—A white crape petticoat, grounded entirely over in Mosaic pattern, richly embroidered in gold spangles; a double drapery, with a rich Grecian border, fastened with gold cord and tassels; pocket-holes superbly trimmed with gold; train of brown satin, trimmed round with gold fringe; body and sleeves ornamented with point lace and diamonds; head-dress, neck-lace, and earrings of diamonds.

Countess of POMFRET.—Dress of white crape, elegantly trimmed with draperies of the same, tastefully ornamented with white satin, and loops of beads, and terminated with handsome bead, cord, and tassels.—Robe of white satin, trimmed with lace and beads.

Countess COOPER.—Wore a petticoat of white satin, embroidered with silver drapery, in waves of silver spangles, with a fringe of Maltee silver ornaments. Body and train of blue velvet, embroidered with silver. Coronet head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Countess BARRYMORE.—White crape petticoat, elegantly embroidered with gold spangles, intermixed with satin, the pocket-holes ornamented with an entire new gold trimming, gold cord and tassels. Train of gold velvet, trimmed with gold. Body and sleeves, ornamented with point lace; head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Countess of UXBRIDGE.—A beautiful white crape embroidered dress in drapery, with wreaths of green Ivy leaves, and rich gold sprigs. The drapery edged with sable and point lace; the dress was most complete, and greatly admired: body and train of green satin to correspond.

Countess of CARDIGAN.—A most magnificent embroidered brown velvet petticoat, in draperies composed of beautiful shaded rose, with rich vandyke border; on the left side rich gold chains, cords and tassels; the sleeves, body, and train, were all correspondent. Her Ladyship's dress had an uncommon fine effect.

Lady CAROLINE WALDEGRAVE.—A rose-colour crape petticoat, with a beautiful black velvet applique drapery and borders tied up with silk cords and tassels.

Lady GRENVILLE.—Head-dress, a large beautiful ostrich plume, the feathers most tastefully arranged, with a bandeau of ruby velvet, surmounted with a very superb tiara of diamonds; the plume encircled by a rich diamond chain, passing over the top of the tiara; under the tiara appeared the hair in ringlets before, and fixed behind by an elegant diamond comb: round the neck was a diamond necklace, with rows of pearls, and a diamond cross: body, ruby velvet, richly embroidered in silver; the sleeves and train of the same, not embroidered, but trimmed with point lace; the petticoat, white satin, embroidered with large silver flowers, surmounted with three draperies; the first and third of ruby velvet, and the middle one of satin; all magnificently embroidered in silver, declining in a circular direction, from the top of the petticoat on the right, to the bottom of the petticoat on the left; each drapery having besides a large silver fringe. The *tout ensemble* was the most superb and tasteful we saw at Court, and could only be equalled by the graceful and elegant form of her Ladyship.

Lady WILLIAM RUSSELL.—A very rich and elegant dress; white satin petticoat with broad silver tassel fringe round the bottom; white satin draperies very richly studded with demi-beads of silver, bordered round with deep silver tassel fringe, supported and enriched with a curious snake rope and tassels of silver; train white satin, trimmed round with the same tassel-fringe; body and sleeves richly embroidered in silver.

Lady ANNE CULING SMITH.—Petticoat of French pink crape, embroidered in broad wreaths of tulips in French pearls; train of rich French pink satin, embroidered in pearls to correspond with the petticoat.—Head-dress, bandeau of knotted pearl, high plume, pale pink feathers mounted in the military style. Her Ladyship wore a Queen Elizabeth's ruff in Brussels lace, which had quite a *nécessaire*.

Lady HAWKE.—A superb dress of violet velvet, embroidered with gold, looped up with ropes of gold beads, fastened with arrows; body and train richly embroidered to correspond.

Lady M. WALPOLE.—Petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in silver, interlined with amber sarsnet and ornamented with American roses. Train and body of rich white satin and point and silver, trimmed with swansdown. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady MAYORESS.—White crape petticoat, embroidered with gold, tied up in draperies, with rich cords and tassels; white satin body and train, with a border to correspond with the draperies. Her Ladyship's dress was neat and elegant in the extreme.

Lady CRAMBERS.—A green velvet dress, with a border of ruby and green Mosaic festooned with cords and tassels. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady C. SCOTT.—A dress of white crape and satin, embroidered with silver, and edged with lavender velvet embroidered to correspond. The body and train of lavender velvet, unembroidered with silver.

Lady HAGGERSTONE.—A white crape and satin dress, embroidered with silver, and richly decorated with ropes of silver beads and tassels; drapery of ruby velvet, embroidered with silver; body and train of ruby velvet embroidered.—Head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Four Ladies PERCY.—White satin petticoats, with elegant draperies of white satin trimmed with fine swansdown. Trains of white satin and swansdown to correspond.

Lady PULTENEY.—White petticoat, bordered with gold fringe, and puce velvet vandykes; elegant gold embroidered drapery, ornamented with gold and tassels; puce velvet train, trimmed to correspond.

Lady DRAKE.—Yellow and silver petticoat, ornamented with black velvet. Train black velvet, trimmed with silver, yellow sleeves, with point lace.

Hon. Mrs. ERSKINE.—A beautiful dress of violet velvet, and white crape, embroidered with silver drapery of violet velvet, covered with showers of spangles, and edged with Vandyke border of Maltese silver. Body and train to correspond.

Hon. Mrs. WALPOLE.—A yellow crape petticoat, with a rich appliqué of silver and Argus feathers, ornamented with silver fringe and tassels; train, black velvet. The beauty of the feathers, and novelty of the dress, attracted general admiration.

Mrs. WINDHAM.—A grey velvet robe, with a white satin petticoat richly embroidered.

Mrs. MANNERS SUTTON.—A white crape petticoat, richly striped and showered with gold spangles, formed in draperies, trimmed with point, and tied up with gold tassels and cord; black velvet robe, trimmed with gold point lace.

Mrs. ABBOTT.—A white satin petticoat, richly embroidered in gold sprigs; with draperies of violet velvet embroidered, with handsome borders to correspond. Train of violet velvet, the body and sleeves richly embroidered. Head-dress to correspond, with diamonds.

Hon. Miss CAVENDISH.—A white satin petticoat, with crape drapery, and a rich Mosaic embroidery of gold beads, fastened with a gold bead chain; train purple satin, trimmed with gold beads.

Hon. Miss ONSLOW.—White satin petticoat, with a crape drapery of rich Mosaic, border embroidered in gold; train to correspond.

The Three Misses MANNERS SUTTON were dressed exactly alike, in pink satin dresses, and petticoats drawn up in Turkish draperies, mixed with a profusion of large Roman pearl. The form of these dresses was so decidedly new, that with these fair wearers they attracted the universal admiration of the Court. Head-dresses formed of pearls, and five beautiful ostrich feathers.

BIRTH-DAY SPLENDOUR,

DELINEATED IN A LETTER FROM ELIZA TO JULIA.

MY DEAREST JULIA!

As I yesterday forwarded you a large packet of general remarks, I shall confine this letter to a higher order of delineation, and give you a sketch of Birth-day splendour. This moment returned from St. James's, my pen (naturally the talisman of a full heart), can treat only of grandeur and effect heightened by individual loveliness—of Majesty and rank softened by the graces of condescension and elegance. I could occupy much of my time and paper, descanting on the kindness and affability with which our amiable Queen received her splendid Court; and I could employ as much more, in describing the various attractions which distinguished the royal race that followed in her train; but subjects so interesting would engage me too deeply, and beguile me from the simple purport of my letter, which is to give you a general idea of the brilliancy and grace of a Court costume. But expect not, dear Julia, that I can be minute; for, in that case, I should actually complete a pocket volume of no inconsiderable dimensions. I will, however, endeavour to simplify the chaos which is collected in my brain, and when beauty and ornament represent themselves to my mind in the individual order I yesterday beheld them, I will do all in my power to make you a sharer in the lively pleasure they afforded me. You have doubtless read with attention the descriptions given in the diurnal prints. Those that appear to be most correct, are forwarded for your satisfaction; and such as have escaped the notice of these publishers I will here give you in detail; but I shall more effectually befriend my dear Julia, by particularizing that general style which will be the just standard and criterion for full dress during the present season. Cousin Mary (who is as much distinguished for her taste as her beauty), assures me that she has seldom witnessed a Birth-day where the general costume was more chastely elegant; and for me, to whom the scene was quite new, I was as much dazzled as interested; and equally captivated with the splendour of the dresses, as attracted by the beauty and elegance of the wearers.

As there were many presentations, several young and lovely women appeared in white, variously designed and executed. There was not one of these costumes which the most correct taste could condemn; but that which struck me as most elegant, and which I had an opportunity of contemplating closely, for some moments, was composed entirely of white satin. The drapery of the petticoat was pointed in the most novel and tasteful style, and round the bottom, drapery, and train, was a deep and rich border of silver, *à la Grecque*, with leaves in mosaic. At the edge of the border was a deep and splendid tassel fringe. The waist and sleeves were thickly wrought in minute leaves of silver mosaic. The head-dress corresponded in splendour and taste with this almost celestial costume. It was formed of a cluster of nine feathers, *à la militaire*, placed nearly over the left eye, and ornamented at their base with the most superb *aigrette* of diamonds, and the hind tresses were confined in a twisted knot, with a rich comb to correspond. The neck-lace consisted of one row of the finest brilliants, set transparent, from the centre of which was suspended a cross of equal beauty and lustre, with ear-rings to suit. Nothing could exceed the attractive elegance of this tabernacle, nor any grace of person, that which it adorned. The most perfect symmetry of height and size, the most correct features, animated by eyes and brows the most expressive. A profile more complete could not have offered itself to the most vivid imagination. But, my dear Julia! I must check this enthusiasm, or I shall give that space to one, which might justly be occupied by numbers, for certainly the rising nobility are very lovely; and were I to treat thus fully of personal attractions, the M—s, the D—s, the A—s, and the R—s, with a train of *et ceteras*, would equally claim their portion.

It is very singular that the papers should have omitted to notice a dress, which by its uncommon richness appeared to attract universal observation. It consisted of a petticoat of white satin, superbly embroidered at the bottom in passion-flowers, embossed with silver. The draperies were of silver crape. The train of rich amber-coloured velvet, embroidered in shaded brown and silver; passion flowers to correspond with the petticoat, and a deep silver fringe at the bottom of each. The body and sleeves ornamented with silver, and a deep fall of Mechlin lace round the bosom. Head dress, a tiara of large pearl, military plume of white feathers, tipped with amber. Necklace, ear-rings, and armlets, of the finest pearl. This dress was strikingly *nouvelle*, and possessed a splendour of effect consistent with the grand occasion on which it was worn.

I was also much attracted by a dress formed entirely of silver-grey velvet, ornamented round the train, petticoat, and drapery, with a white beaded fringe, and a fancy border of pearl, in a sort of Tuscan clavin. In the centre of each link was a star of crinoid foil, small spots of which were thinly dispersed in other parts of the border. This dress possessed also much singularity and beauty.

A white crape petticoat over white satin, the bottom, drapery, and pocket-holes ornamented with bunches of purple grapes and vine-leaves. Body and train of purple satin, trimmed with silver fringe. A bandeau of diamonds, and plume of white feathers. A similar dress, ornamented with the convolvulus, had each a very animated effect.

But I must not suffer to escape my notice, a dress whose singularity excited universal attention; it consisted of white crape petticoat, worn over white satin, ornamented all over with tufts of the Argus feather. The drapery was fastened up with the same in full size. The train was of crimson satin, trimmed with silver fringe; the body and sleeves thickly spangled. Argus feathers were blended with the ostrich, which composed the head-dress. I do not recollect ever to have seen feathers fixed to so much advantage as on this splendid occasion, and there is no ornament which requires so much taste and attention; for if not placed with judgment, they tend rather to disguise than adorn the wearer. The style of the hair accorded exactly with those descriptions already in your possession. No shading for the bosom was generally seen beyond the gown, which was cut every way so very low, as to expose the back and shoulders, and many fair females exhibited the bosom quite *à la Francoise*. But, in justice to some individuals, I ought to tell you, that where the robe-maker had trespassed on the bounds of modesty, I observed a piece of point lace, but strait across the back, and gently gathered in the centre with a small diamond brooch, while the same soft shading was judiciously adopted for the bosom. The chaste and correct attention paid by our virtuous Queen to every thing which affects the moral purity of the nation, must have been gratified with this delicate attempt in her fair subjects to cast the veil of English decorum over a custom of Gallic obtrusion.

I confess, my dear Julia, I am sorry when I see the British female forsaking the dignity of her character. Some kind author tells us, we are formed to be imitated; and surely we would not now become copyists.

What do you think of me, my friend? Is there any danger (after all my admiration of the great and the gay) that the dear parsonage should

be disgraced by me? God forbid! I admire the gay world, but I adore the good! Don't be in a rage now, for I am not going to preach. No, my love, I can descend from my stilts in a moment; can skip with magic quickness from the rector's pulpit to a lady's sleeve! These same sleeves, my dear Julia, were on this day worn short and easily plain, trimmed and ornamented, *même* the dress. I am sorry I cannot treat much of our favourite appendage, the bouquet. I scarcely saw three in the drawing-room suit, nor were any flowers worn in the hair. But how will our grandfathers exult, when they hear that there were not half a dozen ladies who wore rouge!—Cousin John says, he does not wish to see this hitherto animating appendage of the toilette entirely exploded. He observes, that when the vivid rays of youth have ceased to animate the female face divine, or when anxiety has cast her pale shade over the matronly brow, it is but paying a compliment to nature and society when we borrow the lustre of art; and that the merits rests in the concealment, and the injury in excess! However this may be, I cannot but wish my dear Julia (with her interesting fairness) would leave off this artificial colouring. My aunt assures me it is ever a detriment to an unmarried woman; and you see that even cousin John, with all his liberality, only thinks it allowable in the old and the anxious.

I cannot better conclude this epistle, than with a description of the wedding-dress of Lady H. Valliers; for a bridal costume possesses considerable interest for us young girls who one day hope to be ranked amidst the votaries of Hymen. This dress, my dear Julia, was composed of the finest India cobweb muslin, made round with a train, and worn over a soft and highly polished satin slip; it had an appliqued apron in front, of the finest Mechlin lace, with which the dress was also trimmed; the back was cut very low, and the front formed square, terminated with a lace tucker, and finished at each corner of the bosom, with brooches of the finest pearl; the sleeve *à la Circassian*, or Turkish, fastened with similar ornaments; her hair was simply and tastefully confined with an arrow formed of blended diamonds and pearls; and a tiara to correspond. From the crown of the head flowed a Brussels lace veil of the most transparent fabric; her pelise was formed of a beautiful undressed glossy satin, of French white, and cut with the Chinese back; its trimming corresponding with the unique muff and tippet, was of the finest mossamer fur.

Can you conceive, my dear Julia, a pretty woman attired with more delicacy, or advantage? Let me not efface the fair image by any minor

portrait, but just tell you, that the prevailing colours at Court were, violet, green, jonquille, and pink; that borders *à la Grecque*, and Vandyke, are more distinguishing than ever; and that I am your much exhausted, but ever faithful

ELIZA.

THE LONDON SHOEMAKER.

SEE you that elegant chariot which, in rapid flight, skims like a swallow, the surface of the street? Who do you think thus drives along in this dashing style and equipage? It is a celebrated Shoemaker, an all-accomplished son of Crispin, a man of fashion and elegance, a paragon of taste—who makes ladies' shoes, of a colouring, quality, brilliancy, eloquence, and poetry, beyond all competition and description. He never speaks but in numbers—he breathes his amorous songs, takes his measures as zephyrs gather roses; the Anacreon of his trade, the Tibullus of the buskin, the Ovid of the last. This arbiter of pedal taste and ornament, barely expends 1500l. a-year. Is it not then an irresistible proof of the excellent order of things, when the scale of conditions is so well maintained, that a Shoemaker can drive, full speed in his carriage, through the western streets and squares of the metropolis, to receive the ladies' orders for shoes and sandals, from 20s. to 30s. a pair? Our Shoemaker is a man unrivalled for his presence of mind, and no man more eminently possesses the art of reminding a well formed woman of her own importance.

A lady of the first rank and quality, saw in the house of a devotee to fashion, some elegant shoes of various colours, shapes, and decorations, and of a physiognomy interesting beyond description. "Oh Lud!" she exclaimed to her friend, "I am delighted with your exquisite taste in the article of shoes—I am in extacy at the sight—What a beautiful pair of shoes are those fawn coloured kid, laced on the instep with silvered leather, elastic soles and heels.—And how delightfully handsome those glossy white satin slippers and silver spangles." The inimitable Shoemaker is sent for, and attends. He is honoured with an introduction—assumes the man of fashion, and excels the courtier in politeness. "Your Ladyship has the most elegant foot and ankle in the universe, and it will be my pride to embellish the triumphant excellencies of your majestic step." The shoes are ordered for the same evening. In two hours they are brought home, and introduced as the most elegant pink satin gala shoes, with gold rosettes, whose appear-

ance in the ball-room will ravish the senses. The price only twenty-four shillings. They arrived at six o'clock, were admired till eight, put on at nine, worn until bed-time, and laid aside in the morning by the maid. Enchanted with her purchase, the lady is anxious again to appear in them. She calls for her maid, and is told the shoes are useless, having been worn out when they were taken off.—“Amazement! distraction! shocking!—Run to his house, and let me hear the loss is not irreparable.” The polished Shoemaker arrives.—“Madam!”—Oh Sir, such an accident! it is distressing beyond endurance! my

shoes torn to pieces, unfit for use!”—“Impossible—let me see.—Ah, bless me! torn sure enough, and only to be replaced by a new pair! But how has it happened? ’Tis beyond my conception.”—“Oh, Sir,” the lady replies, “consider my loss!”—“Consider, consider, why, Madam, they surely have been ill used. How long did you wear them?”—“I walked in them but two hours.”—“Walked in them, Madam, walked. Oh then, it is not to be wondered at; why, Madam, those shoes were made only to wear, and not to walk in.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. A most highly finished and correct Portrait Likeness of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.
2. A whole-length Portrait Figure of a Lady, in a new-invented Walking-Dress for the present Month, in the Polish style—beautifully coloured.
3. A whole-length Portrait of a Lady in the last Parisian Walking-Dress—beautifully coloured.
4. A whole-length Portrait of a Lady in an original and elegant Ball Dress.
5. A whole-length Portrait of a Lady of distinction, in a new and elegant Morning Dress.
6. An Original SONG, the words by PETER PINDAR, the Music composed expressly and exclusively for this work, by Mr. LANZA.
7. A new and elegant PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

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TO OUR READERS.

THE Portrait of Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES, prefixed to the present Number, completes the suit of Royal Portraits, including the whole of the Female branches of the Royal Family, together with a fine Portrait of his Majesty, which was given with the Twelfth Number, being the Supplement to the First Volume of this Work.

We flatter ourselves that this collection will always maintain the most decided interest with all classes of the community, no less on account of the uniformity and manner of its execution, than because it is the only perfect series of Portraits which has hitherto been made, or is ever likely again to be made, of those universally interesting and distinguished Personages.

The previous Numbers of this Magazine, which include these Portraits, and all the other Plates, in a perfect state, may be obtained by giving orders at the usual place, or to any Bookseller in Town and Country. But as it was considered in the commencement of this work, that many might reasonably be desirous of a collection of PROOF PRINTS from the original Plates, the Proprietor was careful to take off a limited number of fine Proofs, which may be purchased of, and are to be had solely from him, at Two Guineas the set, including the fourteen Portraits, together with that of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, already published; and, in order to the gratification of the amateur, a few sets of the finest Impressions have been Coloured, to the effect and beauty of the original Pictures, which will be sold for Three Guineas and a Half the set, comprehending the whole suit.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES
 1795-1817

*Engraved by J. Smith, from a portrait by Sir J. Stuart Peckham, 1817.
 When the original painted by Sir J. Stuart Peckham, 1817.
 Published by J. Smith, 1817.*

Well's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY, 1867.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Fourteenth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA OF WALES, daughter, and only issue of a marriage between George Prince of Wales, and Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, daughter of the late Duke of Brunswick, (a beautiful likeness of whom, together with an original biographical sketch, was given in the second Number of this Magazine), was born January 7, 1796, at Carleton House, Pall-mall. Her Royal Highness, therefore, is in the twelfth year of her age.

The general spirit of the laws of England, though no positive statute can be cited, has intrusted to his Majesty, or the reigning Sovereign, the education of the heir, whether apparent or presumptive, to his throne and kingdoms. The King has, in consequence, superintended this important object of national interest. He has appointed, as tutor to his grand-daughter,

the Bishop of Exeter,—a prelate, whose piety, learning, and amiable manners, peculiarly qualify him for this office.

Since every thing that relates to a personage so illustrious, and of such high national consideration, as her Royal Highness, must carry with it a degree of interest, we shall conclude with a short description of the person of the Princess Charlotte.

In stature she is well grown for her age; but does not appear as if inclining to be tall. Her person is very delicately formed; her complexion is fair, her eyes blue; and the expression of her countenance is animated and engaging. Her talents are spoken of as peculiarly rare and brilliant; and it is a subject of no ordinary gratification that she has already overcome all those epidemic disorders which are incidental to childhood; and that the general state of her health is highly flattering.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR,

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN :

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[Continued from Page 11.]

DOUBTLESS there was reason in the apology which the old fellow made in behalf of pleasure and the beautiful Lili, said the Sultan, when the usual company were met the following evening in his bed-chamber; but I own that I did not rightly comprehend what she meant by her method of life, or what sort of police that must be by which all the evils were to be prevented with which the tawny mortalists have so dreadfully threatened us; this matter lies at my heart. Methinks I have done all that was possible to make my people happy; but it would be a great grief to me if, contrary to my inclination, I had made them a dangerous present.

(Your majesty may save yourself this concern, thought Danishmende.)

"Well, Mr. Danishmende, continued Shah Gebal, a man is not a philosopher for nothing; what if you were to exert your wisdom in clearing up this matter?"

Sir, answered Danishmende, my wisdom is at your majesty's command. But, first, I humbly beseech your permission to relate a little story.

Shah Gebal nodded a sultanic assent; and the philosopher thus began:—

"In the time of the Calif Haroun al Raschid——"

"Eye, Doctor, interrupted the Sultan, this is a suspicious commencement; on hearing this calif named, one must be prepared for fairies and metamorphoses, or pretty stories of little hunchbacks, chattering barbers, profligate sons of kings, who, to crown a long course of past follies with a worthy end, cut off their eye-brows, and become calenders.

I pledge my eye-brows to your highness, said Danishmende, that neither hunchback nor calenders shall appear in my story, and that all shall happen in it as naturally as can be wished.

"In the time of the said calif, then, it happened, that a rich emir of Yemen, on his return from Damascus, in the mountains of Arabia Felix, had the misfortune to be set upon by robbers, who were so uncivil as to hew his at-

tendants to pieces with their sabres; and, having got into their hands all the fine women whom he was conveying to town, with all the valuables he had about him, retreated into the mountains as suddenly as they had issued from them. Happily for him, the emir, at the beginning of the attack had fallen into a swoon; a circumstance that induced the robbers to content themselves with stripping him of his rich garments, and leaving him, without farther concern whether he were really dead or not, among the slain."

Mr Danishmende, said the Sultan, not so circumstantial to the business, I prithee. The style in which thou hast begun is exactly that of my dear grandmother; who, as is well known, had her reasons for drawing out her tales to such an unmerciful length.

"Not to detain, then, your majesty with collateral circumstances, proceeded Danishmende, the good emir came to himself, and entered into a train of very disagreeable reflections on finding himself amidst wild and trackless mountains, without tents, without goods, without his wives and eunuchs, without cooks, and even without clothes; he, who from the first moment of his life that he could recollect, had never once known the want of any imaginable accommodation. As it is essential to the better understanding of this history, that your majesty should form a lively idea of this condition of the emir, I must take the liberty to beseech you to put yourself in his place, and consider how you would feel disposed in so difficult a situation."

Mr. Danishmende, said the Sultan, drily, I have a great mind to spare myself that trouble, and instead of it, to make you tell me how a story-teller would like it, if I should reward him for taking the trouble to make me yawn, with ordering him to receive three hundred bastinadoes on the soles of his feet.

This rebuke of sultanic humour the fair Nurmahal thought so unreasonable, that she intreated the Sultan not to terrify the poor doctor with such threats as were enough to put the best story-

tell in the world out of spirits. But, as we before observed, Danishmende was not so easily discomposd.

All that I intreat of your majesty is, said he, to have the grace not to give me the promised three hundred strokes till I have made an end of my story; for indeed it is not so bad as one might be apt to suppose from the commencement.

Well, said the Sultan, laughing, tell it then in thy own way: I promise thee that I will not interrupt thee again.

Danishmende arose, threw himself prostrate on the ground before the Sultan, kissed the hem of his bed-coverlet, in testimony of his gratitude for this gracious promise; and then proceeded in his narrative.

"From all these considerations of the emir (which were too disagreeable and perplexing for its being adviseable to lay them before your majesty), he was at last obliged to take up the resolution to do what, from want of use, appeared to him very hard, namely, to put his legs in motion, and to try whether he could not find a way out of these desert mountains. The sun was descending fast to the horizon when, with a fatigue that is not to be described, he at length reached a place where an avenue presented itself between the hills, and afforded him the view of a valley more charming than even his imagination could have conceived. The sight of some well-built habitations which protruded between trees of the finest verdure, encouraged him, faint as he was, to summon up his remaining powers, in order to reach them before the setting of the sun. Indeed the whole of the way which he had passed, and that which still lay before him, was not more than a young rustic would run every day, morning and evening, without reluctance, only to give his sweetheart a kiss, but for the relaxed sinews and marrowless bones of the emir this was a prodigious labour. He was forced to sit down so often to rest and recover his breath, that it was night before he reached the gate of the nearest dwelling, which had the look of a country seat, but only constructed of timber. A delightful murmuring sound of distant music, mingled with vocal airs, and other indications of festive joy which now struck his ear as he approached these dwellings, increased the surprise he felt at finding all this amidst desert mountains. As he had never read any thing but tales of ghosts and fairies, his first thought was, whether all that he saw and heard might not be the work of enchantment. Though this idea at first raised his apprehension, yet all other considerations were soon overpowered by the sentiment of his distress. He knocked; and one of the servants coming to the door, he asked for a night's lodg-

ing, with such a strange mixture of pride and humility, that he would probably have been refused it, if the laws of hospitality had been held less sacred and inviolable by the inhabitants of these regions. The emir was shewn, with a friendly countenance, into a little hall, where he was asked to sit down on a plain but soft-cushioned sofa. In a few moments two handsome young slaves appeared, to conduct him to a bath, where, with their assistance, he bathed, was perfumed, and dressed in a simple but neat habit of fine cotton stuff, brocaded with silk flowers. That the time might not pass heavily with him, a neat female slave now entered, of as delicate a form as any he ever had in his harem, having a theorb in her hand, seated herself over against him, and sung him a song, from the subject of which he could comprehend that the people were glad at the arrival of so agreeable a guest. The emir was more and more at a loss to know what to think of the matter; but the form and the voice of the fair slave (though he was more inclined to take her for a peri, or even for one of the howris of Paradise) left him no leisure for reflection; they, together with the friendly reception he had met with, operated so strongly on his senses, that he imperceptibly forgot all his causes of grief, and all the troubles he had gone through; and, impelled by a gentle violence, resigned himself to the impressions that were designed to be made on him.

"Though this was the wisest resolution, in his circumstances, he could adopt, it must likewise be confessed, that he found himself much at his ease. Scarcely was he dressed, but the person again appeared who had at first admitted him, and without speaking a word, beckoned him to follow. The emir was led into a spacious saloon, illuminated with numerous wax-lights, from whence, as the door opened, there issued the most agreeable odour of sweet gilliflowers, violets, pinks, jasmines, and orange blossoms. Here he saw a number of low tables, covered with fine snow-white linen, with borders of elegant needle-work; and round them were placed magnificent sofas, with cushions of the softest down. The middle of the hall swarmed with persons, young and old, of both sexes, who received him with frank and open countenance, and at the same time filled him with the most agreeable surprise by the majestic beauty of their form and gait, and by an expression of kindness and festivity diffused throughout their whole deportment. In one corner was a placid fountain, where a nymph, who reclined on a piece of rock overgrown with jasmine and moss, poured from her urn a crystal stream into a bason of black marble. The whole saloon was decorated with large festoons and wreaths of flowers which, from

time to time were sprinkled with fresh water by several young females. The whole together formed a delightful scene; but it was not the finest that presented itself to his eyes in this enchanted spot. A venerable old man, with locks of silver white, lay in the attitude of one enjoying a sound and genial repose after labour, on the upper end of the sofa; an old man the like of whom the emir had never before beheld, nor could have thought it possible for such an one to be; serenity and cheerfulness beamed from his still sparkling eyes; eighty years of a happy life had imprinted only some faint furrows on his broad and open front; and the complexion of health, like a late autumnal rose, still bloomed on his friendly cheeks. This is our father, said some young persons who were near the emir, as they led him up by the hand to the seat of the old man.

"The old man neither rose up nor made any motion significant of that design, but reached out his hand, pressed that of the emir with a force that amazed the latter, and very civilly bade him welcome to his house. Yet, says my author, there was in the first look which the old man cast upon the emir, with the civil expression of hospitable philanthropy, a mixture of somewhat that drew the stranger, though he could not well explain to himself how he felt at the time. The old man bade him take his place beside him."

I promised not to interrupt thee, Danishmende, said Shah Gebal; but I would be glad to know what could be mingled in the looks of the old man to produce such an effect on the emir?

Gracious sovereign, returned Danishmende, I must confess to your majesty, that I have taken this history from a modern Greek poet, who probably, according to the practice of his tribe, may have added something of his own to the truth, in order to render his picture more interesting. It was a friendly look, said he, but with a little addition of something that was neither contempt nor pity, but a gentle mixture of both; it was, continued he, the look with which a friend of the art regards the mutilated statue of a Praxiteles, mixed with something of the angry scorn with which this amateur would regard the Gbth who had mutilated it.

The image is delicate, and gives much scope for reflection, said Nurmahal. Proceed, Danishmende, said the Sultan.

"In the mean time the supper was served up, at which the emir experienced a new circumstance, which, little as he was disposed to think on any thing, appeared to him the most incomprehensible matter in the world. But, before I can come to an explanation on this head, I find myself obliged to make a small digression on the character of this emir, who forms a principal

figure in this history, though in fact it is only the person of a spectator. He had been from his youth what is called a decided voluptuary, a man who knew no other end of his existence than to eat, to drink, to amuse himself with his women, and solace himself after such toilsome labour by a repose which consumed about half of the day and night, to awake again to a repetition of the same employment. To this gross sensuality he united a certain pride which was highly adapted to accelerate the pernicious effects of it; he founded it on the possession of the handsomest women, the best wines, and the most expert cooks of all Asia; but, not content with this, he aimed at being the greatest eater, the greatest drinker, and the greatest hero in another kind of bodily exercise, in which, to his great regret, he was obliged to confess the sparrow and the mole to be his masters. When a man has the misfortune to possess, with this perverse species of ambition, all the means for indulging it, he will soon see himself reduced to the necessity of having recourse to pastils of opium and betroot, to inflammatory liquors and other provocatives. Nature never fails to revenge herself for the affronts that are put upon her, and she is commonly the more cruel in her vengeance the less pretence she has left by her bounty for the justification of our excesses. Accordingly, the emir found himself, with the purest Arabian blood, and the most robust constitution, in his thirtieth year, reduced to the wretched condition which is the middle state between living and dying, tormented by the recollections which might have elevated his pleasures, and condemned to impotent attempts to appease the wrath of nature by the secrets of art to which he was beholden for the prolongation of his existence. The skilful cooks, of whom he was so proud, had faithfully contributed all that was in their power at once to destroy his health and to debilitate the organs of sense; in proportion as the difficulty of exciting his railed appetite increased, they redoubled their destructive zeal to conquer it by the efficacy of their art. But their inventions had seldom any better effect than to make him pay by tedious hours of pain for some moments of artificial irritation.

"Our emir was astonished at finding again at the table of his aged host, that appetite which for years he had been seeking in vain. Two equally unusual circumstances, a temperance of four-and-twenty hours, and the violent efforts he had been forced to make, doubtless contributed principally to make him imagine that he was in Paradise, sitting at table with the favourites of the Prophet. Not that the number and costliness of the dishes, or a very nice preparation had the least share in producing this effect; for

there was no greater profusion than the satisfying of hunger and thirst required, with the care of leaving some choice to the taste; and in the dressing, art had no more concern than was necessary for gratifying an unspoiled palate without detriment to health. It is true, certain delicate artifices were observed, which either from their simplicity were unknown to the learned cooks of the emir, or perhaps required an attention which these important personages had never taken the pains to employ; but it was chiefly the native goodness of the viands, and a preparation to which vicenna himself could have found nothing to object, which distinguished this repast from the magnificent and expensive poisonous compounds served up at princely tables. The emir was forced to confess that the wine, which perhaps was as old as the landlord, and the fruits which closed the entertainment, were as excellent as nature could produce in the happiest climate of the earth.

"Is all this enchantment, said the emir to himself at every instant, and what sort of an old man is this, who, with his snow-white beard, is of so ruddy a complexion, and who eats and drinks with as great a relief as if he was now just beginning to live? It was with the utmost difficulty he could restrain his astonishment; but the agreeable conversation in which all the company around him joined, with the unassorted and engaging manner in which he was addressed, made it impossible for him to reduce into any order the ideas that were floating in his brain.

"Taste this pine-apple, said the old man to him, as he offered him one of the finest of the kind he had ever beheld. The emir tasted it, and was at a loss for words to praise its exquisite taste and flavour. I reared it with my own hands, said the old man; since I am grown too old to accompany my sons and grandsons in the labours of the field, I employ myself in gardening; it affords me that degree of motion and exercise which I find necessary for keeping me in that good state of health in which you see me; and the fresh air, rendered balsamic by the pure fragrance of the flowers and blossoms, probably contributes not a little to that end. The emir had nothing to reply to this; but I should like much to have seen the pair of large eyes that he made at the old man. The old man's ordinary drink was cold water, and after meals he took three small glasses of wine; the first, said he smiling, helps my old stomach to digest, the second enlivens my spirits, and the third lowers them again. The emir, (who could drink no water, even though it were drawn from the fountain of youth) did honour to the landlord's wine. He went on so briskly, one glass after another, that he soon lost the ability to distin-

guish whether he felt, or only imagined himself to be as sprightly as the old man himself.

"After supper the man with the silver locks withdrew unperceived; and a short while after, one of his sons said:—it is the custom in our house every evening before we retire to rest, to pass half an hour in the bed-chamber of our father. A guest is never accounted a stranger here; will you accompany us? The emir acquiesced with the proposal, and to shew his politeness, desired the eldest of the ladies to do him the honour to accept of his feeble arm to lean upon.

"An apartment opened which seemed to be the temple of voluptuous sleep. A multitude of large flower-pots of ornamental forms, wafted through the whole apartment their perfumes of the most grateful odours; and a quantity of tapers concealed behind green and rose-coloured shades, composed a sort of twilight which invited the eyes to gentle slumber; the walls were hung with painted canvas, the work of a master, representing Grecian images of sublime repose: here the beautiful Endymion, enlightened by the silver lustres of the moon's descending rays; there, concealed by a solitary rose-bush, the goddess of love, about whose gently glowing cheeks a ravishing dream appeared to float; or Cupids sleeping on the bosom of a Grace. The old man lay already reclined on a couch of violet-coloured taffety, and three very agreeable ladies seemed employed in advancing his repose. One, resembling the finest autumnal day that can be seen, was seated at his head, and gently agitated the air with a fan of myrtles and roses; the other two sat lower down on either side his couch, this with a lute, and that with another instrument serving only to accompany the voice. Both played and sung in mildly modulated notes, sometimes alternately, and then together, strains breathing satisfaction and calm delight, and the life and voices of the songstresses were worthy of such airs. The amazement of the emir was now at its highest pitch; unperceived, the old man was fallen asleep on the bosom of the autumnal fair one, and the rest of the company, after having kissed one of his gently falling hands, softly stole away in reverential silence.

"What strange sort of people these are! the emir incessantly repeated to himself.

"On entering the bed-chamber that was allotted to him, he found the two boys who attended him in the bath. The sight of them reminded him of the beautiful female slave who had so charmingly charmed him a welcome to the house; and he could not come to any agreement with himself, whether he ought to be glad or sorry at her absence. He was undressed, and laid upon as soft, elastic, as voluptuous a sofa as ever was

pressed by an emir. But no sooner had the boys slipped away than the fair female slave came in with her theorbo in her hand, a wreath of twined rose-twigs about her loosely flowing hair, which reached to the ground, and a bunch of roses on a bosom, the whiteness whereof dazzled his eyes. With silent smiles she bowed profoundly to him, seated herself in an armed-chair beside his couch, tuned her theorbo, and sang him such an enchanting air, with so melodious a voice, that the good emir, transported with her shape, with her voice, and the eighty year old wine of his aged host, forgot what he ought reasonably to have remembered, the circumstance of being wise. The beautiful songstress had probably no commission to make one person wretched, in a house where all were happy. But, alas, indolence and luxury had banished sleep from his eyes; she had not the art of lulling the emir to rest.

A look from the Sultan, which perhaps had a quite different meaning from what Danishmende imagined, made him start. Sir, continued

he, after a short pause, to avoid falling into the error of the vizier Muslem, it shall suffice to say, that the emir had reason to think himself persecuted by all the magicians and fairies in the world. Compose yourself, said the lovely slave, with a smile which had a greater mixture of pity than of scorn or displeasure; I will play you an andante, on which you will sleep as well as the happiest of shepherds. But her andante performed not the promised miracle. The emir could get no rest, till at length the female slave, finding all her address ineffectual, thought proper to withdraw, wishing him to sleep as sound as he could."

Danishmende, I am satisfied with thy story, said the Sultan; to-morrow we will hear the continuation of it, and my treasurer shall have orders to pay thee three hundred bahani-d'ors. The philosopher and the young Mirza now retired, and the gate of the sacred bed-chamber was fastened after them.

[To be continued.]

BLIOMBERIS.

PHARAMOND reigned in France, his valour had subjected all the kings of that country. The beautiful Rosamunda shared his throne, and was even dearer to him than all his glory. The French monarch, after forty years of triumph, perceived that true happiness did not consist in vanquishing nations; and in Tournay, his capital, he devoted himself solely to the comfort of his people, his wife, and children.

Prince Clodion, his son, who had scarcely attained his sixteenth year, already had signalized himself upon several occasions. Accustomed to bear arms from his infancy, he had learned the art of war by the side of the valiant Pharamond. The name of his celebrated father, the extensive empire to which he was heir, his courage, his fine form, and particularly the courtier's well-timed flattery, had all combined to render this otherwise amiable prince extremely vain. As successful in love, as Pharamond was in battle, Clodion had acquired as many hearts as his sire had taken cities; proud of his figure, his glory, and his birth, the French prince was the handsomest, the most confident, and the most volatile knight of his time.

His sister, the lovely Felicia, had just attained her fifteenth year, and already surpassed her mother in personal beauty. This, however, was her smallest attraction; she appeared to disdain

the gifts of nature, and to value only the talents which her own exertions could obtain; she cultivated her understanding for her own pleasure, and not from the desire of appearing wiser than others. Mild and diffident, she never thought of her rank but when it enabled her to confer happiness. Felicia, scarcely out of her childhood, was the comfort of the unfortunate, the idol of her parents, and adored and respected by all the knights of her father's court.

Brittany was tributary to Pharamond, and divided into several kingdoms; that of Gannes was governed by the king Boort, or rather by his courtiers. Weak princes are always cruel; Boort had proved the truth of this, by making his daughter Arlunde perish, for having given birth to Blionberis. This princess had not been able to resist the love of Palamede, one of the most celebrated knights of that time. Her weakness cost her her life; the barbarous Boort allowed the child to live, but caused its miserable mother to be precipitated into a well, where she terminated her existence.

Blionberis, deprived of his mother, not known to his father, was brought up in the court of Boort. His education was much neglected; the country of Gannes was half uncivilized; in all the kingdom there were few wise men who knew how to read. Blionberis had attained the

age of seventeen, and knew little more than how to bend a bow, the exercise he excelled in, because he had learned it of himself. Blomberis was finely formed, his face was rather mild than handsome; his air noble and ingenuous; his heart open to affection; he was the offspring of love, and his understanding was naturally good, for no one had sought to render it so.

Blomberis had heard of the unhappy fate of his mother, and the name of his father. The renown of this celebrated hero made all the king of Gannes's courtiers tremble, and the fear of his return was the only cause of their paying any attention to his son; but these attentions importuned Blomberis, the society of these ignorant barons, who did not even know the use of arms, fatigued him; as a relief he courted solitude, and became an inhabitant of the woods, he exercised his skill on the deer and birds. Solitude made him a misanthrope, misanthropy taught him wisdom. Blomberis was only eighteen, but his reflections, and the good of never having been flattered, were equal to thirty years of experience.

The king of Boort had a son, who did not at all resemble his father; he was called Lionel, and had merited by his exploits to be admitted to the second table. On his return from England he was indignant at the large tribute which Pharamond had exacted; and, consulting his valour more than his prudence, persuaded the listless Boort to declare war against the French monarch.

Pharamond did not think his presence necessary to reduce a people so often conquered into subjection, and wishing to give his youthful son the pleasure of terminating this war, named him his general.

Clodion, transported with joy, embraced his father, and vowed that before a month he would make his entry into Tournay, in a car drawn by Boort and his son; he already shared the kingdom he was going to conquer among his favourites, reviewed his army five or six times, set out, and after fifteen days' march, arrived on the frontiers of Gannes.

Lionel awaited them: the battle was long and bloody. Clodion wrought miracles of valour, but his impetuosity made him commit faults. Blomberis did not quit the brave Lionel; it was the first time he witnessed a battle, and the young warrior did not for a moment lose the presence of mind which characterizes a truly brave man; but his efforts, and those of Lionel would have proved insufficient to wrest the victory from the troops of Pharamond. Already the impetuous Clodion had broken into the centre of their army, when Lionel ran to oppose the prince, and began with him a single combat, which left the Gannois without a commander. Clodion's Lieute-

nant, an old warrior, whose hair had become white in battle, profited by this moment to assemble his different corps, gave signal for a general attack, and confident in the success of his manœuvre, advanced with a victorious air. Lionel was engaged with Clodion; the Gannois were nearly lost, no chief commanded them, their ranks were in disorder, when Blomberis, the young Blomberis, saw and prevented the danger; he threw away his sword, and took his bow, this weapon, which in his hand had always proved mortal; he chose his best arrow, eyed the French chief, and struck him where the cuirasse left a space uncovered; the old warrior fell, his troops stopped and surrounded him. More swift than lightning Blomberis flew to his battalions; and in his turn rushed on the French, broke their ranks, and dispersed them, and soon the field of battle was covered with slain.

Clodion, forsaken, trembling with shame and rage, dealt a dreadful blow at Lionel, and forcing his way through the victorious army, fled, but, hero like, in a different direction from that which his army had taken.

Blomberis did not allow himself to be carried on in pursuit of the vanquished, but was occupied in keeping his troops in order; on this day he displayed the valour of a soldier, joined with the talents of an experienced general. Soon Lionel appeared, and completed the defeat of the French. Our young hero now made the carnage cease, caused the prisoners to be shewn respect, and treated them in a mild and noble manner; and as the whistling of arrows, and the noise of arms during the combat, had given him no emotions, so the laurels he had just gathered, the shouts of victory, and the soldiers' acclamation, did not make him for a moment lose that tranquillity he felt at being satisfied with his own conduct. Blomberis was only sensible to the joy of having served his country. Meanwhile the impetuous Clodion, in despair at having been beaten the first time he had commanded, fled through the plains, almost insensible with rage; his vanity had received a most poignant outrage, he dared not appear at Tournay, after having shared the enemy's country among his favourites, and having ordered the car of triumph on which he had promised to appear, drawn by Boort and his son; he resolved never to return to his father's court, until by some glorious deed he had effaced the stain his honour had received; in these sentiments he embarked for England, in search of adventures and laurels.

While he was going to display his giddy valour at the court of king Arthur, Pharamond heard of his defeat. This monarch, unaccustomed to such news, flew to avenge it; armed with that sword which had given death to so

many kings, he assembled his old warriors, and marched towards Brittany. The French, impatient to avenge their brothers, carried devastation over the states of the king of Gannes. Lionel, intoxicated with his late success, wished to meet the enemy; Blomberis advised to retire behind entrenchments, and to await them; but the general's opinion was adopted, and the troops were ordered to prepare for battle.

It was not for a moment undecided; Pharamond had only to shew himself, all fled before him. The Gannois dragged away Lionel in their flight. Blomberis, after having fought most violently, was endeavouring to save the troops which he commanded, but the king of France came himself and attacked them. Scarcely had Blomberis's soldiers perceived the *flam de las* on Pharamond's shield, than a sudden fear seized them; they fled. Blomberis remained alone, surrounded by enemies. "Surrender," cried the king, "it is Pharamond that demands your sword." Blomberis disdaining to display useless courage, gave his sword into the monarch's hand, and followed him to his camp.

In a few days Pharamond had conquered all the country of Gannis. He made Boort pay all the expences of the war, left a garrison in his principal city, and kept Blomberis as an hostage. After having thus terminated the expedition, the French monarch caused a search to be made for his son throughout Brittany; all his cares were useless, and the afflicted Pharamond returned to Tournai, accompanied by Blomberis.

On arriving in his capital, Pharamond found joy enlivening every heart; the fame of his victory had preceded him. Rosamunda and Felicia came to meet him, surrounded by a people who celebrated the return of their beloved King. Rosamunda expected to see her son. The fresh laurels gathered by her husband could not stop the current of her tears when she found that Clodion could no where be found. Felicia shared her grief and shed tears as she embraced her victorious father.

Blomberis while witnessing this scene of grief, reproached himself for having caused Felicia's tears. This princess's beauty made him experience an undefinable sentiment, and till then unknown: although he turned away his eyes, still against his will they fell upon Felicia. The wise, the prudent Blomberis had lost all consciousness of his situation, when the King presented him to Rosamunda and his daughter, saying he was a prisoner to be respected for his valour: then giving him his sword, he said, "you know its use too well for it not to be returned you. The interest of the state forbids my giving you your liberty; but nothing shall detain you here but your word." Blomberis

thanked the king, but felt confused in observing Felicia's eyes were fixed on him.

Our hero soon perceived that the princess joined, with the fairest of forms, the best of hearts, and the most cultivated mind: this discovery augmented his love. But the first time we feel this passion, we have so little hope of its being returned, that the pleasure of consuming away in silence, seems supreme happiness. Blomberis gave way to it, trembling with apprehension of its being discovered. The court of Pharamond was an abode so much to be dreaded for him, who had never before left Gannis, who had passed his life in the solitary woods. He beheld himself transported to the most brilliant court of the universe: he dared love the daughter of a most powerful monarch, she who had disdained the vows of crowds of princes.— Could he flatter himself to be distinguished; he, the unknown son of a simple knight; he, the unhappy cause of his mother's disgrace and death; he, in short, whose only talents to please consisted in his fervent adoration of an object so far his superior.

These reflections were inexpressibly distressing to a lover, and ought to have discouraged a sage; but Blomberis was no longer a sage. He mentally reviewed all these objections, confessed he was commencing the misery of his life; and after having been well convinced that reason prescribed him to stifle his love, resolved to give way to it, and pass his days and nights in acquiring all that he was deficient in.

From that moment Blomberis studied the politeness and manners of the world, which render many fools supportable. He very soon acquired that outward polish so much praised, but of so little intrinsic value. With this he joined more solid accomplishments; adorned his mind, and acquired talents: love was his master; it is the precursor under which we make the most rapid progress. In less than a year, Blomberis became the most polished and amiable knight of Pharamond's court.

Felicia, who had remarked Blomberis ever since he had been introduced to court, soon divined his secret: the woman the least addicted to coquetry, knows she is beloved some time before her lover is conscious of his passion. The love of this young savage had flattered the princess; but when the savage became polished, when she was certain it was for her, for her alone, that Blomberis had taken so much pains, the timid Felicia interrogated herself how she was to act. The result of her questions was, that she need not scruple to be grateful to Blomberis for his attention; this gratitude soon became friendship; this friendship had not existed three months before it was changed into love. The

wise princess was as yet not quite certain of it; but her reason advised her not to listen to the dictates of her heart.

When a young princess is obliged to chuse between her heart and her reason, she is sometimes long in her decision, but it is never doubtful. Felicia soon gave herself up to the charm by which she was ensnared. She received a note from Blomberis: a love-letter is a talisman, that overthrows all the dictates of wisdom. Fear no more, youthful lovers, when your letters are read. Felicia answered, Blomberis to beg he would never write again. Blomberis wrote a second time, to entreat her to revoke this terrible order; this granted, letters were no longer the confidants of their thoughts, they conversed together.

You who have loved, you have, doubtless, not forgotten how sweet the first moments of a mutual passion are. Each day, each hour is interesting: to-day a glance makes us happy, to-morrow we wish for more; we quarrel, we obtain; the next day we dispute again, become friends, and find ourselves more advanced than we were before the altercation. How they glide away, those delightful days that are called the season of troubles.

One day, when the lovely Felicia was going to walk in a wood near the city, she left her attendants at the entrance, and advanced alone into one of its most solitary alleys. She thought of Blomberis; a year had elapsed since they had sworn to each other eternal love. Felicia was reading over a letter, in which Blomberis had repeated a thousand times this pleasing oath. She fancied she heard the voice of her lover, pronouncing the words he had written. In this enchanting delusion she imprinted a thousand kisses on the letter; when suddenly a furious boar appeared, and rushed towards the princess. Where were you, Blomberis?

Blomberis was not far off; he had reached the favoured spot before Felicia, and, hid amidst the thickening foliage, had watched her emotions with delight. He perceived the monster, and flew to meet it, the boar reached and wounded him, but slightly, because the dexterous Blomberis struck him at the same instant; the grass was bathed with their blood. The trembling Felicia's eyes were fixed on her lover, her heart palpitated, a death-like paleness sat on her cheek; but in a moment her fears were dissipated.—Blomberis seized his dart, and pierced the side of the furious animal.

Felicia ran to him, seated him by her side, supported his head, and endeavoured to bind up his wound, which was but slight. The compassionate Felicia gathered some simples, which chance offered, applied these to his wound, pressed the juice from them, yet her occupation

was often interrupted by the kisses she suffered the happy wounded youth to ravish.

As soon as she had tied the first bandage, and still supported her lover, Felicia sought, in his eyes, how she could repay so great an obligation. Blomberis gazed on her, and sighed. Chance came to their assistance.

A turtle-dove flew gently by them, endeavouring to escape from a hawk, by which it was pursued. She was going to become its prey, when her mate rushed between the talons of the ravenous bird to save his companion. The hawk left the female, and carried away the male; but Blomberis had had time to prepare his arrow; it flew, killed the ravisher, and delivered the generous dove.

Scarcely free, he alighted on a branch opposite Felicia and Blomberis. His faithful companion hastened to him; she caressed him, and repaired, with her beak, the disorder he had been thrown in by the cruel grasp of the hawk; she seemed to delight in smoothing his feathers, fluttered her wings around him; and soon the tender bird returned her warm caresses, and proved that love was stronger than fear.

What a scene for our lovers! Blomberis had been as generous as the turtle-dove. Felicia was as affectionate, virtue alone could hinder her from being as grateful.

This forest, this alley, became the rendezvous of the tender lovers. The god of love, who watched over them, prevented their happiness from being suspected. Alas! none can last for ever.

During the space of two years, occupied solely with each other, the months glided away like days; time flies with hasty steps, when we love. Felicia had attained her eighteenth year, and the King, her father, announced to her that she should make a choice among the princes who solicited her hand.

What news for Felicia! She went to the forest to consult with Blomberis: he was there to give his advice. "The time of happiness is passed," exclaimed the sorrowful Felicia: "you must no longer pretend to my hand. I ought neither to obey nor resist the commands of my father: let us depart, let us fly together, love will protect us." Blomberis, in an agony, declared that flight was impossible, as he was a prisoner on his honour. "But if we could gain time," added he, "I hope to render myself worthy of you. I am the son of Palamede, whose name is respected even by Pharamond. My mother was the daughter of a king; my father is of the race of the sovereigns of Babylon. I will seek him, he will acknowledge me, he will himself come and ask your hand of Pharamond. And if a kingdom be wanting to obtain Felicia, nothing is impossible."

to the valour of Palamede, and the love of Blionberis."

While pronouncing these words, the fire of courage shone in his eyes. Hope enters so easily into the souls of those who love, that Felicia and Blionberis gave way to it with transport. It was decided that the princess should assemble all those who pretended to her hand, and declare that he who, in the space of two years, should perform the most glorious feats, would be the object of her choice.

When Pharamond learned his daughter's determination, he subscribed to it with joy; and soon the price attached to Felicia's hand was known throughout France, and all the knights that could boast of royal blood, quitted the court in order to deserve it.

Blionberis seized this occasion to request his liberty; it was granted him. Felicia was charged with this melancholy commission. What pain to separate! when they must bid adieu, and pronounce that word so cruel to lovers! what sighs, what tears! Blionberis could not tear himself from Felicia; Felicia pressed Blionberis's hand to her heart; they gazed on each other, they wept, and a torrent of tears made their words inarticulate, though they repeated that they only parted to meet again never to separate. Vain hope! two years are not a moment when spent in happiness, and when lovers are not to meet till the end of that term it seems to last more than life. Ah! what pain Blionberis had to fly from the arms of Felicia; but he took a fixed resolution, embraced her, bade her farewell, pressed her hand, with a stifled voice repeated his adieu, and departed without looking back.

Obliged to conceal her tears in the presence of the ladies of the court, the wretched princess went to hide them in her chamber; there she wept, read over Blionberis's letters, commenced them again. "Alas! he will write no more to me," said she, "I have perhaps embraced him for the last time;" this idea completed her misery; her imagination exaggerated all the dangers that menaced her lover; and, as if she had not troubles enough, she afflicted herself thinking of those which were never to happen.

Blionberis allowed his horse to take the road he pleased. This horse had been given him by Felicia; she had caused it to be brought from

Siberia; and the courser was worthy of being offered to courage by the hands of love. He was as black as jet; a white star shone on his forehead; lighter than a bird he galloped on the sand, without leaving the print of his hoof.— Felicia had sometimes mounted him, and had given him the name of Ebene. Ebene knew Blionberis, and was attached to him; so true is it, that love electrifies all that approaches it.

Blionberis, while traversing a large forest, found that he rode too quick from the object of his love; he stopped, descended from his horse, and allowing the faithful Ebene to graze, seated himself at the foot of a tree, by the side of a little stream. There he began to reflect, which he had not done for some time.

Reflection is tolerably useless in affairs of the heart; as we generally finish by acting as if we had not reflected; thus it is, at least, lost time. Inspired by the silence of the forest, the soft murmur of the stream, and above all, by his love, he sang the following lay to a melancholy tune:—

When far from thee, my tender maid,
Life seems to yield its latest breath,
'Twas love that bliss around me shed,
'Tis love that opens the gates of death.
But ever constant, ever true,
When fate shall call me hence away,
My lips will sigh love ever new,
Thy image cheer my closing day.

Beneath this oak tree's ancient shade
I vainly courted peaceful rest;
My hours of peaceful rest are fled,
And here new torments tear my breast.
Before sad mem'ry's tearful eye,
Gay scenes of mutual joy arose;
And the young dove's soft plaintive sigh
Awoke the strains whence sorrow flows.

The stream that rolls its waves around,
And gently murmurs thro' the vale;
The echoes of the whispering ground
Reveal thy beauties to the gale.
On nature's blooming face I see
Thy face below'd still brighter shine;
But vain my dream, too far from me,
My bosom only is thy shine.

E. R. R.

[To be continued.]

THE REPRESENTATIONS OF LIFE,

CONTAINED IN WORKS OF FICTION:

NOT TO BE CONSIDERED AS HAVING ANY EXISTENCE IN NATURE.

[Continued from Page 25.]

WHILE these good-natured people were thus exercising the faculties of imagination and memory, in communicating to the strangers such a mass of important intelligence, they were not less curious to indemnify themselves for their trouble, by obtaining some knowledge of their affairs, nor less busily employed in attempting to investigate their circumstances; and in this obscure inquiry, the want of information was supplied by fertility of invention, and ingenuity of conjecture. Some supposed them to be persons in respectable circumstances, while others imagined that M. de Clairville was a broken tradesman, who could no longer show his face among his acquaintance, and had brought his family to that place to hide his poverty in a country retirement. Many thought that his son had been wild, and that he had found it necessary to separate him from his old companions; but the greater number conjectured that Miss had been impudent, and that her parents had removed her into the country, with a view of breaking off her improper connections. One well-meaning lady, who pretended to an uncommon share of sagacity, declared that she had often known such things done, and that she should not in the least wonder if the young lady had made some false step; and another, ambitious of showing herself superior to her neighbours in acuteness of penetration and accuracy of intelligence, positively asserted that she had received information, in a letter from a correspondent in London, a person of indisputable veracity, one of her sister-in-law's distant cousins, that a young woman, in the street where she lived, had eloped with an extravagant young tradesman, and that, as she had been brought up by a needy uncle and aunt, they had all gone off somewhere into the country, to live on the young fellow's money as long as it lasted; and as this sagacious person assured those with whom she conversed, that her penetration seldom failed, she communicated to them her very important conjecture, that these strangers were, in all probability, the identical persons.

These surmises were no sooner expressed, than they were disseminated throughout the whole circle of the village society, and with the same rapidity, communicated to those who were the

objects of their application. The young people, especially Mademoiselle, lost all patience, and declared that they would not remain any longer in a place where detraction was the principal topic of conversation, and the chief amusement of social intercourse. M. de Palaise laughed at their impatience; and told them, that as they had made this excursion for the purpose of observing the different conditions of life, and modifications of society, they must submit to the inconveniences of the experiment, and expect to meet with some things of a disagreeable nature in the gratification of curiosity, and the acquisition of moral knowledge. "These vexatious surmises, and disgraceful tales," added he, "must be ranked among those inconveniences and dissatisfactions to which all are subject. Detraction, like death, must have its victims, and spare none. Have patience a little while, and some novel circumstance will surprize inquisitive prudence, engross attention, exercise the loquacious talents of the sisterhood, and withdraw the eye of curiosity from you and your concerns."

The observation of M. de Palaise proved equivalent to a prediction. Within a few days, the daughter of a respectable inhabitant was discovered to be in a disgraceful situation. This important and unexpected affair attracted the attention, gratified the malevolence, and excited the conjectures of the whole sisterhood. A rational view of the matter might induce a supposition that the unfortunate misconduct of a neighbour, instead of affording a feast to sneering malignity, would, in the mouth of every parent, have been a cautionary lesson to her daughter, to have furnished an occasion of pointing out the fatal consequences of levity and indiscretion. Prudence would have required, and maternal affection might have dictated such a conduct. Nothing of the kind, however, was practised among the gossips of the village; but all their inquisitive powers were exerted, and every means of investigation employed to find out who was the father of the unborn infant; whether he would make the girl satisfaction by marriage, and a thousand particulars besides, of equal importance. One said, "who could have thought it?" Another said, "who could have

thought any other?" A third said, "the little modest mirror has not in the least deceived me;" another said, "that she thought the girl's youngest sister was a forward little chit; but that she, for her part, would not be the speaker of it." One elderly lady assured the company at a tea-table conversation, where the strangers were present, that the fair delinquent's mother had once in her time been reckoned no better than she should be; and another of the same description, said, that she could tell them of many pretty pranks that had, in former days, been played in that family, but that she was one who never troubled her head about other people's concerns. After this prelude she proceeded to entertain them with a very long train of scandalous anecdotes, partly of the last, and partly of the present generation, and concluded by assuring them, that there was nothing which she detested so much as to speak ill of her neighbours. And another grave and venerable matron, who had herself, in her former days, forfeited her title to rank among the vestals, closed the edifying conversation, by informing her associates, that she heard an old aunt of her's, who was a very creditable person, say, on the credit of another old lady, of as unimpeachable veracity as herself, that the grandmother of the young woman in question, was very harshly spoken of about sixty or seventy years ago, which was long before most of the company present had received existence.

The young Clairvilles listened with equal attention and disgust. They admired the retentive memory, and lamented the depraved taste of those propagators of scandal, who find a malicious pleasure in publishing the misconduct of their neighbours, and perpetuating the remembrance of those follies or vices, which ought first to operate as a warning to others, and then be pitied and forgotten.

In consequence of this afternoon's conversation, the young emigrées, with their sage Mentor, M. de Palaise, began to moralize on that strange depravity of mind which takes pleasure in telling or hearing those narratives of human weakness.

"What pity it is," cried Mademoiselle, "that conversation should so often turn on such mischievous or such trifling subjects. Where can arise the pleasure of raking out of the dust of oblivion the follies and frailties of those whose bodies are now bending under the decrepitude of age, or rotting in the silent grave."

"I suppose," said young Clairville, "that those who fabricate or publish the anecdotes of scandal, think to extenuate such of their own indiscretions as are known, or at least to prevent any suspicion of such as are concealed, and to impress on the minds of their hearers an opinion

of the propriety of their conduct, and the strictness of their morals, by their ostensible disapprobation of vice in others. I am the more inclined to be of this opinion, from observing that deviations from the path of virtue are generally the most diligently traced, and the most industriously published by those who, if we may believe the reports of common fame, have not been themselves paragons of prudence, nor patterns of chastity."

"These considerations, especially the latter," answered M. de Palaise, "have undoubtedly some weight in the minds of those who delight in scrutinizing the conduct, and exposing the vices and follies of their neighbours. When a person is conscious of some deviation from the path of moral rectitude or prudential discretion, he naturally imagines that the frequency of such violations of morality and decorum, will render them less glaring, and diminish their deformity in proportion to the increase of their number. He flatters himself that his own foibles will be less conspicuous among a crowd of similar instances, as in contemplating a multiplicity of objects, how striking soever any one might singly appear, it becomes far less observable by being in so numerous a group; or if these objects be viewed in succession, each one, by striking the eye and the mind, contributes to weaken the impression made by the preceding ones. It is thus that a person conscious of some indiscretion, and imagining the eye of observation turned towards him, naturally thinks that his own misconduct will be less noticed, and more easily excused, when accompanied with a number of parallel cases, and that every deviation observed among his neighbours will draw the public attention from him, by directing it towards the last discovered failure."

"These arguments, however," said Mademoiselle de Clairville, "are equally applicable to all situations, and the principle on which they are founded being interwoven in the moral system, and fixed in human nature, must operate equally in town and country; but our own observations have convinced us that the spirit of investigating the private concerns of others, of censuring their conduct, and calumniating their characters, is more prevalent and active in country villages than in large and populous cities."

"This," replied M. de Palaise, "is to be ascribed to the difference in the state of society in those different situations. Curiosity is so natural to the human mind, that scarcely any one is entirely free from its impulse. Every one is desirous of obtaining some information relative to subjects, either of an important or trivial nature. Where the former are wanting, the lat-

ter mutually attract attention, and thus trifles become interesting."

The young Clairville here interrupted the sage instructor—"Permit me, Sir," said he, "to mention a remark which I have frequently made in the course of our excursion: the legends of superstition, the tales of scandal, and all the farrago of absurdities that occupy the minds and exercise the tongues of the people with whom I have of late so frequently conversed, are generally prescribed as the topics only of female gossips, and on that account are denominated old women's tales; an expression which seems to indicate their peculiar and exclusive appropriation to that class of beings; but to my exceeding great surprize, I have generally found the same ideas equally prevalent, and the same subjects of conversation equally common among the men as among the other sex. Their notions are absurd, and their conversation, for the most part, as uninteresting; and the male and female gossips appear, in this respect, to differ only in sex. In their mutual associations they are perfectly similar, and both may be included in one general representation."

"This, my dear Sir," returned M. de Palaise, "ought not to excite your astonishment: Nature has made no difference in the male and female intellect. The mental endowments of the latter are in no respect inferior to those of the former sex, and where any such inferiority ex-

ists, it is the result of education and habits of life. From a difference in these originates all the disparity in intellectual powers that can be observed between the two sexes, and which is no longer discoverable when similar circumstances, or equal opportunities, have called female abilities into exertion, and given expansion to their ideas. Females have made a distinguished figure in every situation of life, as well as in every department of science and literature; and you are not ignorant that the number of those who have been eminent for their talents, as well as their virtues, crowd the page of history. In native vigour of mind, and in understanding, one sex cannot claim any advantage over the other; and your own observations in this place, may convince you, that where the education of both is nearly equal, and the habits of life strikingly similar, their ideas will be confined within the same circle. Absurd ideas, and scandalous reports, indeed, are held up to ridicule by their appropriation to old occurrences; but although custom has established this kind of phraseology, we are only to consider it as a figurative mode of expression, indicative of mental debility, or moral profligacy; for in this signification of the term, there are old women in breeches as well as in petticoats, and indeed it is not easy to determine which are the most numerous.

[To be continued.]

THE CRUSADES.

Few expeditions are more extraordinary than those which were undertaken for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Turks by the Crusades. They took the name of Crusaders, or Croises, from the cross which they wore on their shoulders, in gold, silk, or cloth; in the first crusade all were red, in the third the French alone preserved that colour, while green crosses were adopted by the Flemings, and white by the English; each company likewise bore a standard on which was painted a cross.

If we consider the great number of Europeans who were engaged in them, or their long and obstinate perseverance in the same design, notwithstanding numerous hardships, losses, and defeats; and if we reflect upon the important consequences with which those enterprises were attended, both to themselves and their descendants, the history of the crusades, including a period of one hundred and seventy-five years, from A. D. 1095 to 1270, will be found to deserve particular

regard, and to be connected with a right understanding of the feudal system.

From the era of the crusades may be traced the diffusion of several kinds of knowledge, and from the communication of the western with the eastern nations, arose a succession of causes, which with different degrees of influence, or with more or less rapidity, contributed to introduce order and improvement into society. Judea, or the Holy Land, was the highest object of veneration to the Christians of the middle ages; there had lived the Son of God, there he had performed the most astonishing miracles, and there he had suffered death for the sins of the world. His holy sepulchre was preserved at Jerusalem; and as a degree of veneration was annexed to this place, nearly approaching to idolatry, a visit to it was regarded as the most meritorious service which could be paid to Heaven, and it was eagerly frequented by crowds of pilgrims from every part of Europe.

If it be natural to the human mind to survey those spots which have been the abodes of illustrious persons, or the scenes of great transactions, with delight, what must have been the veneration with which the Christians of those times, the ruling passion of whose mind was religious enthusiasm, regarded a country which the Almighty had selected as the residence of his beloved Son, and the place where that Son had shed his precious blood to expiate the sins, and accomplish the redemption of mankind. The zealous travellers who made a pilgrimage to Palestine, were long exposed to the insults, extortions, and cruelty of the Infidels; but at length their complaints roused the Europeans to attempt their expulsion.

THE FIRST CRUEADE FROM A. D. 1095 TO 1099.

Peter, surnamed the Hermit, a native of Amiens, in Picardy, was the most zealous and indefatigable promoter of this first expedition; he was a man of acute understanding, and keen observation; in the garb of a pilgrim he had visited the holy sepulchre, and had noticed the insults and hardships to which the Christians were exposed. He brought letters from the Patriarch of Jerusalem to Pope Urban II. in which their sufferings were described in the most pathetic terms; and the Christian states of Europe were exhorted to redress their grievances, and retaliate upon their Infidel tyrants, from an apprehension that the Turks, more ferocious, and more subtle than the Saracens, were aiming at universal empire. The ambassadors of the Greek Emperor, Alexius Comnenus, represented in the council of Placentia, to the numerous bishops and clergy there assembled, the imminent danger of their master, and his capital, from the vicinity of the Turks.

The Pope afterwards, in a great council held at Clermont, enlarged upon the same topics, and stated, that the desire of the Turks for empire could only be satisfied with the conquest of the whole world. The indignation and ardour of persons of all ranks were excited, and they resolved to commence the expedition to the Holy Land without delay. Peter the Hermit, with sandals on his feet, and a rope round his waist, led the way; a great number of devotees, chiefly peasants, neither furnished with necessities, nor regulated by discipline, followed his steps; their ignorance magnified their hopes, and lessened the dangers of the undertaking. In the forests of Hungary and Bulgaria, many of them fell a sacrifice to the indignation of the inhabitants, provoked by their rapine and plunder. A pyramid of bones, erected by Solyman, the Emperor of the Turks, near the city of Nice, marked the spot where many of those who penetrated farther

than their companions, had been defeated; and of the first crusaders very great numbers are said to have perished before a single city was taken from the Infidels. These misfortunes were so far from extinguishing, that they rather tended to increase the enthusiasm of the Christians. The most eminent chieftains of the age, renowned for their prowess in arms, engaged in the crusade without delay. Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Brabant, a descendant of the Emperor Charlemagne, with his two brothers, Eustace and Baldwin, Hugh, Count of Vermandoes, brother to the King of France, Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, King of England, Robert, Count of Flanders, Steven, Count of Blois, one of the richest and most powerful princes of that age, the number of whose castles equalled that of the days of the year, were the leaders of the French, the Norman, and the English forces. Adhemar the legate of the Pope, and Raimond, Count of Thoulouse, took the command of those who went from the south of France, Lombardy, and Spain; Bohemond, and his cousin, the accomplished Tancred, princes of the Norman race, were accompanied by several nobles of that province; they were followed by their numerous adherents and vassals, whose services were either prompted by zeal and attachment to their respective lords, or purchased with rewards and promises.

Their principal force was cavalry, chiefly composed of gentlemen invested with the honour of knighthood. When their collected forces were mustered upon the plains of Bithynia, the knights and their martial attendants amounted to 100,000 fighting men, completely armed with the helmet and coat of mail. The princess Anna, the daughter of the Greek Emperor, compared their numbers, but much in the style of Eastern exaggeration, to locusts, to leaves of trees, or the sands of the sea. Constantinople was at that time the largest, as well as the most beautiful city in Europe; it alone retained the image of ancient manners and arts; it was the place where manufactures of the most curious fabric were wrought, and was the mart of Europe for all the commodities of the East; the seat of empire, elegance, and magnificence, was appointed as a general rendezvous for all the crusaders.

Several contemporary writers were witnesses to this singular assembly of different nations, and they have given a lively picture of the characters and manners of each people. When the polite natives of the metropolis of the East speak of the northern warriors, they describe them as barbarous, illiterate, fierce, and savage; and they sometimes inveigh against them with great severity, and relate instances of their violence in

terms not unlike those which preceding historians had employed in describing the incursions of the Goths and Vandals, when they overturned the Roman empire. On the other hand, the crusaders, while they despised the effeminate manners and unwarlike character of the Greeks, were surprised at the wealth and magnificence of their metropolis.

The progress of the crusaders was attended with many flattering instances of their success; they took Nice, at that time the capital of the Turkish empire, the seat of Sultan Solymán in Asia Minor, and they defeated him in two pitched battles. After crossing mount Taurus, they besieged Antioch, a place of great strength. Before the capture of that important place, many of their troops were lost by famine, and after it, many perished by pestilence; but undismayed by these misfortunes they continued their zealous career. The lofty walls of Jerusalem at length struck their eyes; and as soon as they beheld this hallowed object of their affections, they raised a general shout of joy, and then devoutly fell prostrate on their faces, and kissed the ground whereon the Redeemer of mankind had dignified to tread. The city was strong both by nature and art, and defended by the Saracen Caliph of Egypt, at the head of a garrison well-appointed, and more numerous than the Christian army.

Forty days were employed in the siege, at the end of which they took the city by storm; in the ardour of rage and victory they put multitudes of Jews and Turks to the sword; and such was their thirst for the extirpation of the Infidels, that according to the candid account which Godfrey himself gives of the transaction, so great was the slaughter of the enemy in the Temple of Solymán, that his men stood in blood above the ankles. They then walked with naked feet in solemn procession to the holy sepulchre, thence to return thanks for so great a victory. The Arabian writers assert, that they continued the massacre of the Turks, in the adjacent country, for several weeks together, and assembling all the Jews, burned them in their temple. The Latin historians are very far from contradicting these statements, nor do they relate any instances of clemency on this occasion. On Robert, Duke of Normandy, declining the honour, Godfrey of Bouillon, the most worthy of the champions of Christendom, was proclaimed King of Jerusalem. In imitation of his Saviour, he was crowned with thorns; he rejected the appendages of royalty, and contented himself with the modest title of Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre (1099). Many of his companions returned to Europe; and his short reign, which continued only one year, did not give him time to establish his new kingdom.

The conquests acquired in this first crusade were comprised within the small territory of Jerusalem, the dominion of which lasted rather longer than fourscore years; the principality of Antioch and Edessa, extending over Mesopotamia, possessed by Bohemond, and retained about forty years; and the Tiberiad, assigned to Tancred. Encouraged by such delusive prospects of establishing a Christian empire in the Holy Land, the Pope and the clergy continued to recommend this sacred war with increased ardour. It was still represented to the people as the cause of God and of Christ, in which death would confer the merit of martyrdom, and paradise would be equally the reward of defeat or victory.

THE SECOND CRUSADE, A. D. 1147.

Forty eight years after the deliverance of Jerusalem the second crusade was undertaken. St. Bernard, famed for his eloquence and piety, and the great influence which he obtained amongst the people, flourished at the beginning of the twelfth century; armed with the authority of the Pope, Eugene III. he fanned the flame of military fanaticism with a voice which was in every place obeyed without delay, he called the nations to the protection of the holy sepulchre. The fame of his pretended miracles and predictions removed every doubt of success from the minds of his credulous hearers; insomuch, that all who were able to bear arms were eager to participate in the glory of this warfare. Bernard was invited by the bishops and nobles of France, to become a leader in the expedition, which he so zealously recommended, but the Pope would not allow him to accept the flattering office.

The event proved him more fortunate in advancing the interests of the church than in the success of his projects, or the fulfilment of his predictions. The court of Rome profited by his labours, and canonized his memory. Conrad III. Emperor of Germany, and Louis VII. King of France, were the principal leaders in the second crusade; from the hands of Bernard they received the cross, with assurances, that he had authority from Heaven to promise them victory. Their cavalry was composed of one hundred and forty thousand knights, and their immediate attendants; and if even the light armed troops, the women, and children, the priests and monks, be excluded from the computation of their effective forces, their number will amount to four hundred thousand souls. Manuel the Emperor of the Greeks was accused by his own subjects of giving intelligence of the plans of the crusaders to the Turkish Sultan, and of providing them with treacherous guides. The conduct of the Christian leaders was dictated by no sound policy, or vigorous

co-operation; instead of endeavouring to crush the common foe by a pre-concerted attack at the same time on different sides of his territories, Louis of France had scarcely passed the Bosphorus when he was met by the returning Emperor, who had lost the greatest part of his army in a battle on the banks of the Meander. The King of France advanced through the same country to a similar fate, and was glad to shelter the relics of his army in the sea port of Satalia. At Jerusalem these unfortunate monarchs met to lament their sad reverses of fortune. The slender remnants of their army were joined to the Christian powers of Syria, and a fruitless siege of Damascus was the final effort of the second crusade.

THE THIRD CRUSADE, A. D. 1190.

The great Saladin, Sultan of Egypt and Syria, encouraged by the inactivity or weakness of the Christian princes, re-conquered the kingdom of Jerusalem, and after a siege of fourteen days took the holy city itself, and planted upon its walls the banners of Mahomet. He treated Sybilla the Queen, a descendant of Count Baldwin, and her consort, Guy of Lusignan, his captives, with kindness, and allowed his Christian prisoners their liberty on condition of paying a moderate ransom. By the report of these disasters, the zealous princes of Europe were again roused to arms, and Frederic Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England, and Phillip Augustus, King of France, resolved to retrieve the honour of the Christian arms. They were reinforced not only by the fleets of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice, but with the warriors of Flanders and Denmark, remarkable for their lofty stature, and the use of the battle-axe. With Lusignan at their head they besieged the city of Acre, thirty miles to the south of Tyre, and about seventy from Jerusalem.

The siege, which continued for two years, was remarkable for nine battles fought by the united Moslems of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, and the Christians in the neighbourhood of Mount Carmel. The camp of the Christians was wasted by famine, and Saladin heard with joy that the Emperor of Germany had died on his march. The English fleet, assailed by a violent storm, was driven on the coast of Cyprus: Isaac Comnenus, the despot of the place, pillaged the stranded ships, and threw the sailors into prison; but the gallant Richard took ample vengeance for this act of inhumanity, he attacked the plunderer, who opposed his landing, took him prisoner, and loaded him with chains, he entered Lomisso his capital by storm, and conferred the command of the island upon Guy of Lusignan, the expelled King of Jerusalem. At length, however, the fleets of Richard and of Phillip, cast anchor in the bay of

Acre, and they had the joint honour of taking the place. A capitulation was granted, on condition of a ransom of 200,000 pieces of gold, the deliverance of 100 nobles, and 1500 inferior captives, and the restoration of the wood of the genuine cross of Christ. The delay in the execution of the treaty, inflamed the rage of the conquerors, and three thousand Turks are said to have been beheaded, almost in the view of the Sultan, by the orders of Richard.

Soon after the surrender of Acre, Phillip quitted Palestine, and Richard Cœur de Lion had the chief command, and added the cities of Cæsarea and Jaffa to the kingdom of Lusignan; he led the main body of the Christian army at the battle of Ascalon against Saladin and his numerous host. The two wings were broken in the beginning of the fight, by the impetuous Sultan, but Richard renewed the attack with admirable intrepidity of conduct, and turned the fortune of the conquest to complete victory. He advanced within a day's march of Jerusalem, and intercepted a caravan of seven thousand camels. Roused by a report that Jaffa was surprised by Saladin, he sailed for the place, and leaped first on the shore; the Saracens and Turks fled before him in wild dismay. On the following morning they returned, and found him carelessly encamped with only seventeen knights and three hundred archers; regardless of their numbers, he sustained their charge, and grasping his lance rode along their front without meeting a single adversary who dared to oppose his career.

In the course of this active campaign, some circumstances occurred to soften the rigour of hostilities, even presents were exchanged by the courteous warriors; and snow and fruit, were given by Saladin, and Norway hawks were exchanged for Arabian horses. The health of both Saladin and Richard began to decline, and each wished a return to his own dominions.

Richard especially, was eager to depart for Europe, as the perfidious Phillip, in violation of his solemn oath, had taken advantage of his absence to invade Normandy, then a province of England. A treaty was concluded, on condition that Jerusalem, and the holy sepulchre, should be open without tribute, or molestation to the Latin pilgrims, that the Christians should possess the sea coast from Jaffa to Tyre, and that for three years and three months, all hostilities should cease. The English monarch informed Saladin that he might depend on his return to the Holy Land to try his fortune once more. The Sultan, with a degree of courtesy which would have done honour to the most refined age, replied, that if it must be his misfortune to lose that part of his dominions, he would rather lose it to the King of England than to any other monarch in the

world. The death of Saladin, not long after, inspired the Christians with no small exultation, as he had obstructed the career of their conquests more than any General that had opposed them. He was exemplary for his piety and his temperance; his drink was water only, and he wore a coarse woollen garment; during his last illness he ordered a shroud to be carried through the city, while a cryer went before the procession, and proclaimed with a loud voice,—"This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin, Sultan of the East."

As Richard Cœur de Lion was on his return home, he was shipwrecked near Aquileia. He travelled in the habit of a pilgrim, but the liberality of his expences betrayed him, and he was thrown into prison by Leopold Duke of Austria, whom he had offended at the siege of Acre. This sordid prince sold him to the Emperor Henry the Sixth, who had taken offence at Richard's alliance with the King of Sicily. The place of his captivity was carefully concealed by his enemies, but it was discovered by Blondel, a provincial bard and minstrel, who had shared his friendship and his bounty; having travelled over many parts of Europe to learn the fate of his beloved master, the active Blondel at length gained intelligence, that in a certain castle in Germany, a noble prisoner was confined, and closely guarded. The gates of the castle were barred against him, but he was determined to try an expedient for making the desired discovery: he chaunted, with a loud voice, some verses of a song which had been composed, partly by Richard, and partly by himself; and, to his unspeakable joy, when he paused, the second part was continued by the royal captive. This discovery is said to have led to his release. Vain were the remonstrances of the bishops of Normandy to the Pope in his behalf, exhorting him to draw the sword of St. Peter against the Emperor, for doing violence against one of the soldiers of the church. And as ineffectual, for some time, were the spirited letters of Eleonora, the mother of Richard, to the Pope.

The mercenary Emperor at last, not influenced by the Pope's threats of excommunication, but by the offer of a large ransom, restored Richard to liberty A. D. 1194, after a captivity of a year. Pierced by an arrow at the siege of the castle of Calais, his death happened about five years after, A. D. 1199. His formidable name is said to have been continued in proverbial sayings in the East. It was used for sixty years after by the Syrian mother, to silence her child; and the rider was wont to exclaim to his starting horse, "Dost thou think King Richard is in that bush?"—The Arabian historians have added to his fame, and mention him as one of the bravest champions of the Cross.

The exploits of the crusaders, and especially of Richard Cœur de Lion, may be thought to resemble the marvellous stories of romantic times, yet, what has happened in our own days, and even upon the spot where Richard displayed his valour as a warrior of the Cross, may be adduced as a strong proof of their truth. Before the walls of Acre, the Turks have again witnessed the persevering intrepidity of Britons; for there "the dauntless seaman," with his brave associates in danger and glory, stopped the progress of a French army, and compelled their leader, baffled, and astonished at courage, not surpassed even by the crusaders of Britain, to desist from his darling enterprize, and abandon the conquest of Syria.

THE FOURTH CRUSADE, 1202.

The French, commanded by Baldwin, Count of Flanders, in alliance with the Venetians, embarked in the fourth crusade: they espoused the cause of the young Alexius, the son of the deposed Emperor Isaac. Constantinople was taken by the inferior army of the crusaders; and the timid usurper, basely deserting his fair daughter, Irene, and his subjects, carrying away much treasure, privately retreated through the Bosphorus. The old Emperor was restored to his throne, only to be again loaded with chains by Alexius Ducas, a relation, who put him and his son to death, and assumed the Imperial purple. With the consent of the tumultuous populace, the Latins, to revenge these atrocities, again attacked the city; and such was the terror of the Greeks, on their approach, that Nicetas, one of their historians, relates, that the thousands of troops, who guarded the Emperor's person, fled at the approach of a single French hero. The conquerors, unmoved by the solemn procession and abject supplications of the Greek priests, indulged in the licence allowed to those who take a city by storm, except the effusion of blood. They divided from a common stock the gold, silver, silks, velvet, furs, gems, and spices, and other treasures of the most splendid city in the world (1204). They profaned the sacred vessels and ornaments of the churches by common use, melted down the beautiful antique statues of brass into money for the payment of the troops; and, in the true spirit of the age, reserved the heads, bones, crosses, and images of their saints, as the most precious trophies of their conquest. The Greek provinces were divided among the victorious crusaders of Venice, France, and Lombardy. Dandolo, the Doge of Venice, who had taken a most active part in the enterprize, was proclaimed Governor of Romania, and ended at Constantinople his glorious life. Five Latin Emperors, of the houses of Flanders

and Courtenay, succeeded to the Imperial throne, and Constantinople was for sixty years in possession of the Latins.

Few of the conquerors recollected their original solemn engagement to succour Jerusalem, and only those repaired thither who could gain none of the spoils of the Greeks. Some of the Imperial family of the Comneni preserved the wreck of the empire, and founded two small kingdoms, one at Nice, in Bithynia, the other at Tribisond, between the sea and Mount Caucasus. They took Villehardouin, Prince of Achais, prisoner, and thus deprived the Latins of their most powerful vassal.

The Genoese took part with the Greeks, and some Greek peasants engaged in a stratagem to admit a party of soldiers by a secret way into the city. They succeeded, set it on fire in four different places, and caused Baldwin, the affrighted emperor, precipitately to fly with Justinian the patriarch; and some of his friends (1261.) Michael Palæologus, with the empress, his wife, and their little son Andronicus, entered the city in solemn procession, on foot, by the golden gate, and gained the throne. He caused Alexius Cæsar, his General, by whose address and bravery he had recovered it, to be carried in triumph. He wore a crown scarcely inferior to the Imperial diadem, and his statue was placed upon a lofty pillar.

THE FIFTH CRUSADE (1207.)

This furnished, at its commencement, another instance of the Christians assuming the badge of the Cross, not against Infidels, but against those who professed the same faith with themselves. Innocent the Third, who established the inquisition, and to whose legate, John, King of England, resigned his crown, instigated Simon de Montford, at the head of a great army, to extirpate the Albigsés, who were stigmatised as heretics. He likewise excited Andrew, King of Hungary, and John de Brienne, to make a crusade to Egypt, where their camp was inundated by the crafty Sultan; and they were happy to capitulate, for a secure but disgraceful return to Europe, on condition of not invading Egypt for eight years.

THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH CRUSADES (A. D. 1249, AND 1270).

The two last crusades were undertaken by

Louis the Ninth of France, commonly called St. Louis, as he was canonized after his death. He was a prince eminent for his love of justice, and his strict impartiality in adjusting the claims of the neighbouring states, who, from his well-known honour, frequently appealed to his decisions. His virtues, however, were clouded by the fanatical spirit of the times, and the ardour with which he twice encountered the Infidels, was by no means inferior to any of his predecessors. With a fleet of 1800 ships, and a well appointed army of 50,000 men, he made an expedition to the coast of Egypt. At the first assault he took Damietta, but this was the only trophy of his conquest, for advancing along the banks of the Nile, his troops were harassed by the Egyptian galleys, and the Arabs of the desert. They intercepted all provisions, and his army, reduced by sickness and famine, were obliged to surrender; all who could not redeem their lives by service, or ransom, were inhumanly massacred, and the walls of Cairo were covered with Christian heads. The king was loaded with chains, but the conqueror, a descendant of Saladin, sent him a robe of honour, and ransomed him and his nobles, on condition that Damietta should be restored, and a vast sum of gold should be paid. The King of France, with the relics of his army, was permitted to embark for Palestine, where he passed four years without being able to efface the impression of his military disgrace.

After a repose of sixteen years, he undertook the last of the crusades. He steered for the coast of Africa, accompanied by his three sons, his nephew, and the great lords of his court, either to punish the King of Tunis for interrupting the free passage of the Mediterranean, or to convert him to the Christian faith. On the barren sands of Africa, his army, sinking under the heat of a burning sun, was quickly reduced to a small number, and the king expired in his tent. His brother, the King of Sicily, arrived soon after, and saved the relics of the gallant crusaders from destruction. His son Phillip, named the Hardy, defeated the King of Tunis; and, after making a truce, in which it was stipulated that the Moors should pay a double tribute for fifteen years, and the Christian missionaries be allowed to preach in his dominions, which were conditions imposed to save the honour of these crusaders, he returned to Europe.

HISTORY OF BELISE.

A STORY FOUNDED ON WELL KNOWN FACTS.

MR. EDITOR,

In the following story, in which I formed a party, be worthy of insertion in your valuable Magazine (and I think I may presume from its very superior quality, its interest, and authenticity, that it cannot be objectionable), you are welcome to make what use of it you choose. The names are, of course, fictitious; but many will recognize the facts. I am, &c.

BELINDA.

In the county of Devon lived a lady, whom, for particular reasons, I shall call Belise. Her father was a gentleman of the neighbourhood, a man of birth and ample estate. She was an only child, and this was the first misfortune of her life. Her parents, with a blind fondness too usual with such children, indulged her from earliest infancy in every wish, and thus encouraged in her that sickly delicacy of mind which was of so fatal consequence to her future happiness. Her next misfortune was the loss of her mother, when she had scarcely attained her twelfth year. Belise upon this event left school, whence she was called to the consolation of her father; and his affection would not suffer her to return.

A governess was taken into the house, and every master of eminence in every elegant accomplishment engaged to attend her. With advantages like these, the most inferior talents might have become respectable; but the quick mind, the lively imagination of Belise, her ready wit, and prompt conception turned these opportunities to the best account.

In the neighbourhood of Belise, and within a few miles of her house, lived two gentlemen, who, by the death of their fathers, had obtained an early possession of their estates. Those were the chief candidates for her favour. Her father had referred them to Belise herself, informing them that the education he had given his daughter enabled her to chuse for herself, and that, wherever that choice might fall, it should be confirmed by his consent. With this candid answer, the gentlemen began their addresses, and exerted themselves to gain her good opinion. Belise had some difficulty to decide between her lovers. If Lysander had the better wit, Acasto had the better person; if Lysander had more of the manly character, Acasto had more of that suppleness which enabled him to assume the tone

of every one with whom he conversed. In the wit of Lysander there was an acuteness which inspired something of dread; Acasto was gay and trifling, easy to his own faults, and indifferent to those of others: Acasto, in short, was the more agreeable lover, but Lysander seemed best suited for the husband. As Belise and myself have walked up the lanes, we would often dispute on the different qualities of the two lovers. One day, however, a circumstance happened which determined her choice. As it marks the singularity of her character, and has something strange in itself, I will relate it.

One morning as we were walking before the house, and conversing as usual on their separate merits, the caprice took me to speak in favour of Acasto, in order to judge how the heart of my friend was disposed.

"Well, for my part," I exclaimed, "were I to determine, Belise, my choice should fall upon Acasto."

"But he is so great a coxcomb," she replied.

"That is, my dear," returned I, "he has so much of that gaiety and good humour which please the generality of our sex, and is so unusual among men; and if the greater part abuse it, it is that they want talents to reach it. It is a customary kind of policy to affect to despise what they have not the power to attain. It is an artifice that saves our credit, and converts our incapacity to acquire a quality into the seeming virtue of despising it. Shew me any man," I continued, "with the gifts of a coxcomb, who has not become a coxcomb. Moreover, if we may believe the moralists, those marriages are generally the most happy where the parties are most alike—where there is most harmony of temper and most similitude of pursuit. Now let me ask you, my dear, what can more resemble a woman than a coxcomb?"

Belise laughed, and added, that I had pleaded the cause well. "And here," she cried, "comes your client—demand your fee."

We were now joined by Acasto, who, dismounting, and leading his horse, begged we might continue our conversation, and enquired into the nature of it.

"Certainly," replied Belise; "we have fallen into an argument upon which of two qualities a rational preference should be grounded—wit and good-humour are the subjects. This lady has taken the part of good humour, and I have

taste with which we have perhaps inspired them; this inconstancy which, it is true, they carry to excess, with respect to objects of ornament or dress, reflects more severely perhaps on our levity than on theirs. They are afraid to appear the same, because they are rather distrustful of our constancy; they renew themselves, as it were, every day, in order to furnish fresh reasons for our homage; they attempt to fix us by our inconstancy itself, and are well aware that they must proceed by leaps and bounds, to keep pace with the heart of man.

I cannot venture to affirm that this motive is the only cause of the instability of the fashions, many other causes are sometimes combined with it, and are less flattering for our sex; but let us preserve at least, if possible, the happy illusion, which frequently forms the most genuine portion of our pleasures.

For my part I am fully convinced that when the men become less frivolous, the women will be less inconstant. The object of women is to please, and their nice discernment gives them a perfect knowledge of what is calculated to afford us pleasure. The means they employ are therefore deduced from our particular inclinations, as the bait which conceals the perfidious hook is always adapted to the taste of the fish which is intended to be caught. If women make mistakes, it is not in the theory, but sometimes, as we shall presently see, in the execution; they draw false conclusions from a true principle.

Some authors have sung the praises of fashion, considering it in an economical and political view; they have beheld in it an interesting and productive branch of commerce, a real gold mine, advantageous to all the states that can work it with skill, an increase of luxury necessary for the general circulation—but these writers are mistaken.

Much, both of good and bad, has been advanced concerning luxury, and were we to collect all that has been said of it by its partizans and its enemies, we should find that the arguments in its favour are perhaps inferior in strength to those that have been produced against it; but we have already treated of the luxury of the sex, and therefore it is not in that point of view that we shall now consider fashion.

In our enquiry concerning fashion, we shall examine only the tyrannical power which it exercises over us, and which, as I have already observed, fascinates our eyes to such a degree as to cause us to discover charms in objects which we had condemned, and to make us despise what once appeared enchanting—a foible of a most extraordinary nature, and which has at all times been an object of censure.

It is universally admitted, that no nation are

such abject slaves to this tyrant as the French. This brings to my recollection a very curious caricature. A painter had represented the different nations of the world in the costume of their respective countries; but the Frenchman was naked, and had a bundle under his arm; underneath the painter had written these words, "As this man changes his fashion every moment, we have given him the stuff, that he may get it made up in any fashion he pleases."

The artist probably borrowed this idea from an Italian book, printed a great many years ago, in which is related the following anecdote:—A fool walked stark naked through the streets carrying a piece of cloth under his arm; being asked why he went without clothes, as he had materials for making them, he replied, "I am waiting to see when the fashions will stop, because I will not have the cloth made up into a dress which in a short time I should not be able to wear, on account of some new fashion."

This love of change is of very ancient date in the neighbouring kingdom of France; Montaigne reproaches his countrymen with it, and it is of the French that he says, "I complain of their particular indiscretion, in suffering themselves to be so exceedingly duped and blinded by the authority of present usage, as to be capable of changing their opinion and ideas every month, if it should so please custom, and of judging so differently of themselves; when they wore the busk of their doublets at the breast, they produced forcible reasons for maintaining that it was in its proper place; a few years afterwards, when it was removed down to between the thighs, they ridiculed the former fashion, as absurd and not to be endured. The present mode of dress cause them immediately to condemn the former, with such unanimity that you would say, it must be some kind of madness which thus deranges their understandings; because our changes are so sudden and so rapid in this respect, that the invention of all the tailors in the world would not be able to furnish novelties enough."

What would Montaigne say were he to come to life again, and to see to what a pitch this ridiculous love of novelties, this general propensity for change, has arrived, were he to behold his countrywomen engaged in varying without any other motive than that of variation; dressing to-day in a different manner from what they did yesterday, not to appear better, but merely for the pleasure of appearing otherwise; abandoning a handsome costume, not to make way for one still more handsome, but to adopt one which nobody ever saw before!

But Fashion has extended her empire in France in a very different manner. Not content with dictating laws to the Graces, with prescribing the

fashion of our clothes, the colour of the stuff, or the number of the folds that should be made in the bosom of a coxcomb's shirt; she has likewise subjected the arts, sciences, language, nay even diseases, and the art of curing them, to her invisible power. It would be a mark of extreme vulgarity to make use of a medicine which is out of fashion; and those who have had the misfortune to commit such an error, may, indeed, congratulate themselves on their cure, but they must not boast of it.

It would be extremely curious to compare the annals of medicine for the last two hundred years. No journal, perhaps, bears so perfect a resemblance to the *Journal of Fashions and Modes*. In the latter, we see caps and dresses successively replaced with fresh caps and dresses; in the *Medical Journal*, we find systems and processes replaced by other systems and other methods of cure. Thus we have seen hot baths in fashion, and then cold baths, which, in their turn, have been prescribed, and made way for the return of hot baths. We have seen bleeding become the universal remedy, and soon afterwards it was unanimously agreed that it killed a great number of patients. Water was, for a length of time, a cure for all diseases; and a celebrated Doctor now tells us, that wine has cured patients, who would certainly have died, had the physicians come in time to prescribe medicines for them—a fine confession truly in the mouth of a physician! During a long, and, indeed, too long a period, purgatives were administered; fashion then caused emetics to be substituted in their stead. The transfusion of the blood, emetic wine, electricity, magnetism, galvanism, inoculation, bark, and Indian chesnuts, phosphorus, ice, gelatine, vaccination, &c. &c. have alternately been praised to the skies, as all-healing remedies. To-morrow will give birth to some new process, just in the same manner as *La Belle Assemblée* will furnish us with new hats and new dresses. In both the one and the other of these journals you see the system of the day universally extolled, and presently as universally decried. In the one you see the handsomest fashion last the shortest time, precisely because it is handsome, because every one adopts, and because it is not genteel to be like every body else; in the other, you see the simplest remedy soon decried, because it is within every one's reach; because all would adopt it, and it would derogate from the dignity and prosperity of the medical art. In *La Belle Assemblée*

the fashion of the day is always the only one admitted by good taste; in the *Medical Journal*, the system of the day is the only one avowed by science; and yet each day sadly witnesses the lie given to the oracle of the preceding; each day our fair milliner seduce us with new fashions, and each day our grave doctors terrify us with new processes. I beg pardon, gentlemen, but I was thinking of forty-eight glasses of water! forty-eight!*

I could multiply the features of resemblance which cannot subsist between the *Medical Journal* and *La Belle Assemblée*, but I should be accused of attempting to make an injurious comparison between the Graces who handle gauze and the Fates that hold the thread of our lives. I shall, therefore, be silent while the reader listens to the testimony of a physician—an authority, which, on such a subject, is not liable to suspicion.

"The sciences (says he), which, it would be supposed, from the grandeur and dignity of their character, ought never to bend to the yoke of fashion, are nevertheless unable at all times to preserve themselves from its influence. Medicine itself pays her tribute; not satisfied with enthusiastically extolling many new remedies, most of which are destitute of virtues, while the rest are rather prejudicial than profitable; not content with giving celebrity to doctors, whose history would furnish an excellent paragraph for the chapter of usurped reputations, it is likewise necessary that her influence should extend even to the most scientific combinations of physiology. Thus organic diseases have become fashionable; they are now to be met with wherever you go. Those of the heart are most in vogue, especially among the fair sex; and though they are all reputed mortal, by medical men, yet well authenticated instances of them have been seen to end very happily in a natural accouchement."

* The writer here alludes to a celebrated Bath physician, who recently prescribed forty-eight glasses of water a day as a cure for the gout, if I recollect right.

(To be continued.)

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

[Continued from Page 49]

SCENE IV.—*Cruelties towards Slaves; Carmion pares the nails; anxiety to have handsome hands and nails; Latris lets fall the case of the Mirror.*

WHILE this was passing, Donna Sabina had not been idle, or, to speak more correctly, she had found means to keep half a dozen of slaves in full employment about her person. We left her under the hands of her skillful hair-dresser. Nape had fortunately tied the bow in front, and completed the structure of a head-dress, which the rigid Tertullian so justly denominates enormous protuberances of hair pinned up and plaited together. And during all these preparations and decorations, there had as yet, a circumstance considered as a variety and almost miraculous, been no pins thrust into the arms and bosom of the busy Calamis, nor had the scourge been applied to the back or shoulders of the wretched Psecas or Latris.

It should be observed, that a cruel and sanguinary humour was the ordinary disposition manifested by Roman ladies of distinction at the toilette. Accustomed, from their early years, to the murderous fights of gladiators, or of animals at the amphitheatres, and to the bloody flagellations* of their slaves at home, they revenged, in the morning, on their attendants, every disappointment, and every vexation experienced during the preceding day or the past night. Woe to these unfortunate creatures if the love-letter was not delivered in due time, if an assignation in the Temple of Isis was disappointed; or if the mirror, alone a stranger to flattery, exhibited to the Donna, at the first look in the morning, a red nose, a fresh pimple on the chin, or other

traces of nocturnal orgies and debaucheries!—Her attendant damsels might then be as attentive as they would, they might possess the dexterity of the Graces and of the Hours, still they were sure to pay, with blood and tears, for the ill humour of their guilty mistress. It was, therefore, prescribed by the regulations relative to the custom of these much to be pitied servants, that while they were engaged in the dressing-room, and at the toilette of the Domina, they should appear perfectly naked down to the breasts,* that they might be ready to receive any chastisement she thought fit to inflict, even with scourges of plated wire, and to the ends of which were fastened pieces of bone or balls of metal. Whatever the Domina had in her hand, in the first emotion of passion, was converted into an instrument of punishment. The long and sharp-pointed needles, described in the second scene, was particularly convenient implements of torture for the miserable slaves. Nothing was more common than for the Domina to pierce the hair-dresser with these in the arms and breasts, if she had the misfortune, at that moment, to excite her displeasure. Hence the advice of the master, in the "Art of Love," to females, not to behave with petulance and cruelty to slaves, while at the toilette; if their lover happens to be present:—

But no spectators e'er allow to pry,
Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.
Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight,
To have the fair one comb her hair in sight;
To view the flowing honours of her head,
Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders spread.

* Let it only be recollected, that in every numerous family, there were particular slaves whose sole occupation consisted in scourging their fellow-slaves. They were denominated *Lorarii*. Instead of these, many Roman ladies (unless Juvenal has been guilty of exaggeration) employed, for these executions, the public flagellators, whom the Romans comprehended in the general term, *carnifices*, and whose business it was to inflict the cruel scourgings which preceded capital punishment, by way of torture, and paid them a regular annual salary for their trouble.

* That the most voluptuous effeminacy is capable of entering into horrid league with the most refined cruelty, has, in modern times, been demonstrated by the many furies of the guillotine and monsters of terrorism in the French revolution, such as Lebas, Carrier, &c. as also by that infernal novel, *Justine*, by the reading of which, as Retif de la Bretonne asserts, Danton used to excite his diabolical thirst of blood.

But let her look, that she with care avoid
 All fretful humours while she's so employ'd;
 Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
 All that her woman does, who does her best.
 I hate a vixen, that her maid assails,
 And scratches, with her bodkin or her nails,
 While the poor girl in blood and tears must
 mourn,
 And her heart curses what her hands adorn.

And in one of his love-elegies, in which he praises the beautiful hair of his Corinna, the poet expressly mentions, as a proof of his sensibility and tenderness, that the slave who dressed her hair, had never been thus barbarously treated on his account: "It was soft and pliable," says he, "bending into a thousand forms. Never did it give thee pain while dressing; nor did the pin or the teeth of the comb ever pull it out. Your maid never suffered while she was dressing it, for this operation was often performed in my presence; yet never did the aim of your Cypassis betray any marks of wounds from the hair-pins."

Sometimes the mirror itself, which first betrayed the neglect of the trembling hair-dresser, was thrown at the head of the culprit. Marshal describes a scene of this kind in the epigram addressed to Lalage, under which name he addresses one of these female furies at the toilette: "Of all her ringlets of her head-dress, one only slipped from under the pin. Lalage throws the mirror which shews her this mischance, at her unfortunat attendant. She tears her hair, till at length the unfortunate Plocusa falls beneath redoubled blows at her feet. Cease, Lalage, to adorn your mischievous hair; let not the hand of a slave again touch your insensate head. Let the scorching salamander crawl over it, let the razor de-poil it, and let your head henceforward appear as smooth as the surface of your mirror."

It was, nevertheless, a favour which called for their gratitude when the slaves received this chastisement from the hand of the Domina. Far more cruel was the punishment, when, in her anger, she directed it to be inflicted on the wretched culprit by a female brought up to this employment, and kept for that particular purpose. In this case, they were immediately seized, without mercy, and bound, by their twisted hair, to a door-post or a pillar, and lashed on their bare backs, with thongs cut from ox hides, or knotted cords, till the mistress pronounced the word "Enough!" or, "Go!"

A scene of this kind is delineated by the Roman satirist, Juvenal, with such energy and expression, as not to leave the slightest doubt of its truth. He says, of one of these ladies, "With tyrannic fury she storms and rages in
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the palace, as did formerly the despots of Sicily. If she has privately received a letter from her lover; if she has made an assignation to meet him in the garden of Cæsar, or in the shady grove of favouring Isis, the trembling Pæceas enters, with dishevelled hair, and naked to the waist, to arrange the head-dress of her mistress. 'Ha! why is that lock too high?' and the scourge instantly punishes the atrocious crime. And what fault has then Pæceas committed? Can she help it if the mirror shews an ugly pimple on the nose of her rigid mistress? Yet Pæceas must bleed for it. A second trembling slave takes her place, and curls and plaits the Domina's ringlets. Next to her stands an old woman, who was once expert at dressing hair, but is now removed to the distaff. She first gives her opinion, and after her the other slaves, who form an extensive circle, are heard according to their age and offices. A trial for life and death could not be held with more solemnity than this consultation upon the head-dress of the lady, which is mounted up, story after story, into a formidable tower.

What a revolting scene! but we shall not think it improbable, if we recollect what modern travellers, and eye-witnesses, have related concerning the ladies of the north, who cause the most painful punishments to be inflicted on their female attendants for the slightest offences; or how the unfeeling Creoles maltreat their negro slaves in the West Indies, almost without any occasion. From all that we already know of our Donna Sabina, she was capable of renewing such a scene at her toilette as often as the least cloud of ill-humour threw a gloom over her brow; and it was, perhaps, owing only to the dexterity and attention of Cypassis, and to the welcome visit of the flower-woman, Glycerium, that the Domina was this day rather milder and better tempered than usual. And yet I am under some concern for poor Latris, whose office it is to hold the mirror. Though the hair-dressers have withdrawn to give place to another class of attendants on the toilette, yet she is not relieved from her troublesome employment.*

* Many an emperious lady, even at the present day, takes particular delight in keeping her servants, for half an hour together, in the most unpleasant positions. Let the reader but recollect the lady-author, who used to write at night, made one of her chambermaids hold the inkstand; and obliged the poor creature to remain in that posture, even when she herself was overpowered by sleep.

(To be continued.)

ON THE STRUCTURE OF LANGUAGE;

OR,

RULES FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF EPISTOLARY COMPOSITION.

[Continued from Page 1]

THE preceding examples shew the importance of attending to the position of adverbs. Whenever they are placed at a distance from the noun they are intended to qualify, ambiguity will necessarily ensue.

The position of relatives is not of less consequence to the clearness of a sentence, than the position of adverbs: *relatives should adhere to their antecedents*. The disposition of the relative pronouns, *who, which, what, whose*, and of all those particles which connect the different parts of speech, is of the utmost consequence in language. It seldom happens that the sense is brought out clear, when a relative is remote from its antecedent; but even where the meaning is intelligible, we always find something awkward and disjointed in the structure of the sentence, when relatives are out of their proper place. "This kind of wit," says an author, "was very much in vogue among *our countrymen*, about an age or two ago; *who* did not practise it for any oblique reason, but purely for the sake of being witty." We are at no loss about the meaning here; but the construction would evidently be mended by disposing the circumstance, "about an age or two ago," in such a manner as not to separate the relative *who* from its antecedent *our countrymen*; in this way: "About an age or two ago this kind of wit was very much in vogue among our countrymen, *who* did not practise it," &c.

The following passages are far more censurable: "It is folly to pretend to arm ourselves against the accidents of life, by heaping up treasures *which* nothing can protect us against but the good providence of God." *Which* always refers grammatically to the substantive immediately preceding; and that, in the instance just given, is "treasures." The sentence ought to have stood thus: "It is folly to pretend, by heaping up treasures, to arm ourselves against the accidents of life, which nothing can protect us against but the good providence of God."—"We no where meet with a more pleasing or glorious show in nature," says Lord Shaftsbury, "than what appears in the heavens at the rising and setting of the sun, *which* is wholly made up of those different stains of light, which show themselves in clouds of a different situation."

As this sentence stands, it is the sun which is affirmed to be "made up of those different stains of light;" an affirmation which the succeeding part of the sentence proves to be foreign to his lordship's meaning. This whole sentence is so ill constructed, that there is no possibility of connecting the relative with its antecedent, but by giving the sentence another form. A letter now before me, from a school girl, contains the following passage: "This little performance was composed by M. d'Egville, for the purpose of showing off some of the *best dancers* in the school, *who* had built much upon the credit he should acquire by it." Here the relative *who* appears to relate to the *best dancers*, until we arrive at the pronoun *he*, which points out the relative's real antecedent. The sentence ought to have been arranged thus: "This little performance was composed by M. d'Egville, *who* had built much upon the credit he should acquire by it, for the purpose of showing off some of the best dancers in the school."

With regard to the relatives, it may be farther observed, that obscurity often arises from the too frequent repetition of them, particularly of the pronouns *who, they, them, and theirs*, when we have occasion to refer to different persons, as in the following sentence of Tillotson: "Men look with an evil eye upon the good that is in others, and think that *their* reputation obscures *them*, and *their* commendable qualities stand in *their* light; and therefore *they* do what *they* can to cast a cloud over *them*, that the bright shining of *their* virtues may not obscure *them*." This is altogether careless writing. When we find these personal pronouns crowding too fast upon us, we have often no method left but to throw the whole sentence into some form by which we may avoid those frequent references to persons who have before been mentioned. To have the relation of every word and member of a sentence marked in the most distinct manner, not only gives clearness to it, but makes the mind pass smoothly and agreeably along all the parts of it.

Having shewn the necessity of attending to the arrangement of words, I shall proceed to demonstrate that equal care should be exercised with respect to the disposition of circumstances,

and of particular members. *Circumstances should be so distributed in a sentence, as to demonstrate at first sight to what fact they relate.* An author, in his dissertation on parties, thus expresses himself: "Are these designs which any man, who is born a Briton, in any circumstances, in any situation, ought to be ashamed to avow?" From this disposition of the words "in any circumstances, in any situation," we are at a loss to know whether they relate to "a man born in Britain, in any circumstances, in any situation," or to that man's "avowing his designs in any circumstances, or in any situation into which he may be brought." If, as is probable, the latter were intended, the sentence ought to have run thus:—"Are these designs which any man, who is born a Briton, ought to be ashamed, in any circumstances, in any situation, to avow?" The following is another instance of a wrong arrangement of circumstances: "A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor." One would think that the search was confined to the sea-shore, but as the meaning is, that the great stone was found by the sea shore, the period ought to have run thus: "A great stone that, after a long search, I happened to find by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor."

In constructing a sentence we should be careful not to crowd too many circumstances together, but rather to intersperse them in different parts of the sentence, joined with the principal words on which they depend. For instance: "What I had the opportunity of mentioning to my friend, some time ago, in conversation, was not a new thought." These two circumstances, "some time ago," and "in conversation," which are here put together, would have had a better effect disjoined, thus: "What I had the opportunity, some time ago, of mentioning to my friend, in conversation, was not a new thought."

The correspondent members of a sentence should be brought into as close contact as possible. The following is an example of the wrong arrangement of a member: "The minister of state, who grows less by his elevation, like a little statue placed on a mighty pedestal, will always have his jealousy strong about him." Here, so far as can be gathered from the arrangement, it is doubtful whether the object introduced, by way of simile, relates to what goes before, or to what follows. This ambiguity is removed by the following order: "The minister of state, who, like a little statue placed on a mighty pedestal, grows less by his elevation, will always," &c.

Nothing should be suffered to intervene between a verb, or assertion, and the subject to which it refers; or between any word connected together in the thought. Although the grand source of a

disorderly style is the wrong collocation of adverbs, relatives, circumstances, and members of a sentence, it is not the only one. The relatives which subsist between the inferior parts of speech must be properly demonstrated, by arrangement, if we would express ourselves with accuracy. Writers who needlessly multiply words, and crowd a variety of particulars into one sentence are perpetually disjoining all the connectives. Lord Monboddo furnishes many instances of this, in his "Account of the Origin and Progress of Language." I have selected the two following:—In the first, speaking of puns, he says, "They gave great offence to many, and sometimes, I believe, did much mischief, for it was not unlikely that his pun, (when speaking of Octavius, he said, that the young man was *hucundus, ornandus, tollendus*;) upon the word '*tollendus*,' cost him his life. No one can read this sentence without perceiving that the words in italics ought have been joined, as "his pun upon the word *tollendus*." In the following instance, the verb and its nominative are so remote from each other, that on arriving at the former, we have to travel back to find what it refers to. "I cannot, at present, recollect any one instance of a Roman who, from *tedium vite*, low spirits, weak nerves, or whatever other name we choose to give to the effects of intemperance, or the indulgence of pleasure without any moderation, art, or economy, destroyed himself." The sentence should have been written thus: "I cannot, at present, recollect any one instance of a Roman who destroyed himself," &c. for then the verb would have immediately followed its nominative. The following passages from Addison are transgressions against the same rule: "For the English are naturally fanciful, and very often disposed, by that gloominess and melancholy of temper, which are frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and extravagancies, to which others are not liable." Here the verb or assertion is, by a pretty long circumlocution, separated from the subject to which it refers. This might have been easily prevented, by placing the circumstance before the verb, thus: "For the English are naturally fanciful, and by that gloominess and melancholy of temper which are so frequent in our nation, are often disposed to many wild notions," &c. "For as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may, some time or other be applied," &c. Better thus: "For as, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, no mortal author knows to what use, some time or other, his works may be applied."

This appears to be a proper place to observe, that when different things have an obvious relation to each other in respect to the order of na-

ture or time, that order should be regarded, in assigning them their places in a sentence; unless the scope of the passage requires to be varied. The conclusion of the following lines is inaccurate in this respect: But still there will be such a mixture of delight, as is proportioned to the degree in which any one of these qualifications is most conspicuous and prevailing. "The order in which the two last words are placed should have been reversed, and made to stand prevailing and conspicuous. They are conspicuous, because they prevail. The following sentence is a beautiful example of strict conformity to this rule. "Our sight fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action, without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyment." This passage follows the

order of nature. First, we have the variety of objects mentioned, which sight furnishes to the mind; next we have the action of sight on these objects; and lastly, we have the time and continuance of its action. No order could be more natural or exact.

These, and the examples given before, show how the sense may be obscured by an irregular order of the parts of a sentence. A little attention to the rules which have been laid down, will prevent similar faults occurring in the style of those who may be desirous of expressing themselves with perspicuity, accuracy, and elegance; and since there are none who will deny that the attainment of these properties is desirable, there are few, it is presumed, who will deem the pains requisite to acquire them too great an exertion.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

ON ASTRONOMY.

From a Work published in the last Month by the justly celebrated Mrs. BRYAN, entitled, "Lectures on Natural Philosophy, the result of many years' experience of the facts elucidated," the following extract is made. It is a lecture on Astronomy; and we doubt not but it will prove acceptable to such of our female readers as are ambitious of that scientific knowledge which is at once elegant and useful.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM EXPLAINED, &c.

SO grand, beautiful and sublime, is the whole scheme of the universe, that it requires the association of all the most elevating ideas to raise the mind to a pitch of thought capable of conveying even the weakest impression of its astonishing excellence! yet the assimilating power of science enables us to calculate many of its sublime effects, and to view and understand its resplendent beauties and most powerful energies, with ease, satisfaction and conviction.

Aided by mathematics, we venture to speak with certainty of the sizes, distances, periods and motions of some of the heavenly bodies, though far removed from our familiar inspection. The solar system was first established by Pythagoras; and since revived by Copernicus, after the exuberance of genius had been corrected by the infusions, and modified by the restrictions of science. That the motions of the heavenly bodies excited the attention of the earliest ages we may readily believe; for the necessities of human nature must have naturally led men to

contemplate the aspects of the sun and moon for different times and seasons, in order to regulate the affairs of agriculture and domestic employment. The results of these early investigations excited an increasing curiosity in the breasts of intelligent men, and led them to contemplate the fixed stars, the influence of which was then much considered and accredited. But science being incompetent to enable men to ascertain either the sizes or distances of the stars, they are only distinguished by their different apparent magnitudes; and by being grouped into constellations, and characterized by names, either of particular observers of these beautiful luminaries, or adapted to different events in profane history. This arrangement was particularly useful to navigation before the use of the magnet was discovered.

In the centre of the solar system is placed the sun, like the father of a family, surrounded by bodies dependent on his emanations, called planets; one of which is our earth. Mercury is situated nearest the grand luminary; next

Venus; then our Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel, or Georgium Sidus.

Three other planets, lately discovered, have not yet been introduced into astronomical tables; yet I must not neglect mentioning them. Of these, the two first discovered are called *Piazzi* and *Olbers*, after the names of their discoverers; or, as they are otherwise called, *Ceres* and *Pallas*. The former of these planets was discovered on the first day of the present century—namely, January 1, 1801, by M. *Piazzi*, astronomer, at Palermo in Sicily; and the latter on the twenty-eighth March, 1802, by Dr. *Olbers*, astronomer, at Bremen in Germany. Both of these planets appear extremely small, like telescopic stars of the seventh or eighth magnitude. They move in orbits between those of Mars and Jupiter, and in some parts of their tracks they approach very near to each other; and, what is singular in our observations of these planetary bodies, their orbits cross each other; the planet *Olbers* coming nearer to the sun than *Piazzi* in the perihelion, or near part of their orbits; but going off to a greater distance than the latter in their aphelion, or further part of their orbits; this singularity is owing to the great eccentricity of the orbit of *Olbers*, which is equal to one-fourth part of its mean distance, while that of *Piazzi* is but about the twenty-eighth part of its mean distance from the sun. The other planet was discovered, September 1, 1804, by Mr. *Hardinge*, astronomer, at the Observatory at Lilienthal, near Bremen, in Germany. It appears very small, like a telescopic star of the eighth magnitude. Subsequent observations have determined some of its phenomena. Its period is four years, four months; the inclination of its orbit between 13° and 21° . Its mean distance from the sun three hundred millions of miles.

The periodical time of *Olbers* is found to be four years, seven months and ten days; and that of *Piazzi* but very little different. The sizes of these planets are variously stated by different astronomers. Taking the apparent diameter at a second and a half, the real diameter may be about one-seventh of that of our earth, or one-half that of the moon. From Dr. *Herschel's* observations they appear to be much smaller; namely, the diameter of *Piazzi* about one hundred and sixty-two miles, and that of *Olbers* only ninety-five miles. He also considers them of a different species from the other, known planets, and calls them *asteroids*; as in the clearness of their light they resemble the other planets and stars, while in their size and motion they resemble the comets.

Some of the planets have satellites, or moons, belonging to them; performing revolutions round a centre between themselves and their

primaries, and also revolving with them round the sun. Our earth has one moon; Jupiter, four; Saturn seven; and the *Georgium Sidus* six, already discovered. From the benefits derived from the influence of the moon on our earth, we naturally infer, that the satellities of the other planets perform the same essential and salutary offices to the respective worlds connected with them.

To afford a rational solution of the globes, and the problems to be performed by them, I shall state the circumstances which confirm us in the belief of the sun being the central body of our system; and of the planets, and their moons, or satellites, shining only by reflecting the light of the sun: also, show how the rotation of these bodies on their axes is ascertained, and explain the causes of eclipses. It is evident to our senses that the earth and the heavenly bodies move round each other. The revolving bodies move in an unresisting medium, on which account these motions are continual, and always regular. It is impossible, by the sense alone, to ascertain which of these has the quickest, and which the slowest motion; or which moves exterior, and which interior, in respect to another; because the atmosphere revolving with the earth, renders that motion insensible to creatures on its surface; for the earth has no motion independent of its atmosphere. Hence, as our senses are insufficient to determine the fact, we must call in the aid of our judgment, which may be confirmed by reasoning on known truths. Notwithstanding the possibility of the earth moving round the sun, yet as we cannot perceive that it does so by sensible effects, to establish that fact, we will compare this circumstance with effects perceived in familiar instances, and confirmed by undeviating laws.

Suppose a large ball placed on one extremity of a stick, and a smaller one on its other extremity; to place the whole in such a manner that we may give it a revolving motion round the centre of gravity between the balls, we must duly balance the two balls, by placing their centre of gravity on a point, or pivot. It is evident to reason, that the centre of gravity of these two unequal bodies must be nearer to the larger than to the smaller one. It is a known law in motion, that revolving bodies connected together by an intervening agent, as the sun and planets really are by attraction, must move round a centre; and that centre be nearer to the larger than to the smaller bodies.

The sun, from his magnitude, balances all the bodies which circulate round him; and these bodies are all connected with that luminary by the power of gravity. It must be obvious to every one, that the sun, being the largest of the

bodies constituting the solar system, must perform his revolution nearer to the common centre of gravity than any of the others.

The centre of gravity between the sun and all the planets is not more than the sun's semidiameter from itself. Thus, by familiar observations, and easy inferences, we are able to establish the sublime and important fact—that the sun is the central body of our system.

That the planets shine only by reflecting the light of the sun, is evident in the effects perceived of the inferior planets, Venus and Mercury; and also of the moon that accompanies our earth, and the satellites of Jupiter; which never appear bright but when so situated that they receive the sun's rays.

The moon performs her revolution round the centre of gravity between herself and the earth, in a plane inclined to the earth's orbit.

That the planets are globular bodies actual observations have determined. As thus: by the aid of glasses we are able to discern spots on some of these bodies: and the different appearances of the spots at different times have been such as must arise from viewing them on the surface of a globular revolving body; namely, their appearing broader than in the centre, in respect to our sight, than when approaching to our central situation, or near to the sides of the revolving body. These effects are most evident on the sun and moon; by which observations the time of the rotation of each of these bodies on its axis is determined. The circular figure cast by our earth in its shadow, as proved at the time of an eclipse of the sun, have indisputably established this fact. The fixed stars, as they are called, from their being stationary in respect to our observations of them, always appearing at nearly the same points in the heavens relatively to each other, furnish us, by their apparent diurnal revolution (which is produced by the real motion of our globe on its axis), with the time of the entire rotation of the earth; for by the observation of the situation of a certain fixed star on one evening, and its return to the same spot the next, this is ascertained. The sun is so distant from us, that he appears stationary; yet even his motion can be estimated, by our observations of certain spots on his surface.

Having endeavoured to establish the facts of the sun being the centre of the system, and the planets shining only by his light, I shall proceed with the subject of motion.

All bodies revolving on an axis exert a force from their centre, which force is increased in proportion to the greater distance of any part of such bodies from that centre. These effects of the centrifugal force being applicable to the nature and configuration of our earth, we infer

that it is greater at the equator than at the poles: and hence it is, that the equatorial part of our earth is larger than any other; which postulatam has been established by actual mensuration and the law of pendulums. The application of the latter to ascertain this circumstance, arose from the motion of this instrument being accelerated by an increased force of gravity, and retarded by its weaker impressions. Hence we infer, that as a pendulum vibrates slower at the equator, that part must have its gravity counteracted by some power, which power is found to be the centrifugal force; this counteracts in a degree the effects of gravity at the equator, and also enlarges that part of the surface of our globe.

In recurring to the other circumstances of the solar system, it becomes necessary to mention certain bodies that are perceived by us at irregular intervals, called comets; but of which no positive theory is established: for neither their periods nor distances are actually ascertained; though calculations have been made of the length of the orbits of some of them, and the time of their revolutions, by observations taken of the velocity with which these bodies move in certain parts of their orbits. However, we may suppose the orbits of comets to be very long ellipses, because these bodies are sometimes far beyond our sight, and at others approach very near to the sun, moving with great velocity in their nearest approach to that luminary. From the known laws of motion, and of centrifugal and centripetal forces, we know that all the planets revolve in elliptical orbits, and must therefore be sometimes nearer to the sun, and at other periods further removed from their grand vivifying principle. This change of distance we perceive in respect to our earth, for in winter the sun subtends a larger angle with it than in summer; accordingly, the sun must be nearer to us in the former season than in the latter; but this difference is so small, compared with his absolute distance from us, even in our nearest approach to his splendid animating orb, that no diminution or augmentation of either heat or light is perceived, in consequence of this change of distance.

Let us for a moment leave the small part of the universe to which we belong, and extend our view within the confines of the ethereal expanse; where suns innumerable resplendent shine, animating other planetary worlds that circulate round them. This idea is too grand for our circumscribed comprehensions to appreciate; but the fact is established by the evidences of our senses, and confessedly manifested to us by our reason, which perceives and judges of one thing by another. God has created nothing in vain; and these beautiful luminaries appear like our

sun: therefore we naturally infer, that they are suns like that which animates our system, and created for the same wise and beneficial purposes.

The stars appear of various sizes to us; but whether this arises from any real difference of size in them, or only from their being situated more or less remote from our earth, we cannot determine; for we have no means of ascertaining their distances from our globe, not being able to form an angle with any of them; yet we have the best reason to believe that they are placed at different distances from it. The planets being sometimes nearer to the sun than at others, their orbits must be elliptical; for the centripetal force, or attraction of the sun, acts with greater or less power on them, as they are nearer to that luminary, or further removed from it. Were these bodies constantly acted on by two equal forces; or did the centripetal, or that force which draws them towards the sun, exactly balance the centrifugal, or the force that impels them from that centre; these bodies would revolve in a circle: but Providence has so ordained, that these circulating worlds should be at different distances from the sun at different periods, by causing sometimes the centripetal force to be greater and sometimes less than the centrifugal; and hence it is the planets vary in their distances from the sun in different parts of their orbits.

How fitly formed—how duly balanced, is this wondrous system! Each planet has its appointed station and direction, and implicitly obeys the laws prescribed by God Omnipotent!

Endless the wonders of creating power
On earth; but chief on high: through heav'n
display'd
There shines the full magnificence
Of Majesty divine; refulgent there
Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his
train
Of worlds dependant, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.

'Tis true, the mind is lost in the magnificent survey of innumerable worlds, impelled by divine command, and revolving in the bosom of immensity. The grand survey of the universe,

taken in its aggregate magnificence, certainly imparts the most elevating thoughts, displays the profoundest evidences, and affords the most sublimely glorious spectacle of creating Wisdom!

The varieties in the soil, climates, and the elementary parts which characterize our globe, are perfectly adapted to the necessities of animal, vegetable and mineral natures, in their different constitutions and species: of this, natural history furnishes the most striking instances, replete with evidences of the wisdom and benevolence of the great Creator!

Whether we examine the minutest works of creating Power, or soar into the regions of expanded ether, all things emit the purest rays of Divine Intelligence! Did then the wise beneficent Creator of all the wonders we contemplate mean we should behold them without understanding the lesson they impart? Certainly not. He meant that the excellency of his works, made evident to our senses and comprehension, should be understood, and duly appreciated. Then surely to pass them unheeded by, must bespeak either gross ignorance, or want of grace, in his creatures; for

The elements and seasons all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves—the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active.

Endless is the theme of universal love; for infinite is the scheme of Providence, unconfined by human laws, by human conception! The small portion of the works of Divine wisdom and beneficence, the perfection of which is immediately within our view, strikes us with wonder, love and awe!—A perfection so complete, so surpassing human reason, that to attempt to understand all its energies would destroy the limited powers of created man; therefore those things that we cannot appreciate, we must admire at a due distance; conceiving, from what we do see, the glories that for wise ends are now hidden from our sight!

ON HERALDRY.

ORIGIN OF ARMS, OR COAT-ARMOURS.

BLAZONRY, Heraldry, or the heraldic science, is the art of displaying, or explaining, in proper terms, all that belongs to coats of arms, and of marshalling, or making up new ones when required.

Arms, or coats of arms, are, first, ensigns, or marks of honour: secondly, hereditary; thirdly, made up of fixed and determined figures and colours; fourthly, taken up in the beginning according to the fancy of the first bearers, and afterwards, either granted or confirmed by sovereign princes, as a reward for military valour, a shining virtue, or a signal public service, and which serve to denote nobility and gentility; and, lastly, to distinguish families, states, cities, dignities and societies, civil, ecclesiastical, and military.

Thus Heraldry is the science of which arms are the proper object, or subject matter; but yet they differ much both in their origin, and antiquity. Bara, Favin, and some others pretend that arms have been in use from the beginning of the world; Segoin traces them up to the times of Noah's sons; and after, Diodorus Siculus says, that Osiris, surnamed Jupiter, son of Cham, who had been cursed by his father Noah, being banished from the tents of Shem and Japhet, raised an army under the command of his three sons, Hercules, Macedon, and Anubis; that Osiris bore as a mark of royalty and sovereignty, a sceptre inscribed at the top with an eye; Hercules, a lion rampant, holding a battle-ax; Macedon, a wolf; and Anubis, a dog, which was the rise or origin of armorial ensigns; others place it no higher than the times of Moses and Aaron. Sir George McKenzie, a famous Scotch armorist, refers it to the patriarch Jacob, who, blessing his sons, gave them marks of distinction, which the twelve tribes of Israel bore on their ensigns; and Dr. Brown, in his *Vulgar Errors*, says, the scutcheons of the twelve tribes of Israel, as they are usually described in the maps of Canaan, &c. are generally conceived to be the coats, and distinctive badges of their several tribes; so Reubens is conceived to bear three bars wavy; Judah, a lion rampant; Dan, a serpent trowed; Simeon, a sword upright, the point erected, the ground whereof he says is the last benediction of Jacob, and quotes Gen. chap. xxix. Numbers, chap. ii. to prove that many years after, in the benediction of Moses, that the twelve tribes had their distinctive banners, "every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with

the ensign of their fathers house." Judah is compared to a lion by Jacob; "Judah is a lion's whelp;" the same is applied to Dan by Moses; but Heralds have determined that the distinction between the coats of the two is, that the lion appropriated to Judah, was a lion couchant, or dormant, according to the letter of the text "*recumbens dormisti ut leu*," he couched as a lion; and concludes that although an uncertainty of arms, appropriated as above to particulars, seems manifest, yet he makes no question of their antiquity, and mentions the shield of Achilles, and of many other Greeks; and (according to Vossius) the crow upon Corvinus's head was but the figure of that animal upon his helmet, as examples of the antiquity of coats among the Greeks and Romans.

Others deduce their use from the heroic, or fabulous times; because in Homer and Virgil we find that their heroes had divers figures engraved on their shields; some place it under the empire of the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians, grounding their opinion on Philostrates, Xenophon, and Quintus Curtius; others, without any foundation, pretend that Alexander the Great regulated armorial ensigns, and blazonry. Father Monet places their rise under the reign of the Emperor Augustus; others during the inundations of the Goths and Vandals; and others again, ascribe the methodizing of coat-armours to the Emperor Charlemagne. Chorier, in his History of Dauphine, observes, that the Gauls had bucklers called *tires*, which covered their whole bodies, and on which every combatant caused his proper marks to be depicted whereby he might be easily known by his fellow soldiers; for which he quotes Pausanias: and this, according to Chorier, was the true origin of the bearings of noble families. The same author rightly says, that it would argue a great deal of ignorance to believe that the Romans were wholly strangers to ensigns or marks of honour; but that it would shew little less to maintain, that they had any proper mark to distinguish each family. That they were not ignorant of Heraldry appears from Nonius Marcellus who says "that the Herald, or *Feciales* declared war, or proclaimed peace, among the Romans, and it was not lawful to make war until four of them had demanded satisfaction for the injury received, and declared war upon the refusal, throwing into the enemies country a tagged spear, dyed in blood, and burnt at the end." He also says, that they consisted of a hundred and twenty in number, and that

K. Numa established a college of them under a commander named Pater Patratus; and Tit. Liv. lib. i. mentions the ceremony used at the creation of that commander; and of the Heralds he says, that they touched their head and hair with vervain, with which they were also crowned when they performed their office, that they might be known, and distinguished, and that they carried a rod of office which was exactly resembling Mercury's *caduceus*, with two serpents twisted.

Spelman pretends that the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, brought them first from the north into England, and from thence into France. Others assert, that armorial ensigns are natural and common to all nations in the universe, grounding their opinion on what Joseph Acosta, a Spanish writer, relates, that the antient Incas, or kings of Peru, bore a rainbow and two snakes in their arms; and those of Mexico, a hand holding many arrows of reeds. Another author says,

that he has seen a Chinese scutcheon, charged with a panther, in a field Or.

After a great variety of sentiments, all that can be said, with any solidity or certainty, is, that in all ages men have made use of figures of living creatures, or other symbolical signs, to distinguish themselves in war, to denote the bravery and courage either of their chief, or their nation, and even to render themselves the more terrible to their enemies; and Plutarch in his life of Marius, observes that it was for that purpose, the *Cimbri* and *Teutones*, the antient inhabitants of the countries now called Jutland and Lower Saxony, bore the figures of fierce beasts on their shields, &c. and that those various figures were used either as ornaments to their bucklers, and helmets, or as ensigns and standards, to know one another, and to rally after engagement.

[To be continued.]

ON THE ART OF DRAWING.

[Continued from Page 40.]

To examine the first dawns of civilization, those uncultivated and untaught efforts of natural genius, is amusing and interesting; the specimens are often curious, and mark the characters of the people. Such disquisition may lead us to trace, with greater certainty, the different styles adopted amongst various nations, and in different ages, with respect to dress, buildings, and the arts in general, which have been materially influenced by, if not originally derived from, the peculiar genius, disposition, or character of the people in their primitive state.

As man had occasion for images of different objects, he doubtless made use of the most obvious helps to acquire their shapes; when the thing itself could not be applied, and thus traced upon the wall or floor intended to be adorned, other means were tried: shadow, which distinctly gives the form of bodies, it is natural to suppose, might suggest the most ready method of obtaining a likeness. And we have, at this day, artists, as they are called, who can go little farther than mechanically to reduce into a smaller compass, the outline thus taken. Pliny and Quintilian derive hence the origin of design.

The former affirms, "that a young woman, struck with her lover's resemblance, thrown distinctly on the wall by a lamp, drew the outline." The latter relates that a Shepherd thus obtained the likeness of a sheep; the method was obvious, and such instances, no doubt, repeatedly occurred, possibly long before the two which are

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above recorded. Such were the first rude efforts. Egyptian hieroglyphics are, perhaps, the most antient specimens now extant; these are simple outlines; other arts had made considerable advances, while this remained in its infancy; the mind was either not at leisure to attempt embellishment, or else it required a higher degree of cultivation to produce that improvement of which the art was susceptible, than to mature many of the sciences. But when the enlightened genius of Greece rose to its meridian splendour, arts, as well as arms, attained the pinnacle of perfection. If we might judge of their painting, which has perished, by their sculpture, which is happily preserved to us, or by the eulogia of history, their excellence if ever equalled, has never been surpassed. That the moderns however have carried painting still farther may be presumed, when we recollect the small catalogue of colours they possessed, and the ignorance they betray in perspective.

The attention of Grecian artists was principally, if not wholly, attached to those subjects which engaged the passions and affections of mankind; to enrich their temples, to represent their demi-gods, their heroes, and those heroic actions, the sublime themes of their poets and historians, were, with them, the chief objects for the exercise of their exalted powers. The valuable remains, handed down to us, of that celebrated age and country, exhibit the most exquisite skill, directed by the profoundest judg-

ment in representing the human figure, and all subjects that could be fixed under the artists' eye. Either these important studies entirely engaged their pursuit, or the difficulty of accurately delineating those innumerable objects which compose the general views of nature, of catching all their variations, in form and colour, in light and shade, might deter them from so arduous an attempt; and thus these views became the latest subjects of painting after the revival of the art. The human figure as they could fix, they could study, and glorious was the result of their study! grand the designs of their artists, inspired by the conceptions of their poets! accurate their attention to nature! to nature in her most vigorous, most beautiful state; by judiciously combining every perfection they discerned, the pieces they produced were perfect! but to paint the sun rising in gilded radiance, or setting with refulgent majesty, was reserved for the pencil of a Claude.

To the ancients then we must have recourse for those models which are the standard of perfection, and which will most eminently assist in studying the human figure, or forming the historic group, and in pursuing that idea of excellence which they ever had before their eyes.

Various causes have contributed to introduce at different periods, other species of representation. When assiduous practice, the spirit of research, and studied or fortunate discoveries, had rendered the mechanical part of the profession more attainable, and when the taste and genius of the times afforded less encouragement or fewer occasions for the pencil of history,

efforts were made to please the nation with subjects less elevated, but more immediately interesting; to hand down to posterity the valuable portrait of some distinguished patriot; to present to distant nations, the countenance of that hero who had saved his country in the day of danger; to preserve, in an antient family, the resemblance of an illustrious ancestor; to pourtray the historian, the poet, or the actor, who had instructed or delighted the public; or the parent, relative, or the friend who was dear to the individual; these were desirable and laudable objects of painting; and hence portrait painting arose. This requires not all the excellencies of history, but it requires excellencies of a different kind, and not less difficult to attain. The desire of the patron, and the inclination of the artist, led the latter to attempt every subject that could gratify opulent vanity, or exercise industrious ingenuity. The favourite houses, horses, and hounds, were desirable objects to the one; to the other, the stately grove, dismantled tower, and rustic homestead afforded subjects interesting, delightful, and happily adapted for the pencil the patron paid for all. By degrees a taste for landscape prevailed; which, though less dignified is not less difficult than either portrait or history perhaps as many excellencies are necessary to be combined to reach perfection, in the one as in the other; and perhaps it will be found, that considering the number who have followed this line in which mediocrity is easier to be attained, smaller proportion of the artists have eminently distinguished themselves.

[To be continued.]

ON MUSIC.

[Concluded from Page 38]

ON THE ART OF PLAYING THE PIANO-FORTE.

CONCERNING the question, whether a learner ought in general, and often, to play with accompaniments? it must be observed, that though judiciously composed, and well performed pieces, with accompaniments, have a fine effect they can be used only for the enjoyment of playing, and not for the learning of it.

To shew this, it need only be considered, that the most simple and most easy pieces for the piano-forte consist at least of two parts, one for the right, and another for the left hand; and that more complicated ones contain harmonies, which on other instruments would require two or more performers. To read such pieces, in two staves of the notes, and to execute them as neatly and exactly as if every part was done by a se-

parate performer, is difficult; and this difficulty increased, and multiplied, by the necessity of attending to the accompaniments when used and of going on with them in strict time.

When therefore a learner plays with accompaniments, he feels a certain constraint and anxiety, which makes him pass but superficially over all that he finds difficult, or omit those notes, chords, and parts of passages, which he is afraid to encounter. And such a manner of helping himself in difficulties, together with the improper application of the fingers attending it, becomes habitual, and materially injures a learner in fine playing, under the false idea of improving his acquirements in time.

All the greatest masters of the piano-forte therefore agree, that a person can learn true play-

ing only by playing without accompaniments. And it will be found, that only those professors of other instruments, who either have no feeling for a finished performance in general, or are unable to show it on the piano-forte, are constantly fiddling or fluting to the lessons they give on that instrument. The consequence of which is, that their attendance only *sounds* well, but is of little service; and that their pupils generally remain unacquainted with the best compositions for the piano-forte, as well as with a fine and finished performance on that instrument.

But when a person has learnt a piece so well, that he can with certainty and facility execute every passage of it, there is not the least impropriety in his playing it with accompaniments. And nothing can in that case be more emulating, and more improving in taste, than his being accompanied masterly, on a violin obligato, provided the accompaniment leave him at the same ease as if he played by himself.

The question, how long a learner should practise every day is also important, as we shall now endeavour to shew. For though it seems to be generally thought, that the more one practises the better it is, reason and daily experience tell us, that there depends more on the *quality* of such practice, than on the *quantity* of it; and that if a person practises longer than he can pay strict attention to what he plays, it is not only useless, but often does more harm than good, by leading to a careless and unattentive playing.

Infants of four or five years therefore, though (according to the method explained at page 37 of our last Number), they make a regular beginning, and imperceptibly learn to play by notes, yet they ought not to be made to practise by themselves; and when they are animated to play to a parent or friend, it should last no longer than they are found doing it with proper attention, and with pleasure or satisfaction to themselves, though they may be called to the instrument as frequently as it can be done without letting them feel it a trouble.

Children of six and seven years, may be tried if they can regularly practise a short time by themselves, when pieces are given them that are strictly calculated for their capacity; and in that case they may be allowed from a quarter to half an hour, twice a day, besides their playing occasionally to their friends, to shew their improvement.

From eight years and upwards, the time of practise may be gradually increased, according to the leisure which learners have between their other employments, and to the perseverance which is found in them, till it comes to an hour, both in the morning and afternoon. But young ladies who learn music only as an accomplish-

ment, cannot be expected to exceed that time of daily practice; though it would be improper to prevent them to practise as much as they like, if they wish to become proficient in playing.

Concerning the question noticed before, whether it is good for a learner to be long about the same piece, or not? it is certain, that as long as a person takes instruction, his principal object is to improve, and to become perfect as soon as possible, though he also wishes to find as much enjoyment in it as he can.

It is therefore equally wrong, to indulge a learner with a great variety of pieces that are not calculated to produce a regular improvement, or to let him set about pieces which are yet too difficult for him, and which, (if he can overcome them at all) require too long a time to be learnt sufficiently perfect. And a judicious master will be particularly careful in selecting for his pupil pieces, by which he can make a quick and regular as well as entertaining progress, without being troubled too much with the same piece.

An occasional suggestion, which follows from the above question is:—whether a learner may be suffered to play by heart, or not? Concerning this it must be observed, that the capacity of remembering a piece, so as to be able to play it by heart, shews two good qualities, viz. a fine memory, and a true musical feeling. To discourage such qualities entirely, would be cruel. But to prevent their being misapplied, by neglecting the playing from notes, in playing too much from memory, it is expedient to introduce a new piece as soon as the former one is sufficiently practised, and thus to keep the learner's attention constantly employed, which leaves no room for his dwelling too much upon former exercises.

The above are the outlines of a proper method, according to which the art of playing the piano-forte should be taught, or learnt, in general. And we now proceed to the second principal object pointed before, viz. to the *performance itself*. In regard to this it must be observed, that there is a great difference between mere vulgar, and finished playing; between playing only mechanically right, or with taste and feeling; and between shining only in some trifles of fashionable playing, or being an able and judicious performer in general. These particulars therefore we shall still give some consideration.

Concerning the first, or the difference between mere vulgar and finished playing, it is certain that the same attention should be paid to it as to what is better or worse in all the other branches of a fine and polished education. For a clownish pronunciation, vulgar phrases, ungrammatical sentences, and a scrawling hand, would be thought very unbecoming in the speak-

ing and writing of a genteel person; and the same impropriety would be found in a slovenly dress, stampering walk, and so forth. Ladies or gentlemen, therefore, should be as particular in the choice of the pieces they play, as they are in the books they read, in the pictures they hang up in their rooms, and in the quality and fashion of all that belongs to their wearing apparel. And their performance of them should be as neat, tasteful, and elegant, as every thing else about them. This, if it is strictly attended to from the beginning, is not so difficult as it may appear; and in the course of some time it becomes as natural as writing a neat hand.

But it is not enough to play only mechanically right, though the performance be ever so clean, distinct, and rapid, a person of taste and feeling in other respects, should also play with taste and feeling. For to play without feeling, has the same effect as reading in a language we do not understand; and though we may pronounce every word right and distinctly, it will make no impression on the hearer. Yet we may play with

feeling and still without taste, as we shall endeavour to shew on a future occasion.

The last particular pointed out before, is, the difference between shining only in some trifles of fashionable playing, and being an able and judicious performer in all respects. That fashion often insists upon trifles, more than upon what is important, will be allowed. When, therefore, a great performer introduces something new, it becomes fashionable, though it consists only in trifles; but the true art of playing will always remain independent of such things, in a similar manner as the rules of harmony will probably never be derived from the laws of fashionable modulation.

The two greatest and most celebrated professors of the piano-forte now in this country, are Mr. J. B. Cramer, and Mr. Woelfl, whose distinguished merit is sufficiently known and acknowledged; and the only junior one we venture to mention immediately after them, is Mr. George Kollman, who has already been noticed at page 602 of our former Volume.

ON PNEUMATICS.

[Continued from Page 33.]

ON THE ELASTICITY OF AIR.

AIR is compressible and elastic. It is compressible, because it may be made to occupy considerably less space than it naturally fills; and elastic, because it possesses a certain spring which causes it to expand when the force that confined it is removed.

If a very small quantity of air be tied up in a bladder, when it is held to the fire the sides of the bladder will gradually distend, till it is completely inflated by the elasticity of the included air. From this, and other experiments it has been inferred, that fire is the cause of the elasticity of air.

The elastic power of air may be demonstrated by many amusing experiments. If a bladder, containing a small quantity of air, be placed under a weight, and both be put under the receiver of an air pump, on exhausting the air out of the receiver, the small quantity pent up in the bladder will distend with such force, by its elasticity, as to raise up the weights which are laid upon it.

If a piece of thin bladder be tied over the mouth of a glass bason, when it is placed under the receiver, the air within the glass will begin to expand as soon as that under the receiver

begins to be exhausted by the action of the air pump, and the bladder will presently burst.

Those who have not a proper apparatus for making experiments of the preceding kind, may, by the humble means of a phial and small tube, or a tobacco pipe, produce a sufficient effect to satisfy themselves of the elasticity of air. Fill a phial about half full of water, insert the end of the pipe in the fluid, and let the other project about an inch above the neck of the bottle; then close up the pipe in the neck with sealing wax, so that air may not escape from the bottle. After the machine is completed, blow strongly through the tube, and the elasticity of the air, which is compressed in the upper part of the bottle, will so far overcome the resistance of the atmosphere or exterior air, as to force the water out of the pipe some inches in height, till the density of the interior and exterior air becomes equal. When the water is exhausted below the end of the pipe in the bottle, it may be supplied by sucking the tube with the lips, and instantly stopping the aperture of the pipe with the finger; then immerse the end in a bason of water, and when the finger is removed it will flow into the bottle. For a part of the air has been drawn out of the phial by the lips, that which remains is less dense than the

exterior air, so that the pressure on the surface of the water in the bason overcomes the resistance of the rarified air within the bottle, and forces the fluid up the pipe, till the gravities of the interior and exterior become equal. As heat distends the volume of air by imposing a superior degree of elasticity, if the phial be held near the fire, or even warmed by the heat of the hand, this will increase the elastic force of the air, and cause a small discharge of water from the neck of the tube.

All bodies contain some proportion of air, and it is continually endeavouring to exert its elasticity. Fruits and vegetables have their pores filled with air. If a shrivelled apple be placed at the bottom of a vessel of water, and then covered with a receiver, on exhausting the air from the latter, several streams of air will issue from the apple, and increase in quantity as the exhaustion of the receiver increases. The apple, at the same time, will change its appearance; for the air it contains being no longer confined by any external pressure, will swell out its parts and fill up all the wrinkles, giving it the semblance of a fresh gathered apple. If air be re-admitted into the recipient, it will force back into the pores of the apple that which had escaped, and the distended parts of the apple will shrink, till it again exhibits its former withered appearance. An apple contains so much air, that were it all to be given out to the stomach at once, when this fruit is eaten, the coats of the stomach would be distended till they burst.

*In the doubling of the film at the large end of an egg, there is enclosed a small quantity of air. Take a new laid egg, and make a hole in the smaller end, place it with that end downwards in a wine glass; then put both under the receiver of an air pump. On working the pump, the air in the upper part of the egg feeling less pressure from the atmosphere, will begin to distend by its elasticity, and when the process of exhaustion is completed, within the recipient, it will force the whole contents of the egg through the hole at the bottom of the shell. On allowing the air to return to the receiver, the parts of the egg will re-enter the shell.

The operation of cupping commences with holding a small glass, resembling a bell, in shape, over the flame of a lamp or candle, till the air within the glass is so rarified that scarcely anything of it remains. The glass is then

applied to the part affected, and a partial vacuum having been produced in the former by the action of the flame, the air under that part of the skin which the glass covers, feeling no longer the pressure of the atmosphere, exerts its spring, and in so doing swells out the skin which confines it. The skin is then pierced with a lancet, and the operation ends.

Fish have within them a small bladder of air, which they can contract or dilate at pleasure. By contracting it they become specifically heavier than water, and sink; by dilating it they become lighter, and rise. This power, however, is lost when the pressure of the atmosphere on their bodies is removed; for then the air contained in this vessel exerts its elasticity, and the fish is constrained to mount to the surface. In proof of this, put a carp into a vessel of water, then place the vessel and its contents under the receiver, exhaust the air, and the carp will float on the surface of the water without the power to descend; for the exterior pressure being taken away by the action of the pump, the air within the bladder of the fish acquires such power of expansion, that the animal can no longer exert a power of contraction, but is constrained to remain on the surface of the water to its great pain.

On the air's susceptibility of being compressed, and its prodigious expansion when the compressing force is removed, depend the structure and uses of the air-gun. In this instrument a quantity of air is so condensed, that on the power which confined it being taken away, the air by its elasticity, projects a bullet as far as it would be carried by gun-powder. The simplest constructed air gun is formed like a common gun with a single barrel, and the condensed air is contained in a brass ball that screws on below the lock. The ball is filled with air by means of a syringe, and is furnished with a stop-cock. The bullets are made to fit the barrel very exactly, and is rammed in like the ball of a musket. Each gun is furnished with two brass balls which are capable of containing air sufficient for twenty discharges. The gun is charged by turning the cock, which fills a small chamber at the but end of the barrel with condensed air. By pulling the trigger a valve is opened, when the condensed air rushes in behind the bullet, and drives it out with such violence as to force it through an oak board, half an inch thick, and at the distance of twenty-six yards.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

PALESTINE.*

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy
view'd?
Where now thy might, which all these kings
subdu'd?

No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Might, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of heaven,
To whose high care Judaea's state was given!
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep!
If e'er your secret foot-steps linger still
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill,
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well;
(For, oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear.)
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy;
Yet, might your aid this anxious breath inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-wing exulting in the light.

O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Tho' Salem, now, the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Tho' weak and whelm'd beneath the storms of
fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate;

* Having been favoured with a private copy of this admirable Poem, it had long been our intention to insert it in our Magazine; many circumstances, however, have delayed it, till at length it has been announced for publication in a Collection of the Oxford Prize Poems. Our Readers perhaps will not think it even now too late; they are therefore presented with it entire.

Tho' thy proud towers in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'erthop thy mouldering wall;
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew?
And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye behold the plain below,
With prescient air drank the sceptred gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide;
The stony waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Artem's rill;
The grove, where, by the watch-fire's evening
blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays;
Or, where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom
bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres
shine,

The native guard of feeble Palestine,
O ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What tho' no more for you the conscious gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Tho' now no more your stirring marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;
Tho' not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows:
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.
So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western Sun forsakes the Syrian Plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.

Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding
gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb:
For, few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.

As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
 Arabia's parent, clasp'd her fainting child;
 And wander'd near the roof no more her home,
 Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam:
 My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
 And southward throws her half-averted sight.
 For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose
 A dreary waste of undistinguished woes:
 See War unfir'd his crimson pinions spread,
 And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead!
 Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,
 Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine;
 'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
 And spur your headlong chasers on the prey,
 Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
 And on the hamlet pour the waste of war;
 Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
 Reverse the sacred smile of infancy.
 Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
 Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering
 reed;
 And their's the soil, where, curling to the skies,
 Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice.
 While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
 Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
 Through the wide world in hopeless exile stray,
 Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
 In dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
 And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.
 O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their
 Lord,
 Lov'd for thy mercies, for thy power ador'd!
 If at thy name the waves forgot their force,
 And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source;
 If at thy name like sheep the mountains fled,
 And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head;—
 To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
 And raise from earth thy long-neglected vine!
 Her ruffled fruits behold the heathen bear,
 And wild wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
 Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
 From far Euphrates to the western main?
 For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
 And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?
 For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
 And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd?
 O feeble boast of transitory power!
 Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour!
 Not such their hope, when through the parted
 main
 The cloudy wonder led the warrior train:
 Not such their hope, when thro' the fields of night
 The torch of heaven diffused its friendly light:
 Not, when fierce Conquest urg'd the onward war,
 And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car:
 Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
 In rude array, the harness'd Amorite:
 Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
 The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd;

The moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
 Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round!
 Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,
 And God's own darkness veil'd her conscious
 height:
 (He, cherub borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
 And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd:)
 Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
 His praise, his power, eternal, infinite?—
 Awestruck I cease; nor bid my strains aspire,
 Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.
 Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's
 fate,
 And such the glories of their infant state.
 —Triumphant race; and did your power decay?
 Fail'd the bright promise of your early day?
 No;—by that sword, which, red with heathen
 gore,
 A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore;
 By him, the chief to farthest India known,
 The mighty master of the ivory throne;
 In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her
 foes,
 Victorious Salem's lion banner rose:
 Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
 And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.
 —And he, the warrior sage, whose restless mind
 Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd;
 Who every bird, and beast, and insect knew,
 And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew;
 To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—
 The powerful sigil and the starry spell;
 The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,
 And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
 Hence all his might; for who could these oppose?
 And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose,
 Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
 And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
 In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
 There oft the houseless Santon rests reclin'd;
 Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wonder
 ears
 The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.
 Such the faint echo of departed praise,
 Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;
 And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
 How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!
 For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore,
 And far Sofala stem'd with golden ore;
 T'fine all the Arts that wait on wealth's increase,
 Or bask and wanlon in the beam of peace.
 When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
 And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;
 Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
 Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone;
 Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
 Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
 Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
 The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.

No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke;

And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
Ey'd the descending flame, and blest the present God.

Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,

Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.
E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;
Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,

Their destin'd triumphs, and their glad return:
And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chaunt their future fame;
And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear controul;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's soul!

Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming through the sky,

Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high;

Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant king!
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Zion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
Messiah comes: let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
Disease and anguish feel his blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'er-spread!

Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red.
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!

Are those his limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Rais'd from the cross in patient agony?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide the dreadful sacrifice!

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep!
—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursu'd;
Thy thirsty ponies blush'd with infant blood.
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.

Then Judah rag'd, belov'd of heaven no more,
With steamy carnage drunk and social gore:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,

And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:
Love, strong as Death, retain'd his might no more,

And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they, who wont to roam th' ensanguin'd plain,

And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty flight,
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
To their loved altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

'As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
The trampled ranks in many carnage roll'd;
To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade:
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warm'd the dying man.

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom!
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome:
To swell, slow pacing by the car's tall side,
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride:
To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourn'd her sons, her glories lost:
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There bark'd the wolf, and dire hymns fed.
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid:
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb:
While forms celestial fill'd his tranced eye,
The day-light dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.
Oh, lives the one, who mocks his artless zeal?
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?
Behis the soul with wistful Reason blest,
The dulk, lethargic sovereign of the breast!
Behis the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!

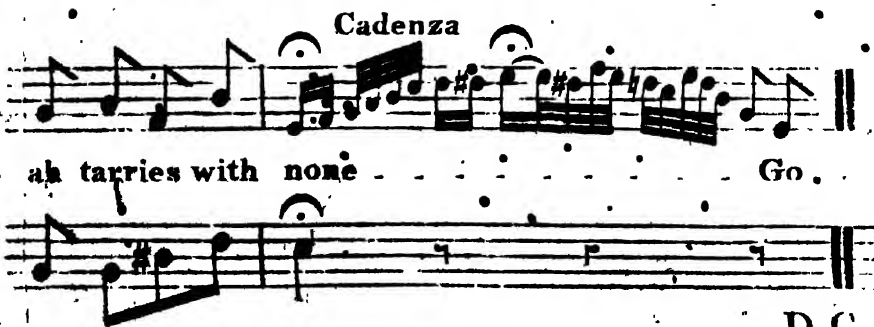
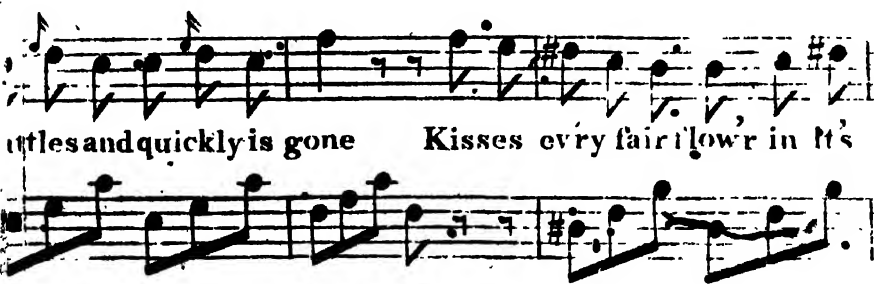
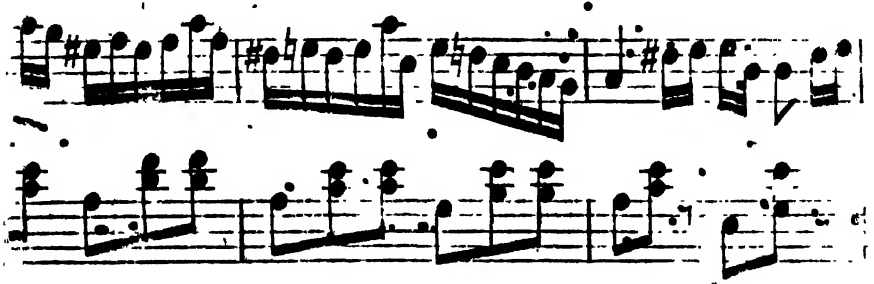
at Work.

Recit'd flatt'ring Tongue

no more for my Heart Since the

nger / a languishing Lover Too

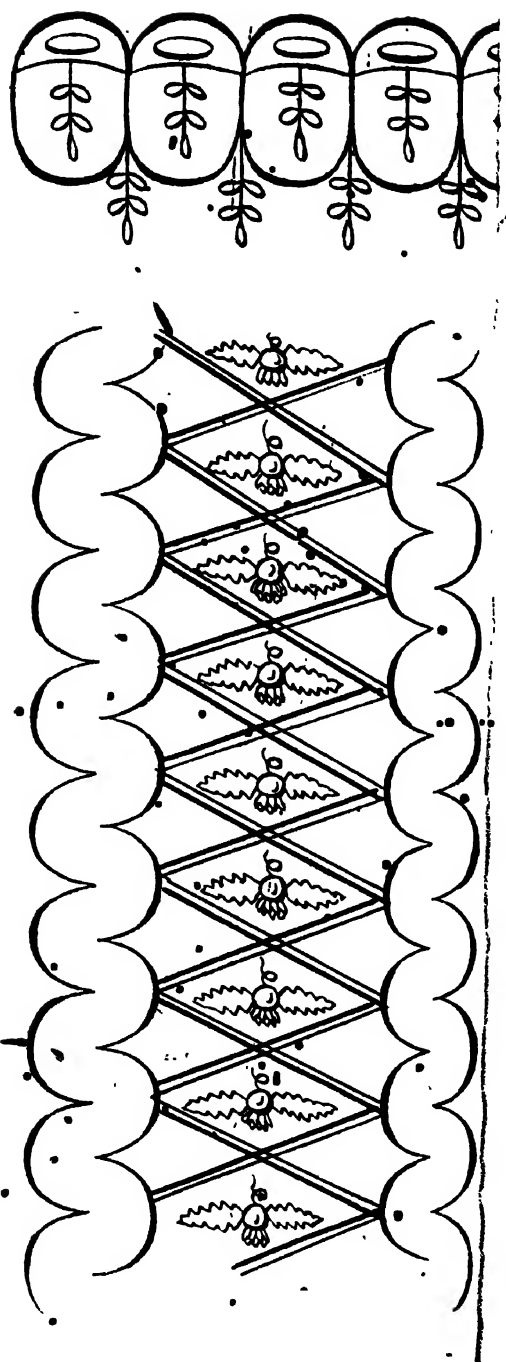




D.C.

Assemblée, or Bell's Court & Fashionable Magazine.

An entire new pattern for shirts, or border of dresses.



Designed & printed for La Belle Ass

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,
 And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.
 Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
 Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.
 There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,
 And all the bounties of the British queen;
 There barbarous kings their sandal'd nations led,
 And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head,
 There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
 And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,
 When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
 And bent appall'd before the Sactrian bow;
 From the moist regions of the western star
 The wandering hermit wak'd the storm of war.
 Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
 A countless host, the red-cross warriors came:
 E'er hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
 And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;
 While beardless youths and tender maids assume
 The weighty morion and the glancing plume,
 In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield
 The ponderous falchion, and the sun-like shield,
 And start to see their armour's iron gleam
 Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
 All madly blithe the miggled myriads ran:
 Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
 And hovering vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers nor the host so dread
 By northern Brenn, or Scythian Timur led,
 Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
 United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!
 There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien
 advance,

Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance;
 Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions
 stand

Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band;
 There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
 And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain;
 Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
 Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow:—
 Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
 And wield in freedom's cause the freeman's ge-
 nerous blade!

Yet sainted spirits of the warrior deed,
 Whose giant force Britannia's armies led!
 Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the
 fight,

Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might;
 Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
 Wide conquering Edward, lion Richard hear!
 At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
 And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
 Your sons behold, in arms, in heart the same,
 To Salem still their generous aid supply,
 And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
 And the green waters of reluctant Nile,

No. XIV. Vol. II

Th' Apostate chief,—from Misraim's subject
 shore

To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;
 When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
 And Desolation hop'd an ampler sway;
 What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd?
 What arm repell'd the victor Renegade?
 Britannia's champion!—bath'd in hostile blood,
 High on the breach the dauntless Seaman stood:
 Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,—
 E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's
 might.

Oh day of death! Oh thirst, beyond controul,
 Of crimson conquest in th' Invader's soul!
 The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
 O'er the red moat supplied a panting road;
 O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
 And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.

While proudly glow'd above the rescu'd tower
 The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
 And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.

Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
 And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.

Yet shall she rise;—but not by war restor'd,
 Not built in murder,—planted by the sword.

Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
 Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has
 made;

Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
 And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords
 away.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
 Break forth, ye mountains, and ye vallies, sing!
 No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
 The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
 The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
 And a new Eden deck the thorny field.

E'en now perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,
 The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand;
 Courts the bright vision of descending power,
 Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
 And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
 Thy Lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form?
 Gig with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?

A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
 His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.

To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
 And treads at once the ocean and the land;

And hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
 His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more!

Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
 Lo! thrones are set, and every saint is there;
 Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
 The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
 Nor sun, nor moon they need,—nor day, nor
 night;—

God is their temple, and the lamb their light;

And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
 Claim the glad beam, and claim their ancient
 ' home ?

On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
 And the dry bones be warm with life again.

Hark ! white rob'd crowds the deep hosannas
 raise,

And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise ;

Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
 Ten thousand thousand saints the strain pro-
 long ;

" Worthy the Lamb ! omnipotent to save,
 " Who liest, who lives, triumphant o'er the
 , grave !"

REGINALD HIEBER.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

THE foreign news of the last month consists of little else than contradictory reports from the seat of war. For many days it was believed that the Russians had utterly defeated the army of Napoleon, and that the French were retreating homewards : the authority of these reports was mostly contained in private letters, and the delusion was too agreeable not to be cherished in a manner which precluded a fair examination of the circumstances. At length, however, all doubt has been cleared up on this subject.—The Russians, in having repelled a desperate attack made upon them, may at least lay claim to a greater success than the French who were foiled in their enterprise ; but as the former have not thought it prudent to advance, or bring on a general battle, the situation of the latter cannot be said to be much deteriorated.—In a word, the armies are mostly in the same positions which they occupied six weeks ago.

The most important domestic intelligence of the month, is the formal abolition of the Slave Trade by the House of Lords.

The next is the system of finance, of which we shall give a short explanation.

1. The sum required for our annual expenditure, (exclusive of course of the interest of the National Debt, as charged upon the Consolidated Fund) is taken by the Minister at £32,000,000. He estimates the annual produce of

the war taxes at.....20,000,000
 There remains, therefore, to be raised ———
 annually.....12,000,000

2. This 12,000,000 he proposes to raise by an annual loan to that amount, the interest to be paid from the war taxes. Twelve hundred thousand pounds is to be taken from the produce of the war taxes for this,—of which six hundred thousand is to pay the interest of the Loan, and six hundred thousand to contribute a fund for its redemption. By the operation of compound interest the Minister calculates that this Sinking Fund will redeem the Loan in fourteen years.

3. Twelve hundred thousand pounds being thus taken from the produce of the war taxes, one

of the chief branches of the Ways and Means for the support of the current expenditure, it will be necessary to supply this deficiency. For this purpose, the Minister intends to have recourse to a Supplementary Loan to the amount of the deficiency. The interest of this Loan, in the first year, will not reach 60,000*l*. In the second, the Loan being 2,400,000*l*. the interest will be proportionate. In the third year, it will proceed in the usual ratio.—This interest, in the process of his plan, the Minister calculates to supply by the expected increased productiveness of the present taxes. For the first seven years, it will be supplied by the annuities which are now falling in, and which, of course, relieve so much of the present revenue as is now employed to pay them. For seven years, therefore, no further taxes will be required upon this head.

5. This process of borrowing 12,000,000*l*. annually, and taking 1,200,000*l*. annually from the war taxes for its interest and Sinking Fund, is to be continued during fourteen years, in which time the whole produce of the war taxes, 20,000,000*l*. will be pledged.

6. At the end of the 14th year, the Sinking Fund of the first Loan will have redeemed that particular Loan, and of course have relieved the one million two hundred thousand pounds, hitherto employed as its interest and Sinking Fund. The former process is then to be continued. Twelve millions are to be borrowed on the pledge of part of the war taxes, relieved by the extinction of an expiring and liquidated Loan. And the deficiency of the war taxes is to be supplied in the same manner, as in the first fourteen years, namely, by a Supplemental Loan.

7. Should Peace return in the lapse of any of these years, the sum required for the Peace Establishment is estimated so low, that the Minister has pledged himself that the war taxes shall be removed in the moment in which Peace shall be declared.

We cannot here but observe, that this appears to us the most doubtful part of the new system, and that which has been least explained.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday, February 3, a new Comic Opera, in one act, was performed at this theatre, called *Roberto Lascarsano*. Although the Opera is usually supposed to be merely a vehicle for music, yet the story of this short piece is by no means without interest. The scene is supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Seville, and *Roberto* is the captain of a formidable banditti in an adjoining fort. *Astolfo*, who is the lover of the daughter of *Alberto*, leads his soldiers to the attack of the robbers. *Lisetta*, his mistress, follows him, and falls into the power of the robbers, but is rescued by her lover. When *Roberto* and his gang are brought in chains to the palace of *Alberto*, *Roberto* is discovered to be his son, and *Lisetta* is united to *Astolfo*. *Alberto* is consequently reconciled to both his children, and the robbers are pardoned. *Fagotto*, a servant that follows *Lisetta* in her elopement, affords a considerable degree of entertainment by his terrors at meeting the robbers.

The music of this Opera is by Trento, and has considerable merit. Naldi, in the character of *Roberto*, both acted and sung extremely well. Siboni and Signora Perini were also much applauded, and one of their duets was loudly encored. Rovedino supported the comic part of *Fagotto* with considerable humour as well as musical abilities. At the close of the piece there was, however, some disapprobation expressed, which we conceive to have been principally occasioned by the length of the act. As the Opera was performed, it was certainly long for a single act.

The Serious Opera, *La Semiramide*, or rather the magical attraction of Madame Catalani, drew on Saturday night, the 14th, the customary throng, and afforded the customary banquet of delight and wonder. The boxes, indeed, were not quite so full, nor the attendance in them, quite so early, as we understand them to have been on former occasions; but the pit was full to overflowing, half an hour before the rising of the curtain; and the performance of the sole individual who can be regarded as any object of attraction in this Opera, was such as fully to justify the curiosity she has inspired.

In reviewing the merits of this performer, it is natural to draw some comparison in one's mind, from the recollection of recent examples of operatical excellence. In this point of view Billington and Grassini are the singers that come into most immediate contact with Catalani; and, in

the opinion of many, we understand, the former of these is regarded as a successful, and even a triumphant rival.

We shall not deny to Mrs. Billington, the praise of unequalled brilliancy of voice and execution; and if the feelings of patriot partiality could interfere with such a question, we should, perhaps, be as forward as any of our contemporaries, to exult, that even in the mere sensual accomplishments of the opera, an English performer can maintain a successful competition with the most idolized proficients of the school of Italy. But justice obliges us to declare, that if in this brilliancy (of which Catalani is not deficient), Mrs. Billington remains unequalled, yet this is the only particular in which the competition can be at all sustained. As an actress, Mrs. Billington cannot even be named; and, for our own parts, we confess, that in every thing dramatic, our eyes expect their gratification as well as our ears; and that the total deficiency of our country-woman, in all that relates to the decorums and verisimilitude of the scene, occasioned us to regard even Grassini as her successful rival.

To confine ourselves, however, for the present, to the mere comparison of powers of voice; we must admit, that we have never before witnessed such an assemblage of various excellence, such richness of tone or primitive melody—such compass in the scale, such complete command of all the intermediate notes and intervals, such power of minute gradation, and of abrupt and rapid transition, such variety of those expressive modulations, which (without interfering with, or absolutely depending upon, the mere harmonic arrangement of the notes), render the intonations completely descriptive of all the varieties of sentiment and feeling; in short, such range of voice, such exquisiteness of tone, such pathos, and such judgment, we have never known united in one individual.

If, upon these grounds, we are disposed to prefer Catalani to Billington, it will easily be supposed that we have grounds enough for a like preference over the other competitor, whom we have mentioned. Grassini had *pathos* indeed, both of voice and deportment: but she was always pathetic; and, in many parts of her respective characters, which required very different expressions, could neither divest her voice, her looks, nor her action, of that air of affliction or melancholy dignity, which she so finely personified. She was, indeed, a fine actress; but if,

in some particulars, she surpassed Catalani in this point of view, there are more, we think, in which Catalani surpasses her. The dramatic powers of this latter are certainly much more varied, if not more impressive.

One thing, indeed, detracts, in a considerable degree, from the dramatic excellence of this actress—we mean that sort of *half-convulsive* and *half-affected snile*, which, in the more difficult parts of her songs, perpetually obtrudes itself; even where the sentiment requires, and her voice is imparting, expressions of the most exquisite pathos and distress.

Two other particulars in the manner and management of this singer, deserve particular notice, and claim our most unequivocal approbation, namely, the peculiar address with which, by the tension of the mouth, and the minute, but decisive action of the upper lip, she contrives still further to vary the modified tones of the larynx and internal organs, and occasionally to impart to particular notes, a sort of expressive and pathetic tremor; and the judgment by which she prevents the too rapid distention, and consequent labour of the chest, by suddenly closing the mouth, either by means of the lips or of the contact of the tongue and teeth, during the pauses, or rests, after particularly exhausting efforts. This practice (so contrary to vulgar apprehension), which we recommend particularly, not only to singers but to actors also, both for their own convenience, and for the sake of certain obvious effects, first struck our notice in Madame Grassini, who (probably from superior necessity for husbanding her physical powers,) carried it to a much greater extent.

To reason upon this topic would lead us into some long, though curious details; and we have already extended this article to an exorbitant length,

DRURY-LANE.

THE ASSIGNATION.

Under this title a new play was produced on Wednesday, January 28. It is attributed to Miss Lee, author of *The Chapter of Accidents*, a comedy which has kept possession of the stage upwards of twenty years.

The characters of *Jacob Gawkey* and *Bridget* have been the materials upon which our most popular dramatists have worked, but without approaching to the originals; and the more serious parts of this Comedy have been the source of pillage and imitation with as little success.

The plot of this piece was meagre and common-place. It consisted of four parts, which had no connection with each other, and not the least claim to novelty or interest in themselves. For example, *Sir Harry*, a gay young rake, who

had married an Italian Marchioness, runs away from his wife, and falls in love with a sentimental young lady, who is attached to another. The Marchioness puts herself into breeches, and follows her husband to England. It is this foolish disguise which puts the plot in motion. The young lady, the object of *Sir Harry's* attentions, happens to be the friend of his wife, and produces a re-union, by making an *Assignment* with *Sir Harry*, and surprising him with his Lady. The Banonet repents, and the Lady is satisfied.

This is the leading feature of the plot; the other under stories are equally trite and unnatural:—A young Lady, of immense fortune, and great accomplishments, discloses her love for her guardian to his son; though the guardian is a man of fifty, a stiff old Peer, dressed in the Windsor uniform, and a star. *Somerville*, the natural son of this Peer, falls in love with a sentimental Miss, of the name of *Emma*, whom, in the usual style of romance, he prefers to *Lady Laura* and her wealth; and an old widow, who apes youth, and whose vanity is to be taught to ride, to sing, and dance, like a boarding-school girl, is thrown in, together with a drunken Admiral, as make-weights to these foolish plots.

That all these elements have long been floating in the atmosphere of a circulating library we scarcely need tell our readers. There is nothing which can make the least pretension to invention in either of the stories, and, the worst of it is, there is neither grace nor skill in the combination.

The general character of this play was, a sickly sentiment, a pedantic humour, virtue out of place, common situations most ungracefully placed upon stilts, and absolutely nothing of life and manners.

The patience of the audience was exhausted in the second act; and though the play, by the dexterity of Wroughton, was preserved to be heard out, it was unanimously dismissed at the close.

On Tuesday, February 3, a new Dauce, composed by Mr. D'Egville, and entitled *Emily*; or, *Juvenile Indiscretion*, was performed at this theatre, between the Opera and Afterpiece, for the first time. The pantomime outline of this *bagatelle* is partly borrowed from Fielding's farce of *The Virgin Unmask'd*, with alterations, to give it an appearance of novelty. It was supported with much grace and agility by Joubert, Montgomery, Mrs. Sharp, Miss Gayton, and the whole *Corps de Ballet* of the house, and graced with some elegant decorations. But, perhaps, the chief attraction was Mademoiselle Paisot, who introduced a *pas seul*. The Ballet itself, of two acts, was however so tediously long, occupying an hour and a half in the representation, that the audience was tired and disgusted before the fall of the curtain.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For MARCH, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

A Polish Robe of purple velvet, flowing open in front, rounded gradually from the bottom towards the lappels, which are continued across the shoulder, and finished in regular points on the back. A *chemisette* of the same, with high full collar; the whole trimmed entirely round with the red fox, mole, leopard spot, or grey squirrel. A rich cord and tassel fastened in the centre of the back, which occasionally confines the robe. The back and skirt cut in one; and the sleeve nearly to fit the arm. Polish cap of the same material, trimmed round the edge, and across the crown, with correspondent skin; a cord and tassels suspended in irregular lengths from the right side of the crown. York tan gloves; and primrose, or purple shoes.

No. 2.—AN EVENING DRESS.

A round train dress of soft white satin, buttoned simply down the left side; the back very low, and quite plain. High, and double puffed sleeves; with wrap front. Military sash of cobweb material embroidered in gold spots, commencing from the back of the right shoulder, crossing the waist behind, and passing under the right side of the bosom, gathered into a pearl brooch at the opposite corner, and flowing within a quarter of a yard to the bottom of the dress, where it is finished with a rich gold tassel. Hair turned up in the Grecian style; plain bands brought to a point on the forehead, irregularly curled at the ears and on the crown of the head, where it is confined with a coronet, or diadem of pearl. Pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets; gold armlet. White kid gloves. Shoes of white satin, embroidered with gold. Fan of white crape, with gold spangled border.

No. 3.—A BALL DRESS,

Of plain crape, over a white satin slip, made a dancing length; plain back and sleeve, with

quartered front, trimmed round the bottom, on the waist and sleeves, with a white velvet ribband thickly spangled with gold. A white satin sash, tied in long bows and ends on the right side, terminated with splendid gold tassels. High gathered tucker of Brussels lace. Hair in dishevelled curls, confined with a white velvet band similar with the trimming of the dress; bow of the same blended with the hair, and placed over the left eye. India shawl, a deep amber colour, with a rich and variegated fringe and border, negligently drawn through each arm, so as to form a flowing drapery on the right side of the figure. Necklace composed of bright topaz, set transparent, fastened with a diamond stud in the centre. Topaz earrings of the fashionable shell form; gold elastic bracelets. French kid gloves. White satin shoes, with gold rosetts. Fan of amber crape, with devices in purple and gold.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 4.—PARISIAN WINTER DRESS.

A promenade coat of soft Circassian cloth, a pale olive colour, buttoned down the front, and formed high in the back, with open round lappels at the bosom, double roll trimming round the arm-hole and wrist; full lace tucker, and double *demi ruff à la Queen Elizabeth*, plaited in vandyke. Sash of pale salmon colour, or pink sarsnet, tied in small bows, and long ends on the right side. Equestrian hat, composed of similar materials with the coat, projecting leaves in front of the same. Hair close cropped behind, divided on the forehead, and curled on the sides. Shawl of pale salmon colour, with blue and crimson border, carelessly thrown over the left arm. Necklace, two rows of fine pearl; earrings of gold; and fan of white tiffany, embroidered in blue and gold. Straw-coloured gloves and shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

• **MOST PREVAILING FASHIONS.**

CAREFULLY SELECTED.

In those antediluvian days, when fashion checked the reins of variety, and prescribed to taste and fancy their regular limits, when in an assembly of elegant females one universal standard prevailed, and diversity of colour was the only distinguishing mark of individual selection, the pencil of the artist, and the pen of the delineator were confined within narrow bounds; but in this enlightened age, when fancy is permitted to range at large, and fashion is confederate with taste and variety, the lesson is more complicated, the labour more diffuse. We are puzzled with the diversity, we are dazzled with the brilliancy of the objects we attempt to pourtray, and it requires a perspicuity of discernment, and an intense observation, to select with judgment, and combine with effect; for scarcely has our admiration paved due homage to the well-chosen costume of one tasteful female, before our attention is as forcibly excited by another; and we readily acknowledge that the fanciful inventions of our English *belles* was never more conspicuously displayed.

We presume not to say how far our delineations have contributed to that taste in personal decoration which so eminently distinguishes the present race of British fair; but we can assure them of the continuation of our efforts to afford such information as shall secure to them that necessary auxiliary to beauty—a good taste.

Independent of the *Polish robe* given in No. 1. of our Prints of Fashion, we are enabled to give a description of a species of Pelice equally new. This most graceful habit is styled the Hibernian vest, and is formed of velvet, the colour pigeon's breast; it is formed as a flowing robe in front, so as occasionally to wrap round the figure; the back is cut round in form of a high gown, without cape or collar, and is trimmed entirely round with a full waving skin of grey squirrel. The vest is formed by a width of velvet fastened down on the inside of the waist, brought across the bosom, and gathered into a brooch on the left shoulder; it is hemmed on the edge next the throat, with the same skin. The back is formed very broad, and is drawn loosely at the bottom with a band, which is brought through the lining and confined in the centre of the waist with large topaz clasps, leaving the sides flowing open. The Hibernian hat worn with this pelice, is of the Spanish form, perfectly flat in the rim, and trimmed round the edge, on the inside, with a skin the same as the pelice; it is turned up directly in front, and over the edge waves two

short brush feathers of the same colour. The chastity and elegance of this habiliment stands almost unrivalled.

The Cottage cloak, of scarlet ker ey mere, is another very attractive covering; it is made with a hood, or cape, and ties immediately on one side of the throat, leaving the shoulder occasionally exposed. The front end of the cloak is pointed, the other rounded; and the whole is terminated with a Turkish ribband, or fur, happily contrasted as to colour. With this cloak is worn a Jockey cap, or Cottage bonnet, composed of the same material. Some females of fashionable celebrity have sported lately silk stockings the colour of the pelice, with open-weave ankles. The mild and spring-like season, has partially introduced the spencer; we have witnessed several in carriages, and in the Park, of dove-velvet, and twill sarsnet, formed with a deep lappel, which is lined with pink, and trimmed at the edge with skin.

The Cardinal coat seems chiefly to be laid aside, but the Opera coat is still as prevalent as ever; we witnessed one of a bright, but pale, morone velvet, trimmed all round with a deep and most elegant gossamer fur. Opera tippets *à la pelerine*, of white satin, or velvet; the latter trimmed with swansdown, the former vandyked with coloured velvet, with full puckered collars, are very distinguishing, and particularly well adapted for slender figures. We never recollect the full dress costume to be more graceful or consistent, except that the long sleeve is too generally adopted, which cannot properly belong to this style of costume. The *veste, à la Catalani*, as given in our last Number, is much introduced amongst fashionable circles; it is usually composed of gold or silver chambray, and sometimes of coloured Italian crape, embroidered in a neat border of silver; and is worn over a white satin or sarsnet under dress.

We have lately been favoured with the sight of a most elegant round robe, formed of a delicate white Italian trape, embroidered all over in small silver stars. This dress was made with a train, and worn over a white satin slip; the bosom sharply rounded at the corners, with a fall of Mechlin lace round, and a drawn tucker above it; the sleeve a plain wrap, trimmed at the edge with silver *à la corkscrew*. From the left shoulder flowed the Peruvian scarf, of a deep salmon colour, with Indian border. The round apron of lace, or patent net, in white, or morone, with light border in silver, gold, or coloured foil, is considered as very elegant; it is generally worn with a round dress of white satin, or sarsnet, and is confined tight round the figure, the fullness being thrown quite behind, where it is tied with bows of white satin ribband, or tassels to

correspond with the border; it usually reaches within a quarter of a yard the bottom of the dress, and is invariably trimmed with a lace at the bottom, put on easily full.

The sleeves of this dress are of the same materials as the apron. Some of our *elegantes* only shade the bosom by a simple drawn tucker of lace. The front of dresses are rather lowered of late, in compliment, we presume, to the back and shoulders, which still continue their public exhibition, braving both moral and physical declamation. The short sleeve, worn in full pucker on the shoulder, confined at the bottom with a broad armet corresponding with the other ornaments, is considered as elegant in full dress; while some, on the contrary, wear the short sleeve nearly plain, trimmed at the edge similar with the dress, and crossed to a point in the centre of the arm. The simple frock sleeve, with a cuff of lace, is much esteemed, with dresses of coloured Italian crape.

We think the waist a little increased in length of late; and the square and round bosom, plaited or gored with lace, have an equal portion of celebrity.

The decorations for the head were never more tasteful and elegant, than at this season. The tiaras of gold, silver, steel, or bugles, are most graceful and becoming ornaments. The small half handkerchief, in black, white, or morone net, embroidered in cotton, gold, or silver, is now so much in vogue, that scarce a fashionable woman appears in public without them. They are often placed at the back of the diadem, falling in irregular points on the back of the neck; others wear them with the point in front, à la *Mary Queen of Scots*. Some intermix them with the knot of hair behind, or on the crown of the head, and bring the ends under the chin. When worn in this last mentioned style, there is generally an ornament in front of the hair. These chiefly consist of flowers, or fruit, in silver or gold; we have seen a small cluster of the hyacinth in silver, or bunches of currants, have a most animated and striking appearance. But of all these ornaments, that which has most excited our admiration, was a bunch of snow-drops, frosted with silver, placed very low on the forehead, nearly over the left eye. Although the *bouquet* makes but a very partial display, yet, at the Opera, we observed some few sprigs of lilies of the valley, American heath, and Labradore rose. Brooches are now formed in imitation of small natural flowers. Some of the damask rose, with gold leaves; others of hearts-ease, sweet-pea, &c. &c.

The Egyptian amulet, in crosses or brooches, are also considered as a useful and interesting ornament; and the broad gold hoop-ring, with

Egyptian or old English characters engraved as a motto, are a trinket or ornament entirely new in the fashionable world. Shoes and gloves continue much as our last communication, except that white kid are now painted at the toes and on the quarters, to represent a sort of coloured marble. The prevailing colours are dove, pink, pale morone, shaded purples, and jonquille.—Fawn-colour, though still much worn by the multitude, is not now considered as genteel.

LETTER ON DRESS.

ILLUSTRATIVE EPISTLE FROM ELIZA TO JULIA.

Oh! Julia, Julia! did not Truro contain objects very dear to me, I should not care to visit it again these dozen years! But this dear bewitching London, now more enchanting than ever! oh! I could wish to live and die in it. I do not in the least wonder now, that Squire G's Lady used to reside here eight months in the year, rather than imprison herself in that gloomy seat within a mile of our town. How odious must she have found the croaking of her rookery, after the enchanting, soul-moving harmony of the Opera; And how offensive must have been the starched and stubborn antiquity of the two maiden sisters, R. and S. stuck opposite to her in our country church, when contrasted in her mind with the graceful images of London fashionables that flocked there. I cannot acquiesce, my dear friend, in your highly-coloured panegyric on a country life; being rather inclined, at this moment, to echo the song of our old Steward,—

"But if that in shades I am destined to dwell,
"Oh! give me the sweet shady-side of Pall-Mall."

Cousin Mary laughed heartily at your humorous description of Truro envy, on your brilliant exhibition at the quarterly assembly. And so you really danced *Sir John Stuart's Strathspey* with the new Member, and procured yourself an host of provincial rivals. I recommend to these dear friends a composing draught, or the fresh provocative I am about to subjoin, may increase their disorder beyond a cure.

You must needs smile, my dear Julia, at the sudden contrast between my observations of yesterday and to-day. I wrote to you then of the mild and spring-like season, and gave you the description of a new spenser, which appeared in the Park on the Sunday; which was, if you recollect, quite as fine as a bright May-day.—Scarce had my packet been closed in the mail, when the whole face of nature was changed, and a Southern spring converted into a Northern winter. The spenser, in consequence, is con-

signed to the wardrobe, and the Russian costume again resumes its sway. In my catalogue of yesterday, I described all that was most new and elegant in this style of habiliment, as well as what was general in others. My letter, therefore (like the cabinet of great artists) will contain the more curious and choice specimens of my talents, and exhibit a *chef d'œuvre* of fashionable intelligence.

I have lately experienced a great loss, my dear Julia, in my charming cousin. She left us three days since, to officiate as bride's maid to one of her friends. Now as this fair cousin of mine is considered the *mirror of taste*, and *glass of fashion*, I know not how I can better accomplish the purpose of my letter than by describing to you those articles which were exclusively ordered for this occasion. First, then, an Hibernian vest and hat, of velvet, shaded much like the breast of your favourite real pigeon, with ruby clasp and brooch; a ridicule of the same, trimmed with ruby-coloured fringe and tassels; this formed the out-door, or carriage costume. Her morning dresses were composed by her own special direction, and consisted of the cambric tunic, and peasant's gown. The former is made precisely as a child's robe, with long sleeves in open hems, and plaited waist. It is ornamented down the sides of the tunic, round the bottom and bosom, with footing lace, or work, let in plain; and a cambric shirt, embroidered in a triangular form to correspond. With this dress she wears a Parisian night-cap, composed of spotted cobweb muslin, trimmed round the face with a fall of broad lace, which nearly obscures the hair, and is gathered over the left eye in a gold brooch, formed to represent the peacock's fan; and a similar ornament fastens the tunic at the bosom. The peasant's gown is composed of a dove-coloured, or pale olive cambric, made a walking length, with frock back, round bosom, and short sleeves; it is laced in front of the waist, at a wide distance, with pink ribband, and two rows of the same colour is laid flat round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves. A sash of sarsnet ribband, the colour of the dress, tied in long bows and ends on the left side. The hair, with this dress, is simply twisted in a knot on the left side of the head, and worn in dishevelled curls in front, displaying much of the forehead.

Her evening, and full dresses, are as fanciful and various, that it is impossible to give you a full description. Cousin Mary, when considered as a girl of fashion and fortune, is by no means profuse or extravagant; she has a ready invention, and a correct taste, which embellishes her person and spares her purse. She has lately introduced a new style of wearing the shawl, so as to make it form a sort of tunic drapery. I will

tell you how this is managed; she has a plain round gown of white satin, made with a short train; the bottom, the bosom, and sleeves, trimmed as fancy shall direct; Mary's is in vandyked silver net. The shawl is of patent lace, a full yard and half square, embroidered in a light border of silver vine leaves; she takes one corner of this shawl and pins it in the centre of the back, then brings the adverse end under the left arm, crosses it over the right shoulder, and fastens it at the corner of the bosom, with a brooch, or diamond pin, allowing the short end to flow negligently to the bottom of the waist, while on the opposite side it forms a tunic and behind a loose pointed drapery. I should tell you that the three corners which are visible, are finished with a tassel corresponding with the trimming of the shawl.

I send, agreeably to your request, a quantity of dove-coloured Italian crape, which you can have made in a dress according to the following directions:—A round dress very scanty, with short train, a plain square bosom, and twisted frock sleeve, without lining; round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves, must be placed a satin ribband in reversed plaiting; the colour of the dress; with a sash of the same, tied in irregular bows and ends behind. You must wear it over a satin or sarsnet slip; but if your very good and discreet mamma should think this too expensive as an underdress, get your calender to glaze (but not stiffen) some fine cambric muslin, which will have an equally good effect. With this dress a white velvet tiara, in silver frost-work and spangles, is a very chaste and suitable ornament for the hair. A white satin pelerine trimmed with fine gossamer fur, white satin shoes, and white kid gloves, completes this attractive costume—in which I wish my dear Julia decided conquest.

I must not forget to tell you that the small half handkerchief, now so much esteemed, is worn in net of divers colours; Mary has one in violet, with a rich border of silver; mine is in pink, but in morone, in black, in gold, and in white, they are equally fashionable. In disposing these ornaments, dear Julia, it is necessary to consult the cast of your features. The mode *à la Mary Queen of Scots*, does not agree with the *Roxalana nose*, or the *Euphrosyne contour*, and is best adapted to the Roman and Grecian style of countenance. Our old favourite head-dress, the Spanish hat, seems to be reviving; at the Opera I saw a few formed of white frosted satin, with drooping Argus feathers. These feathers are now much introduced, and are often formed in bands for the hair, which has an effect most singular and pleasing. I observed some few heads dressed in the Madona style, but they were

generally relieved by loose irregular curls, flowing over them, or by ringlets falling from the crown of the head, on the left side, below the ear. The hair is now much ornamented, and innumerable articles for this purpose are offered at the shrine of taste and fashion; amidst which the small bunch of silver grapes, and gold hop-flower, placed in front of the hair as a diadem, attracts me the most. I enclose one of each, being determined that you shall reign the Queen of Truro Rents, Balls, and *Belles*. Perhaps I should not be thus good-natured were I, as formerly, your neighbour; but who cares for a rival at a distance?

Pray tell your brother (if one dare speak on the flippant subject of dress to men) that he must lay aside his odious *black Brutus*, that scarce any gentleman appears in public without powder; and that he must not wear the frills of his shirt plaited. That he may see Miss Sparks to her chair, pick up her fan if it falls, pay her a few *old school compliments*, and run to her assistance in a case of extremity; for the apathetical negligence, and affected indifference which has distinguished polished men for some few years back, is now on the decline.

I must not conclude my epistle without telling you that the stuff gowns, which a whim of cousin Mary's brought into being, in the early part of the winter, are now to be seen in every street, lane, and avenue. Don't wear your crimson gown (which I used to call the attic counterpane) in any genteel party, they are here considered very *canailish*, and are, in truth, but the refuse of last winter. I think, dear Julia, I have now emptied my budget of intelligence; but just let me whisper you by way of *Gazette Extraordinary*, that it is so much the fashion to look *pale*, that very fine *rouge* may be purchased at half-a-crown per pot; and *first rates* use a sort of lotion, to promote that *languishing* and sickly shade of the lily, which has of late subdued the rose. Oh what a world of extremes is a world of fashion!

Adieu, *ma belle amie*! need my pen assure you that I am now and ever, your faithful and attached

ELIZA.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR A WIFE.

WRITTEN IN THE STYLE OF THE SPECTATOR.

THE most general fault among women is coquetry; it would make me despise them, if it were possible to despise what one loves. I would then wish my wife, without being divested of that desire of pleasing which embellishes the sex, to have nothing of the coquette.

The desire of appearing well dressed is not precisely coquetry; but I would, however, wish

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her not to have that insatiable fondness for ornaments so common in our days. How inexpressibly interesting they appear in a simple, yet elegant undress. Fair ladies, when you send me your portraits, paint yourselves thus.

Shall I require that my wife should be pretty? It is now that my hand trembles.—Well, upon reflection, let her be pretty. What I call a pretty woman, is she whose countenance announces a mixture of wit and sensibility; whose air is mild and prepossessing, joined with an animated and playful physiognomy; she who in all her words and actions displays a certain grace which may be felt but cannot be described. I do not wish for a celebrated beauty; it would be too much for me to have all the men my enemies.

She must be neither too tall, nor too short; it gives them an appearance of solemnity, which I do not like. Brown or fair, the bark is of little consequence.

I would not have her a wit, giving a decisive opinion upon every subject; much less would I have her a learned woman. Madame Dacier would have driven me mad; I would as soon marry Sappho, or Cassaubon; neither have I forgotten that in the time of Martial, women committed errors in their writings.

Education, however, is of too much importance to our happiness in life, for me to wish my wife to be deficient in it. I would then require that her mind be cultivated; that she have some knowledge of great events that are passed, and that she be disposed to take some interest in those that pass during her time. I do not require that she should have read Vopiscus or Ducange; but I would not like her to take Fredegonde for a Roman, or Cornelia for a Greek. To marry a woman without education is to link oneself, while living to a corpse:

J'y veux un autre point,

C'est de l'esprit; car les sots n'aiment point.

By wit, I mean that facility of saying agreeable things which entwine us, by awaking in our minds several ideas or several sensations. For this a chaste taste is necessary.

She must be modest and even rather diffident: I could not support those brazen looks which appear to rival men in confidence.

Let her be modest and chaste, without however resembling those dragons of prudery, who take up arms against what they ought not to know.

I would wish her to have an affectionate heart, and an obliging disposition; without the one, there can be no happiness in the marriage state, and, without the other, it may be compared to assisting at a banquet without being invited.

With respect to age, I wish her to be neither under eighteen, nor above thirty-five. Younger

than this, she would be too inexperienced; older, she would be too knowing. I would not have an old woman, one must tickle her to make her laugh, and I have lost that custom.

With respect to fortune, she must have at least a hundred and fifty pounds a year. It will be thought perhaps, that I require too much; but I cannot help it. I, however, declare that there are some things which might induce me to change a little, and this reflection has determined me to ask for the portrait of all those who have any pretensions to become my beloved consort.

The above letter having run through the world, many answers were made to it; but the only one preserved, is the following:—

I am about four feet eight inches high, rather inclined to *embonpoint*; my shoulders are low and broad, my figure tolerably well made and proportioned, at least I am told so; my face is long, my forehead high, my hair not absolutely flowing in silken curls, my eye-brows bushy, my eyes of a light hazel, rather large than small, rather long than round; a lively countenance; my nose rather broad, my mouth wide, my lips rather thick, but rosy; my teeth white, but not quite regular, my complexion pale, with a few red roses which appear now and then. You will probably say this *debut* is not made to please. I allow, Sir, that in this description there is nothing pretty, but I give it as it is. The remainder of the portrait is equally just.

My fortune is limited, having only the hope of one day enjoying about a hundred a year; my education has not been very brilliant, consequently my mind is little cultivated, but I believe it to be just; my disposition is gay, hasty, and frank; my imagination lively, my heart good, my ideas rather singular, but my conduct uniform, giving way to circumstances, and readily conforming my disposition to that of those with whom I live. I possess much sensibility, and I am easily affected; I am a stranger to deception, and only say what I think; I hate no one, few people amuse me, no one tires me; I delight in rendering service, and am always willing, without appearing to hurry myself, and nothing discourages me when my object is to oblige. I have little value for money, and know how to manage it, but never regret spending it. I am neat by choice, without being elegant; fond of order, principally in essential things, for I am sometimes deficient in it in trifles. I am fond of society though I live alone; my employments compensate me for every thing. I shun, when I have it in my power, what is called 'the great world.' My predominant tastes are music, painting, writing, the various works of my sex, the

conversation of my friends, and reading when I have no better occupation. I detest gambling both by taste and judgment, without blaming those who derive amusement from it. My tastes do not change, I shall be the same to-morrow as I was yesterday.

Notwithstanding the contrasts which perhaps this picture contains, I please many people, even sensible women. I have also friends, and these friends possess merit, and are universally esteemed. Whether you wish to augment the number, or if you decline,

I am, &c.

HARMONICA FRANKHEART.

BIRTHS.

Her Imperial Majesty, Concert to his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, of a Grand Duchess.

At Atherton-Hall, Warwickshire, the Right Hon. Lady Grey, of a son.

At Dublin, her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, of a son.

The Countess of London and Moira, of a son and heir, which died the following day.

In Grosvenor-square, the Duchess of Montrose, of a son.—This child, although not the heir apparent to the family estates, becomes entitled to considerable property, by the bequest of a near relative.

At his house, in Harley-street, the Lady of the Hon. General Sir Arthur Wellesley, of a son and heir.

The Lady of Colonel Beaumont, of Bretton-Hall, near Barnsley, of a son, at his house, in Portman-square.

In Welbeck-street, the Lady of Colonel F. Dillon, of a daughter.

In Dublin, the Hon. Mrs. Clinton, of a daughter.

The Lady of the Earl of Enniskillen, of a son and heir.

At the house of the Rev. Dr. Holland, in Gower-street, the Honourable Mrs. Holland, of a daughter.

At Kentish Town, the Lady of Colonel Symes, M. P. of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Sir David Fleming, Bart. of the county of Cumberland, to Miss Fleming, daughter and sole heiress of the late Sir Michael Le Fleming, Bart. of Rydall-Hall, in Westmoreland, and grand-daughter of Thomas Howard, the late Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire.

The Hon. and Rev. Edward Taylor, brother to the Marquis of Headfort, to Miss St. Leger, eldest daughter of Colonel St. Leger, and niece to Viscount Doneraile.

At Barham Court, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Barham, William Henry Hoare, Esq. eldest son of Henry Hoare, Esq. to Miss Noel, eldest daughter of Gerard Noel Noel, Esq. of Exton Park, Rutlandshire, and grand-daughter of Lord Barham. The ceremony was performed in Teston Church, by the Rev. Gerard Noel, the Lady's brother; after the ceremony, the happy pair set out for Mitcham Grove.

At St. James's Church, by special licence, the Right Hon. Lord Bagot, to the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Legge, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dartmouth.—The ceremony was performed by the Hon. and Rev. the Dean of Windsor.

The Rev. J. J. Hume, Rector of West Kingston, Wilts, to Miss Lydia Lane, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Laffé, Esq. of Grittleton-house, in the same county.

At Wotton-under-Edge, Granville Hastings Wheeler, Esq. to Miss Jane Tattersall.

At Wolterton, in Norfolk, the Hon. and Rev. William Wodehouse, to Miss Hussey, eldest daughter of Thomas Hussey, Esq. of Galtrim, in Ireland.

At Stoke Newington, the Rev. William Parker, M.A. of Christ's College, Cambridge, to Miss Ann Gaskin, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gaskin, Rector of that parish.

At Castle M'Garratt, in the county of Mayo, in Ireland, by special licence, the Hon. Henry Augustus Dillon, to Miss Browne, eldest daughter of D. G. Browne, Esq. of the same place.

Capt. Hale, of the Royal North Gloucester Militia, to Lady Theodosia Bourke, sister of the Earl of Mayo.

At Farnborough, in Warwickshire, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart. to Miss Holbech, eldest daughter of William Holbech, Esq.

At Manchester, James Bellairs, Esq. of Derby, banker, to Miss Peel, eldest daughter of Laurence Peel, Esq. of Ardwick Green, and niece of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M. P.

At South Shields, Mr. James Dempster, grocer, to Miss Mary Bruce, of North Shields, after a courtship of more than 20 years.

DIED.

At her house in Hinde-street, Manchester-square, the Right Hon. Baroness Dufferin and Claneboye, of Down, Ireland.—Her Ladyship died at the age of 80 years, leaving issue five sons and four daughters, all married, and by them 15 grand-children. She was mother of the gallant

and brave Capt. Henry Blackwood, the confidential friend of the most illustrious Lord Nelson, especially in the glorious battle of Trafalgar. She succeeded in her fortune and title by her eldest son, the Hon. Sir James Blackwood, now Lord Dufferin and Claneboye.

General Paoli, at a very advanced age, at his house near the Edgeware Road—famous for the part he took in the affairs of Corsica, in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, and the godfather of Bonaparte.

Near Wooler, in Northumberland, aged 70, Sir Patrick Claud Ewins, Bart. who formerly married Signora Centuci, a Neapolitan lady, by whom he had issue an only son, born at Eagle Hall Somersetshire; this son marrying without his father's consent, the latter formed the resolution, and did dispose of all his estates, and invested the whole produce thereof in the public funds, and withdrew into very humble retirement about 40 years since, leaving his son (since deceased) the scanty pittance of 40l. a year, and whom he never afterwards could be prevailed upon to be reconciled to, or see.

At Great Yarmouth, the Lady of Admiral Edgar.

The Lady of Wyndham Knatchbull, Esq. of Russell-place, and sister of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart.

At Oxon, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, in her 101st year, Mrs. Siddall.—She retained all her faculties till the hour of her death.

Miles Southern Branthwayt, Esq. of Taverham, in the county of Norfolk.

At Southborough, near Tunbridge, Lieutenant-Colonel James Howell, aged 61.

In Ireland, aged 75, the Rev. John Lever, only brother of the late Sir Ashton Lever, and father of Darcy Lever, Esq. Adjutant of the Leeds Volunteers.

At his seat at Hampstead-Hall, George Birch, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Stafford.

At her brother's house, in Bloomsbury square, Miss Smith, sister of Sir Nash Grose, aged 73.

At Brent Bridge, on the Edgeware Road, Mr. George Bell, who prophesied the destruction of London more than 40 years ago, and who made so remarkable an appearance when giving his evidence, during a late Sessions at the Old Bailey.

At Edmonton, the wife of Mr. Brigg, solicitor.—The death of this lady was occasioned by an accident, from which so lamentable a result was not to be apprehended.—A few weeks since, in adjusting a skewer used in trussing a pheasant, she perforated her thumb, and the bird being in a slight degree tainted, an inflammation ensued, which terminated in her death.

At Belfast, Ireland, Mrs. White, of the Belfast Theatre.—A woman of most exemplary conduct and meekness of disposition, which gained and secured her the love and esteem of all who knew her.—She was one of the infant pupils of the celebrated Garrick, and her father (a Mr. Simpson, of Aberdeen, in Scotland, where Mr. White has left several near relations, of the most respectable families), was Mr. G.'s assistant and most particular friend.

At Clifton, Lady Hesketh, widow of Sir T. Hesketh, Bart. of Rufford Hall, Lancashire.—This was the lady to whom so many of the letters of the poet Cowper are addressed.

At Chelsea, Samuel Wyatt, Esq. the celebrated architect.

At Chastleton, in the county of Oxford, in the 35th year of her age, Mrs. Ann Hancock.

At Putney, Mrs. Shields, aged 81, the wife of Mr. Robert Shields, of that place.

In Dublin, of a violent fever, William Preston, Esq. Barrister at Law. He was a Gentleman of mild and benevolent manners; an excellent classic scholar; his works, as a poet, are well known and admired for their elegant taste and refined feeling.

At his house, at Laytonstone, in the 75th year of his age, Charles Lincoln, Esq. late Deputy of the Ward of Aldgate, and many years a Member of the Corporation of this city, and Governor of Christ's and St. Thomas's Hospitals.

At Southborough, near Tunbridge, Lieutenant-Colonel James Howell, aged 61.

At Llanbrarach, the hospitable mansion of his ancestors for 840 years, Thomas Thomas, Esq. a Justice of the Peace, and one of the Deputy Lieutenants for the county of Glamorgan.

At her house, in Bath, Mrs. Smith, mother of Mrs. Fitzherbert.

At Bath, Mr. Long, the Gentleman whom Foote introduced in the character of *Mr. Flint*, in his Comedy of *The Maid of Bath*.—He died worth more than 200,000*l.* the bulk of which he has left to Miss Long, the only daughter of Sir James Tilney Long, just entered her 17th year, and who before this winfall was the richest heiress in the united kingdom.

At his house, in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, aged 88, Henry Sutherland, one of the Pages of the Presence to her Majesty.

At his house, at Shippton, Fletcher Read, Esq. of pugilistic memory.—After spending a convivial evening with his "chosen few," he was found in his bed a lifeless corpse.

At Dresden, aged 74, M. John Christopher Adelung, Counsellor and principal Librarian to the Elector of Saxony.—He was one of the most industrious and learned of the German Literati.

At Rippon, in Yorkshire, Mr. Jefferson, Comediant, the friend, cotemporary, and exact prototype of the immortal Garrick.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Numerous enquiries having been made after the author of our valuable article on *Singing* (Vol. I. No. 8, and 10), we think it necessary to acquaint our Readers, that it is our rule not to give the name of any author who has not signed it himself; but that we can recommend a lady who teaches singing according to the principles laid down in the said article.

Mr. W——'s paper shall have a place in our next.

Many poetical favours are omitted in consequence of the length of the poem of *Palestine*.

Letters on *Botany* in our next.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1807.

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1. A Portrait of her Grace the DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.
2. Portrait of a FRENCH LADY on horseback, finely coloured.
3. The DUCHESS of ROXBOROUGH's new fashionable HALF DRESS.
4. Portrait of a LADY in the OPERA DRESS.
5. AN ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, by Mr. Reeve, expressly and exclusively for LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.
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Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,
For MARCH, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Fifteenth Number.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

HAVING completed the suit of Portraits of all the Female Branches of the ROYAL FAMILY, including his Majesty; to which likewise are annexed those slight Biographical Sketches which alone accorded with the plan of our Magazine, and were judged most suitable to the feelings of the dignified characters themselves, we now commence with another series.

The first respect would seem naturally due to the illustrious females of this kingdom; but it has been suggested to us, that a suit of Portraits of the reigning Female Sovereigns of Europe, in friendship and alliance with Great Britain, would be desirable to the lovers of the Fine Arts, as forming a splendid and unique collection, to embellish, in conjunction with the present complete suit of the Royal Family of England, the Cabinet of the amateur.

The first difficulty, that of procuring faithful and esteemed pictures of these illustrious foreigners, we have not only succeeded in overcoming, but have met unlooked-for facility in procuring. The Ambassadors of the several Courts, resident in London, have politely favoured us with portraits of their respective Sovereigns, and sanctioned our plan with the utmost condescension.

Notwithstanding, there is a sort of allegiance and precedence due to our native nobility, which we are disposed to preserve, in commencing with the following distinguished Lady.—Having thus testified our respect, we shall begin, in the next ensuing month, with the suit of the FOREIGN SOVEREIGNS; to whose portraits we shall likewise attach a portion of historical and private biography, of a very rare interest, derived from sources peculiarly our own.

Of her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, all biography, in her present early youth, would be presumptuous. Little can be known out of the sphere of her domestic circle, (which she embellishes with those virtues and qualities peculiar to her sex,) but what a common peerage will supply.

Georgiana Russell is the youngest daughter of the present Duke and Duchess of Gordon; she was married June 23, 1803, to John Duke of Bedford, the present Viceroy of Ireland, by whom she has issue a son, as yet an infant, christened, in compliment to a distinguished Statesman, deceased, Charles James Fox Russell.

Her Grace is most accomplished in her manners, and amiable in her person; she has not yet attained her 25th year.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN :

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[Continued from Page 64.]

THE next evening, by command of the Sultan, Danishmende thus resumed his narrative:—

“All was in vain; nothing could procure the emir any rest; he tossed himself on every side in quest of sleep. Short intervals of uneasy slumber only served to harass his imagination with frightful dreams; often in bitterness of heart did he curse his harem, his physicians, his cooks, and the young fops by whose example he had been led to adopt a soft luxurious life. He drew a comparison between himself, an old man of two-and-thirty, and the hoary headed youth of fourscore. He at last fell asleep; and on waking a few hours after, he almost thought all that had happened to him since his last sleep had been merely a dream, at least he did his utmost to suppress the recollection of the most disagreeable part of it; and, in hopes that new impressions would best contribute to that end, he threw open a window, which gave him a view of the garden, extending wide on the east side of the house. A pure air, impregnated with a thousand recreating odours dispelled the gloomy vapours still hovering in his brain; he felt himself refreshed; this sentiment now fanned a spark of hope within his breast, and with hope the love of life returned. As he was contemplating this garden, which he could not help admiring for its simplicity and usefulness, in spite of his vitiated and artificial taste, he perceived the old man, half covered with bushes, busying himself in the lighter employments of gardening, of which the emir had never deigned to acquire one idea. The desire of obtaining a solution of all the surprising and marvellous scenes he had beheld in this house, prompted him to go down into the garden, in order to have some conversation with the old man. After thanking him for the obliging reception he had met with in his advanced age, he began to testify his amazement that a person of his advanced age should be still so upright, so active, so lively, and so capable of sharing in the pleasures of life; if your silver

locks, and your grey beard, added he, did not bear witness to your progress in the decline of life, one would take you for a man of forty. Explain to me, I pray, this mystery; what secret do you possess capable of working such a miracle?

“I can tell you my secret in three words, returned the old man, smiling,—work, amusement, and rest; each in small proportions, mingled in equal parts, and interchanged according to the suggestions of nature, work this miracle, as you choose to term it, in the most comprehensible manner possible. A not disagreeable weariness is the hint that nature gives us to interrupt our work for diversion; and a similar hint reminds us to rest from both. Work keeps up the taste for the pleasures of nature, and supplies the means of enjoying them; and he alone for whom her pure and blameless delights have lost all charms, is unhappy enough to seek a gratification in such as are artificial which they can never supply. Look at me, good stranger, how happy obedience to nature makes us; she rewards us with her choicest gifts; my whole life has been a long, rarely interrupted, chain of agreeable moments; for even labour, a labour proportionate to our powers, and not accompanied with any embittering circumstances, is connected with a kind of gentle pleasure, which sheds a benign influence over all our frame; but, for being happy by nature, it is necessary that we preserve the uncorrupt taste, that greatest of her benefits, and the instrument of all the rest; and for having right notions a right way of thinking is indispensably requisite.

“The old man looked full at his guest, and saw by his countenance that he understood but little of what he said. I shall be better understood by you perhaps, continued he, if I relate to you the history of our little colony; for in every other habitation, whither chance might have conducted you in these vallies, you would have found every thing pretty nearly like what you have seen in mine. The emir signified that he

should hear him with great pleasure. He had so much the appearance of fatigue, that the kind old man proposed to him to sit down on a sofa, in an arbour of the garden planted about with citrons; though to himself a walk among the trees would have been more agreeable.

"The emir willingly accepted this offer; and, while a beautiful young female slave presented them with the best coffee from Moca, the lively old man thus began his narrative:—

"We are told by an ancient tradition, that our progenitors were of Grecian descent; and by an accident, in the circumstances whereof you cannot at all be interested, were thrown, some centuries ago, into these mountains. They settled themselves in these pleasant vales, which nature seemed to have designed as a refuge for a few happy beings from the ill usage and pestilential manners of other mortals. Here they lived in a contented restriction to the narrow circle of the wants of nature, apparently so poor, that even the neighbouring Bedouins seemed to concern themselves but little about their existence. The greater part of the characters of their origin were gradually effaced by time; their language was lost in the Arabic; their religion degenerated into a few superstitious observances, for which they themselves could give no reason; and, of the arts which gave the Greek nation an inalienable superiority over all others, they retained only an affection for music, and a certain native propensity to elegance and to social pleasures, which furnished the basis whereon the wise legislators were able to erect their descendants into a small state of happy persons. Desirous of perpetuating the beauty of forms among them, they made it a rule to admit into their society only the most beautiful of the daughters of the neighbouring yemen; and to this custom (which our lawgiver found worthy of having the sanction of an inviolable duty) it is doubtless to be ascribed, that in all our vales you will find no person, either of our sex or of the other, who would not pass for an extraordinary beauty on the other side of the mountains. In the time of my grandfather, the excellent man to whom we are indebted for our present constitution, the second and proper founder of our nation, by a series of accidents, came into these regions. We know nothing either of his origin, or of the particulars of his life previous to the period of his coming among us. At that time he seemed to be a man of about fifty; he was tall, of a majestic figure, and of such an engaging deportment, that in a short time he won all hearts. He had brought so much gold with him that it was apparent to all that he had no other motive or living among us than because he was pleased with us. The gentleness and civility of his

manners, the artless wisdom of his discourse, the knowledge he possessed of numberless useful and agreeable matters, joined with an eloquence that insinuated itself into every mind with irresistible force, procured him by degrees a more unbounded authority than a monarch usually has over his native subjects. He found our little nation capable of being happy; and people, said he to himself, who for some centuries could content themselves with indispensable necessities, deserve to be so; I will make them happy. He concealed his intentions for some time, wisely thinking that he must make the first impressions by his example. He settled among us; he lived in his house just as you have seen us live; he made our people acquainted with the accommodations and pleasures which could not fail to excite their desires; and scarcely was he aware that he had attained this end, when he set about his grand project. A friend who had accompanied him, and was master of all the fine arts to a high degree of perfection, assisted him in accelerating its accomplishment. Many of our youths, after receiving the necessary preparatives from them, worked, under their inspection, with an enthusiasm not to be described. Wild regions were cultivated, fine meads, gardens, and orchards full of fruit trees were seen flourishing in districts which till now had been covered with briars and thistles; and rocks were shaded with newly planted vines. In the midst of a gentle eminence, which commands the most beautiful of our vallies, rose a circular temple, open on all sides, in the centre of which nothing was to be seen but an estrade about three steps higher than the ground, whereon stood three images of white marble; statues which could not be beheld without love and gentle transports; a hedge of myrtle, at some distance, surrounded the temple, and covered the whole elevation. This last work was a mystery to all our people, and Psammis (so this wonderful stranger was called) deferred giving them the solution of it till he perceived that all the tender reverence they felt for him was unable to restrain their impatience. At length, on the morning of a fine day, which ever since has been kept as the most sacred of our festivals, he conducted a number of our people, whom he had selected as the fittest for his purpose, to the top of this little hill; seated himself with them under the myrtle, and gave them to understand, that he was come to them with no other intention than to render them and their posterity happy; that he expected no other reward for it than the satisfaction of having obtained his end; and that he required no other conditions from them than a solemn vow to keep inviolably the laws that he should give them.

"It would be too prolix, continued the old

man, to relate to you what he said for convincing his hearers, and what he did for accomplishing the work he had begun, and for giving it all the consistence which a plan founded on nature can receive by prudent foresight. A specimen of his morality, which composes the first part of his legislation, will be sufficient for giving you some notion of it. Each of us, on entering his fourteenth year, on the day that he must make the vow in the temple of the Graces to live according to nature, receives a sort of tablets, made of ebony on which this system of morality is written in letters of gold. We carry them always about us, regarding them as a sacred deposit and, in a manner, as a talisman, to which our happiness is annexed. Whoever should attempt to introduce other maxims would be banished for ever from our borders, as a corrupter of our manners, and the destroyer of our welfare. Attend, if you please, to what I will now repeat to you from them.

"The Being of beings (thus speaks Psammis in the preamble to his laws) who, invisible to our eyes, and incomprehensible to our mind, grants us to feel his existence only by benefits, is not in want of us, and requires no other return from us, than that we should allow ourselves to be made happy. Nature, constituted by him our general mother and conductress, inspires us with the first sensations and impulses, on the moderation and harmony whereof depends our happiness; her voice it is which speaks to you by the mouth of her Psammis; his laws are no other than her's.

"She purposes that you should rejoice in your existence. Joy is the ultimate wish of all sensitive beings; it is to mankind what air and sunshine are to the plants. By sweet smiles she announces the first expansion of humanity in the suckling; and their departure is the prelude of the dissolution of our being. Love and mutual benevolence are her richest and purest sources, innocence of heart and manners the gentle banks within which they flow.

"Hear me, ye children of Nature! for this, and no other name, shall your nation henceforth bear.

"Nature has formed all your senses, every minute vessel of the wondrous texture of your frame, your brain and your heart, to be instruments of pleasure. Could she more plainly tell you to what end she formed you?

"Had it been possible to make you capable of pleasure, without the necessity of being also susceptible of pain, she would have done it; but, as far as it was possible, she has stopped up the avenues to pain. So long as you follow her laws, it will seldom interrupt your bliss; nay more, it will sharpen your sensibility to every

pleasure, and thus become a benefit; it will be in your lives what the shades are in a sunny landscape, what the dissonance is in a symphony, or what salt is to your food.

"Hear me, ye children of Nature! hear your sound and inviolable laws; without labour no health of mind or body, no happiness is possible. Nature ordains that ye derive the means of preserving and sweetening your existence, as the fruit of a moderate labour, from her bosom.

"Habituate your eyes to the beauty of Nature; and from the manifold variety of her beautiful forms, her rich combinations, her charming colouring, store your fancy with ideas of the beautiful.

"The ear, after the eye, is the most perfect of our senses. Accustom it to artless but affecting melodies, breathing beautiful sentiments which stir the heart with mild emotions, or lull the sleeping soul into delightful dreams. Joy, love, and innocence attune the frame of man to harmony with himself, with all good persons, and with all nature.

"Psammis has imparted to you new sources of pleasing sensations; through him ye enjoy, when fatigued with your daily toil, a voluptuous repose; through him delicious fruit delight your palate, transplanted to this foreign soil; in the love which you only knew under its meanest form of animal gratification, he has made you acquainted with the soul of life, the source of delicious transport, and the purest voluptuousness of heart.

"Oh my children! what pleasure, what agreeable sensation do I refuse you?—None; certainly none that nature designed you. I enjoin you to temperance, but for no other reason than as it is indispensable to preserve you from pain, and to keep you always inclined to joy. I have demolished the foolish contrast between various kinds of pleasure, and restored an eternal concord between them; I have increased, refined, ennobled your satisfactions.—What can I do more! Still one thing, and the most important of all. Learn, my children, the easy art of augmenting your happiness; extend your benevolence over all nature; taste as often as you can the pure celestial pleasures of making others happy; and thou, the wretch, whose heart does not begin to expand at these sentiments alone, flee for ever from the abodes of the children of Nature!"

Shah Gebal was insensibly fallen so fast asleep over the morality of the wise Psammis, that the fair Nurmahal held it advisable to postpone the continuation of the history of the emir to the ensuing night.

(To be continued.)

THE SPECTRE.

A TRUE STORY.

In one of those rare societies which are interesting although little known, where one may still be amused without gaming, where one may converse with that liberty which forms the charm of cultivated minds, where no pretensions but those of pleasing are shown, and no eagerness except for the acquirement of instruction, the conversation happened to turn on real objects and fantastic visions. It was attempted to assign their difference and determine their analogy; to find the relation which exists between a regular dream and a profound meditation, between an ardent contemplator, and a cold observer, between enthusiasm which depicts, and examination which demonstrates.

One of the company then advanced, that a strongly exalted imagination attested the existence of beings with as much energy as the senses could. He was contradicted, grew warm, and continued the dispute, when an Officer said, that he thought a single fact would throw more light on an opinion than a great number of arguments, and he offered to tell them one which would perhaps elucidate the matter. He added, that the fact happened to a Captain in his regiment, that he had himself witnessed it, and that all his comrades could certify its truth.

The company agreed to lend* their attention. He promised to recite the story with the greatest fidelity, and begged indulgence for details which he could not omit, as well as for a few reflections which naturally arose from the subject; he then proceeded as follows:—

After a smart engagement, in Italy, during the last war, the wounded French officers were taken to the hospital at Milan. Darville was one of the number; his wounds left but slender hopes of saving his life; he was soon reduced to the last gasp, but the powerful aids of medicine, together with his youth and vigour, united to save him.

He had no sooner recovered his senses, which had been suspended above a month, sometimes with a violent delirium, at others by a lethargic sleep, than he asked numberless questions as to where he was, in what condition he had been, and about all those objects which are so interesting to a man who, as it were, begins to exist anew, who tries new sensations, and who enjoys that pleasure in existing, of which none but those who are recovered from dangerous maladies can have any idea.

The nun whom he was thus interrogating, an-

swered him with as much modesty as if she had not contributed essentially to his recovery, and with as much precision as if she had not quitted him a single instant. He was desirous of seeing her who was with so much complacence giving him the particulars he so eagerly sought to know. He drew back the curtain, and was greatly surprised at the sight of a charming female, apparently not above eighteen years of age, near his bed. In examining her with all the attention which she excited, he remarked eyes in which candour and benevolence shone; he surprised a look at once caressing and timid; he perceived one of those tender, ingenuous, and pensive physiognomies, which attracts more powerfully than beauty, and which inspires more interest; he admired a noble and elegant mien, enchanting natural graces, rendered more striking from the necessity of seeking them under a dress which irritated desire, whilst it indicated privations.

Darville, astonished to find such charms in the asylum of sickness, was much more so, after he had learned that this nun, whose name was Mary, had been his sole nurse during the whole of his long illness, that she employed the whole day in attending on him, that she watched him at night, and took only short slumbers, which never had caused any intermission in the care she had taken of him, with tender patience and admirable resolution, and that, in short, he owed his life to her.

Born with one of those fervent constitutions which renders men so amiable and so unhappy, and which multiply their sufferings by extending their affections, Darville considered gratitude as an act of devotion, and all his sentiments became passions. He immediately abandoned himself to an excessive sensibility; he fancied he should always be able to conceal it from her who was its cause. He no longer dared to accept those services which she still so kindly and earnestly offered him; he said he wished to begin to discharge the immense debts which he had contracted; he would not suffer her to watch at night, but begged her to retire to her repose, as the only means of allowing him any rest. But in a short time he was unable to enjoy any; a passion too violent to be mistaken, invaded his heart. The regard due to the situation of Mary, the respect which her benefits deserved, the reserve which the innocence of her manners inspired, compelled him to silence as a duty, which, however, he never violated more than

whilst he thought himself strictly observing it; the flame raged with greater activity from the painful efforts which he made to concentrate it. He first perceived this effect by the sudden reserve of Mary.

Fearful then of losing every thing, he dared every thing; he risked the avowal which he had promised himself never to make; he expected a repulse, he received it, and was overwhelmed with despair. All the reasons which were given to make him conquer his love, only served to increase it; all the consolations presented to him became as many torments; all the aids which were offered appeared to him an increase of misery. His almost broken-hearted mistress was going to leave him, and to send one of her companions to supply her place: one of Darville's wounds broke out afresh, and she remained.

In the mean time our regiment arrived at Milan for the winter. I went every day to keep my friend company; I found Mary, and witnessed her care; sometimes she dressed the wound in my presence, and I perceived her shed a few tears which she vainly tried to retain and conceal. Darville did not speak to her, but his looks darted fire; and his silence was impassioned. An eloquence so powerful, so terrible a situation, so much reserve with so much love; the energy which characterizes a right sentiment, that cry of the soul which proves it, that persuasion which accompanies it, all were united against Mary; all conspired to infuse a devouring flame into her feeling heart. She discovered it with terror; she did not, however, fear to disclose the whole to him who had inspired it; knowing him to be generous, she thought her virtue would never be in danger, unless she were to render him responsible for it; she therefore ventured to intrust him with that sacred deposit; and he swore it should be respected.

He thought he should be able faithfully to keep an oath which nature disavowed, but he soon was sensible of his mistake; he could no longer contain his feelings. Mary reminded him of his promise; a few tender words from her whom he adored suspended his transports. How, said she, must my ruin be the price of my sensibility, and do you seek to disgrace her whom you love? He fell at her feet, assured her of his repentance, renewed his protestations of respect, and experienced that the repulses of innocence are not always without sweets to an honest man who reveres the object of his love. When he reflected on the multiplied sacrifices made by an unfortunate woman who was to defend herself against the power of her lover and against her own weakness, wherein the so difficult victory was to be obtained by endless trouble and anxiety, he accused himself of being wanting in delicacy,

he condemned his desires, he determined to abstain from any expression; and as soon as his mistress appeared his resolves were all forgotten.

Mary, supported by real piety, by the remembrance of her vows, by a conduct hitherto irreproachable, surmounted for a long time the tenderness which she shared; but her triumph was succeeded by that arid kind of grief which sheds no tears, which loads with an immense pressure, which agitates without distracting; above all, it became impossible for her to bear the idea that she caused the misery of him for whom she would have sacrificed her life. This conviction, against which those who truly love can find no defence, sealed her doom. She yielded; and the day which to her lover was the height of felicity, overwhelmed her with despair. From that moment she fancied she read her shame in every eye. Religious prejudices, of all the most tyrannical, filled her timorous conscience with fears. She considered that love which had enslaved her, which had cost her so dearly, of which she had proved all the charms without tasting them, as the greatest of crimes.

Whilst she was fulfilling her most noble and useful duties, but the most melancholy and frightful of all those which religious societies could impose on their votaries, and of which beneficent humanity could make choice, the picture of death appearing incessantly before her eyes, froze her senses, increased her terrors, and left that tender and timid soul a prey to the mortal activity of remorse.

Mary could no longer resist afflictions which became daily more keen; so much love, so many troubles, regrets, desires, struggles, successive nights passed with her lover, shattered a feeble constitution. She was seized with an inflammatory fever; it was pronounced mortal, and rapidly led her to the grave.

Her lover, who had concealed his passion, was not able to dissemble his loss: his despair broke out in the most inauspicious manner; the first fit was terrible; with great difficulty a stop was put to its effects, a sullen gloominess of mind succeeded. He told us he should soon rejoin her who had carried off his life, he was not to be persuaded to take any food; he slept no longer.

Penetrated with his condition, we neglected nothing which might alleviate it; but our eagerness to relieve him irritated his sorrows. Dismayed at the inutility of our cares, we, in one of our conversations, spoke with a vivacity of which the motive could not displease him. We gently reproached him with his want of friendship; we conjured him not to reject our entreaties; tears started in our eyes. He abruptly interrupted us, saying: "My friends your efforts are fruitless; it is not in the power of any one

to allay my grief; it will only end with my life. What can comfort a man for the loss of her he adored? Absence: but that resource does not exist for me."

He stopped. We attended in silence the explanation of those strange words. All at once his looks were animated; he arose, and exclaimed — "Mary is dead! she is dead, but she is not absent. She is there," added he, looking stedfastly at an armed chair towards which he pointed. "Yes, there she is, I see her as plainly as I do you; she fixes her eyes on me, she hears me; if I approach her she repulses, but she never disappears."

He was silent, and we ceased to offer him any more consolations which were of no avail, for his affliction was of a nature too uncommon to yield to ordinary means. Chance, which in the crisis of fantastical cases sometimes collects different means, appeared to offer one which gave us hopes of saving our friend, and restoring him to himself.

A public entertainment was given; all those contemptible women, who, it is said, preserve the morals of a town by corrupting them, appeared there. I was observing them in the ball-room, when I perceived one whose resemblance to Mary astonished me. I flew to an officer of my regiment, and asked him whether I might show him a portrait of Darville's mistress, probably more exact, and certainly more real, than that with which that unfortunate man was beset. His surprise equalled mine. We placed ourselves by the side of that woman, and studied her features. This examination confirmed the truth of our first glance; and we immediately formed the design of profiting by so singular a meeting

to cure the disease of our friend. Persuaded that the phantasm which pursued him would disappear when opposed to the real object, and that his imagination would be undeceived when he found his senses struck, we determined to introduce to him, in the dress of Mary, the female who was so like her.

After having agreed with this woman about the disguise she was to assume, the place she should go to, the signal at which she was to advance, her attitude, her gait, and all the requisites for the part she was to act, we went to Darville, and asked him a last proof of his friendship. "We are going to leave the place," said we, embracing him; "perhaps we may never meet again." Seeing he was moved, we pressed him to come and sup with us that same evening, saying that was the only proof we desired. He knew not how to refuse our invitation; he came, and we sat down to table. The repast was nearly finished, and he had not spoken a word, when, in order to raise to its height an emotion necessary to cause a total revolution, we talked to him about the fatal day on which he received the last sigh of his mistress.

Without making any answer, he looked earnestly towards a dark closet opposite to his seat; he arose, and extended his arms as if to reunite himself to the object which his delirium realised.

We that instant gave the signal; the counterfeit Mary entered; he perceived her, and fell backwards; he shuddered, and cried, "O my friends, my friends, save me! I am lost! I saw but one, and I see two." We attempted to convince him of his error.—He fell into convulsions, and expired pronouncing the name of Mary.

ON EPISTOLARY STYLE, AND ON MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

WHAT is it that essentially characterises the epistolary style? It is a difficult question to resolve. Epistolary style is that which is most suitable to the person who writes, and to the subjects written upon. Cardinal d'Osat cannot write like Ninon de l'Enclos; and Cicero does not write on the murder of Cæsar, in the same tone as he records the supper he gave Cæsar. The same principle may be applied to the style of history, of fables, &c. The style of Tacitus has nothing in common with that of Titus Livius, nor the style of La Fontaine with that of Phædrus.

To what purpose are these doctrines of *genera* and others which have been introduced into literature? Every thing is now reduced to classes and

genera: the term of perfection in every *genus* is the extreme point at which the best writer has stopped, and his manner is taken as a model. This critical spirit has indeed served to disseminate a more sound and general criticism, but has at the same time contributed to clog talents, and to contract the career of the arts. Happily genius will not be shackled by those petty rules, which pedantry, mediocrity, the fury of judging have invented, and endeavour to maintain. The man of genius is like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, who bind him while he sleeps; he wakes, and without effort breaks those feeble bands which the dwarfs took for cables.

Nothing is more dissimilar than the epistolary style of Cicero and that of Pliny, the style of

Madame de Sevigné and that of Voltaire, which are we to imitate? Neither; for we have, properly speaking, no style, unless it is adapted to our character and turn of mind, modified by our feelings at the time of writing.

Letters have no other object than to communicate our thoughts and sentiments to absent persons; they are dictated by friendship, confidence, and politeness. It is a conversation in writing; so that the style of letters ought to be the same as that of common conversation, with somewhat more choice in the subjects, and more correction in the words and phrases. The rapidity of speech causes an infinite number of negligences to be overlooked, which the mind has time to reject whilst we write, be it ever so rapidly; and, moreover, he who reads is not so indulgent as he who listens.

The essential character of the epistolary style is then to be natural and easy; laboured wit, elegance, or correctness are insupportable.

Philosophy, politics, anecdotes, the arts, *bon-mots*, all may be introduced in letters; but with the easy carelessness and unpremeditation which characterise the conversation of well-educated persons.

Who is he that writes best? He who has the greatest flexibility of imagination, the most promptness, gaiety, and originality of mind, the most taste and facility in his manner of expression.

But whence comes it that the man who in conversation is animated, gay, and witty, is in his letters generally dull, dry, and heavy? It is because there are men who are excited by society, and others who are disconcerted. The impulse of society gives to the wit of some men more spring and activity, whilst it dulls and perplexes others. The former remain frigid whilst they sit in their study, pen in hand; the latter, in the same situation, regain the free exercise of all their faculties.

It may easily be conceived that those women who have wit, and a cultivated mind, write better letters than the best writers among men. Nature has bestowed on them more pliability of fancy, and a more delicate organisation; their mind, less accustomed to reflection, possesses more vivacity and ready thoughts, it rambles into more digressions; shut up in society, and less distracted with business or study, they are more attentive in observing characters and manners, they are more interested in all the little events which occupy or amuse what is termed the world.

Their sensibility is more alert, more lively, and embraces a greater number of objects. They naturally express themselves with more facility; even the reserve which their education and man-

ners prescribe them, serves to whet their wit, and on certain objects it inspires them with more refined and delicate turns; in fine, their thoughts, participate less of reflection, their opinions are more connected with their sentiments, and their mind is always modified by the impression of the moment; thence that suppleness and variety which are usually found in their letters; that facility of passing from one object to others very different, without effort, and by unexpected although natural transitions; those expressions and associations of words, novel and keen without being sought for; those refined and often profound views of things, which appear like inspiration; and lastly, those happy negligences, more pleasing than exactness.

Men of talents, more accustomed to think and to write naturally, and, as it were, in spite of themselves, arrange their ideas so methodically as to render too much reflection apparent; and their style is of a correctness incompatible with that careless and negligent grace we so much admire in the letters of women.

Learned men, says Voltaire, do not usually write familiar letters well; like professed dancers, who cannot make a graceful bow.

The letters of Balzac and Voiture, which we so much admired in the last age, are at this time forgotten; because the passion for mere wit is less lively, the taste more formed, and the art of writing better known. There remains still of that immortal age, letters of two women which will live as long as the French language. Every body has read the letters of Madame de Maintenon, and one never tires of repeatedly reading those of Madame de Sevigné. But what a difference between these two celebrated women! The letters of the first are full of wit and reason, the style is elegant and natural, but the tone is serious and uniform. On the contrary what grace! what variety! what vivacity in those of Madame de Sevigné!

What particularly distinguishes her, is that momentaneous sensibility which is affected at every thing, which is every where diffused, which receives with extreme rapidity different species of impressions. Her imagination is a pure and brilliant glass, wherein every object is painted, and reflected with a lustre they do not naturally possess. This pliancy of soul forms the talent of poets, especially dramatic poets, who are obliged almost at the same time to invent characters extremely different, and to be penetrated with the most opposite sentiments; when they are in the same scene, to represent a passionate and a sedate man, a virtuous man and a villain, Nero and Brutus, Mahomet and Zopirus, &c.

It has been said that Madame de Sevigné was a gossip; that may be, if we simply understand

a gossip to be a woman incessantly occupied by all the motions of society, by every word which escapes, by all the events which succeed each other, who collects every slanderous aspersion, who recounts with the same vivacity a pleasant folly and the death of a great man, the success of a sermon and the gain of a battle; but how can we apply the epithet of gossip to a woman of the first rank, well-instructed, full of wit, graces, gaiety, and imagination, admired and courted by the most distinguished men in the age of Louis XIV.?

It is very difficult for a foreigner to feel the merit of her style; it originates from the progress which society had made in France, where she has created a language which is well understood by such persons only as have frequented good company for some time. The niceties of that language consist particularly in a great number of terms, which, being a little diverted from their primitive sense, express accessory ideas, of which the various shades are more readily felt than defined. There are numberless expressions and turns which continually recur in our conversations, and which have no equivalent in our languages. A stranger must be far advanced in the French language to be able to feel the charm of the letters of Madame de Sevigné, and of the fables of La Fontaine.

Count de la Rivière, of whom we have a collection of letters, in two volumes, says some-

where, "When we have read a letter of Madame de Sevigné, we feel a kind of regret, because we have one the less to read." This sentence is worth his whole collection.

What adds to the value of Madame de Sevigné's letters, is the great number of strokes which depict the brilliant court of Louis XIV. We are pleased to find ourselves, as it were, in company with the greatest personages of that splendid reign, which, notwithstanding the censures of a severe and rigid philosophy, always retains an air of grandeur which attracts us, and strikes us with awe. It is not likely that our age will ever have the same attraction for our descendants. "What disgusts me with history," said a sensible lady, "is to think that what I see happen to-day, will one day be history." This is a witty saying, but should not be taken literally. The history of the intrigues of the Vatican ought not to give us disgust for that of the Roman republic.

It appears as if most of those persons who admire the writings of this extraordinary woman, do not yet sufficiently feel her superiority. She is rational and frivolous, pleasant and sublime, as occasion requires, and enters into all these varieties with inconceivable facility. The graces, suppleness, and liveliness of her style, shine above all in her narratives.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 83.]

Of Fashion.

BUT, let us return to our subject, to fashion, properly so called, that haughty rival of nature, to whose dictates both the graces and beauty are frequently sacrificed.

Women, ever jealous of maintaining, and perhaps of extending the empire they possess over our sex, had no arms more powerful than those of beauty, and to give more force to its fascinating attractions they have called in art to the assistance of nature—art, so often a dangerous ally!

Hence spring the love of the toilette, a propensity as ancient as the world, a propensity universally diffused, and which is observable in the stark naked savage, as in the European clad in gold and silks.

In the savage! you exclaim. Most certainly. That Mogul women whose whole body is covered with flowers and the figures of animals, which she

has delineated upon it, is as proud of those decorations as is an English *belle* of a robe embroidered by a fashionable milliner; and the negress of Zanzibar who wears a bell about her neck, does so only in conformity to the fashion, as one of our dashing females suspends from it a medallion encircled with brilliants.

But have women while they have made attention to the toilette to consist in perpetual change, while, in short, they have submitted to the disgraceful yoke of fashion; have they, I ask, attained the object they proposed? I venture to affirm that they have not.

Dress is to beauty what harmony is to melody; it ought to set it off to advantage, to enhance its lustre; never to cover or to disguise it. Luxury in dress is like luxury in accompaniments, which so far from giving greater effect to the voice of the

singer only serves to drown it. Farther, the toilette, like an accompaniment in music ought to harmonize with the person it is intended to embellish; it ought to vary according to the figure the features, the physiognomy, the colour of the complexion and of the hair; it ought also to be modified according to age, condition or character. It would be as absurd to dress all women in the same manner, as to sing every tune with the same accompaniment.

Woman of taste know perfectly well that the dress ought to be adapted to the wearer; accordingly, they are cautious not to follow any new fashions which would betray their beauty, which would not tend to set off the brilliancy of their charms, which would not shew the precious gifts of nature to advantage or which would ill disguise her partial neglect. Such females consult not the fashion, but their own persons; they imitate not, but invent. The productions of their fertile imagination cannot fail to appear extremely handsome, since their imagination has been guided by taste and not by caprice. Other women eagerly avail themselves of these new attractions, regardless whether or not they are adapted to their persons; and hence arises the abuse of fashion.

But what is fashion, in the limited signification which we here give it? 'Tis a kind of dress which sometimes is perfectly suited to certain females, and which all are anxious to adopt. It is, for example, a head-dress which makes Hortensia look horribly ugly, but which Hortensia adopts because it appears charming when worn by Olympia. It is a robe which exhibits all the defects in the figure of Euphemia, but which Euphemia is determined to wear, because it enchantingly displays the divine form of the youthful Eleonora. This being the case, how many contrasts does not a delicate eye perceive between the persons and the dress of women who are the slaves of fashion! Here it is a young female whose arm should have been prudently concealed by the officious covering of a discreet sleeve, but who, in obedience to the fashion, displays it naked, and exhibits the ominous spectacle of skeleton leanness; there it is a robe cut down too low, making a general confession of sins.

I could produce a thousand instances of the bad taste of many females, and of the manner in which they disfigure themselves by blindly following the fashions; but what occasion have I to say more? Women perceive much more clearly than we all these absurdities in persons of their sex, and whenever I have been in places where many females were assembled, a quarter of an hour's conversation with only one of them was sufficient to inform me how ill all the others were dressed.

Fashion, I repeat, is the tyrant of taste, and is frequently the exterminating angel of beauty.

Here, I know, the younger portion of the sex will be ready to exclaim: "What, speak ill of fashion? how atrocious! of fashion, an object so seductive, that next to the felicity of following, there can be no greater pleasure than talking of it!"

A moment's patience, ladies; let me explain myself; for, in truth, I should be extremely sorry to give you cause of offence.

You will, doubtless agree with me, that fashion changes very often; that, to gratify this insatiable thirst of such everlasting variety, it is necessary to be incessantly inventing, and that when simple and elegant forms are exhausted, it is time to have recourse to the most irregular and frequently the most absurd. Are all these forms, and all these inventions sanctioned by good taste? Assuredly not; but just now you would say—I understand you; the fashion of the day is charming, delightful; but the fashion of ten years ago is odious, is horrible: that is clear.

Nevertheless, this odious, this horrible fashion, was the fashion of the day, ten years ago; it was then charming: and the fashion of to-day—What will you say of it ten years hence, ladies?

How sincerely I regret that the fairy tales are but tales! Why do not those wonderful beings who perform such prodigies by the mere motion of a little wand actually exist! How convenient it would be! But let us suppose for a moment that it were so.

Ernestine is a charming woman; she places herself at her toilette, and the elegance and beauty of her dress are about to excite envious pangs in the bosom of all her rivals. I have no occasion to tell you that Ernestine wears nothing but what is in the newest style: Ernestine is young, a Parisian, and a coquette.

The toilette is finished, but all at once, a hostile fairy waves her magic wand. Ernestine falls asleep. And how long does she remain in that state? Ten years—a mere trifle for a fairy.

Ernestine has slept ten years; she awakes without perceiving that she has been asleep; she goes to the play. What is her astonishment! Peals of unextinguishable laughter salute her on her entrance; every eye is fixed upon her and she is pointed at by every finger. Ernestine, unable to conceive the cause of such a singular reception, remains thunderstruck. "Madam", at length says one of the ladies in the same box with her, "how could you venture to appear in public in such a ridiculous dress?" "What do you say, Madam?" rejoins Ernestine; "it is in the very newest fashion. But it is you, ladies", says she to those who surround her, "that appear to me to be dressed in a manner equally extraordinary and

ridiculous. Or is this a masquerade?" "A masquerade!" exclaims the prim Amelia; "the lady, I perceive can be jocular if she pleases." "It is you, Madam," says the young and unaffected Ursula, "who seem to have been preparing for a masquerade; but indeed you are too young, and too pretty, to muffle yourself up so in that old-fashioned dress. I have an aunt, who always keeps to the good old customs, and one might swear, for all the world that you had borrowed her clothes."

My readers will not find it difficult to supply the remainder of this conversation.

Such, however, is the scene which would actually take place, were it possible to bring together unexpectedly two females between the fashions of whose dresses there should be an interval of a few years.

It is, therefore, evident that custom alone sanctions fashions, and extols to-day what it will cause to be despised to-morrow: consequently it is not the good taste of a dress that constitutes its merit, but solely the fancy of the moment. You are thought exceedingly handsome in a very ugly fashion, if it be but new, and you are thought ridiculous in a very handsome fashion, if it be out of date.

I had one day a striking example of this tyranny of fashion, which so frequently deprives women of the advantage of adopting the dress which is best suited to their persons.

At a masquerade during the carnival, I met with a lady of my acquaintance, a young and a very handsome woman; but what terms can express the charms with which she was on that day adorned! No, never did I see such brilliancy, such vivacity; never did I behold a physiognomy more open, more interesting, more animated eyes, a more sweetly smiling mouth. It was not the same person, but one of those airy nymphs with whom the voluptuous imagination of the poets has embellished the banks of the Eurotas. All eyes were fixed upon her. What was the reason of this extraordinary change? A dress proscribed by custom for several years, the wearing of which nothing but the carnival could then sanction. A simple shepherdess's hat of white straw, placed rather backward on the head, a tuft of flowers, hair gracefully flowing—such was the talisman that created these new charms in Zephirina! "What a pity" said I, coming up to her, "that you cannot always wear a hat which becomes you so well!" "At any other time than a masquerade," said she, smiling, "I should be thought ridiculous." "I know it," replied I, "but then how handsome you would look!"

Hence it appears that there are extremely pleasing fashions, which custom absolutely proscribes, and that there are others equally ridiculous which

its absolute power condemns the fair sex to follow.

A few days afterwards I met Zephirina, but, alas! how changed! she was no longer the same woman. Under the dark contour of a deep and unlucky hat, her beauty was totally extinguished; her brow no longer exhibited that graceful display which is so well adapted to youth; her eyes had lost their lustre; her head had not the harmonious accompaniment of an elegant dress; the frolic train of sports and loves no longer played in the moving ringlets of her flowing hair: in a word, Zephirina attracted not the fascinated eyes of man, but Zephirina was dressed after the fashion of the day. Custom, then, would not permit her to appear more handsome.

There are indisputably charming fashions, fashions authorized by good taste, but in every thing there is a perfection, that is a point which good taste cannot pass without losing its way. As soon as this perfection is attained, no change can be made without removing farther from it; and this is exactly our case.

To the honour of the female Parisians I must say, that about five years since they had attained the degree of perfection of which I am speaking. Their dress at that time combined simplicity, elegance, good taste, and gracefulness. They exhibited to us an image of those lovely Grecian women whose charms are celebrated in history. Their garments seemed to have been designed by the pencil of the Graces, and their head-dress was at once simple and noble.

Why has the genius of inconstancy obliged the sex to abandon so seducing a costume? Custom you know requires change, they have therefore changed in compliance with its dictates. Every day, introducing a new fashion, has destroyed a charm; every day has beheld a grace supplanted by something ridiculous, and caprice has succeeded good taste.

The sex cannot be too thoroughly convinced that absurdity kills taste, and that simplicity will always have just claims to embellish even beauty itself. The caprices of fashion, so far from increasing the influence which women pretend to exercise over our sex, only serve very often to render them ridiculous or ugly. I will mention but one example out of a thousand. Ought not the figure of the head to be oval? Should not every thing which alters this figure, be considered as detracting from nature? What then are we to think of those bonnets that project both before and behind, and give the head of a woman, seen in profile, the form of a hammer! Have savages ever invented any thing more ridiculous?

The time when the women of Greece acted such a distinguished part, when they received the homage of the greatest men, was when the sim-

plicity of their dress harmonized with the perfection of their charms. Their heads were not then overloaded with a vain luxury of useless ornaments; their long dark hair fell in undulating ringlets on their shoulders, or a simple gold pin turned them up with taste, and fastened their brilliant tresses. In the cities they always went with their heads uncovered: had they occasion to expose themselves to the beams of the sun, then, indeed, a Thessalian hat protected their complexion without giving offence to taste.

I must not conclude this chapter without showing how obscure, vile, disgusting or atrocious, the origin of many of our fashions has been. Circumstances of every kind have furnished some fashion or other, and things which only tended to perpetuate the remembrance of fatal accidents have been adapted for dress. Thus, the opera-house having been formerly consumed by a fire, in which a great number of unfortunate people lost their lives, a few days afterwards no other colour was to be seen but that called *feu d'opera*. They dressed themselves out with the recollection of human creatures burned alive! But the *feu d'opera* was a handsome colour! Have we not seen women wear rings in which were set stones of the Bastille? These they called *bijoux à la Constitution*. But what is all this in comparison

with what follows! My pen almost refuses to record the atrocious fashion—women have worn in their ears golden guillotines! What then is fashion!

But enough of these horrid subjects! Fashion has seldom exhibited this degree of atrocity; but how often has she not appeared abject and debased! Have we not seen her raking even in filth to pick up the brilliant chimeras which governed opinion and seduced the sex! The soft colour of the heavens, the carnation of the rose, or the verdant carpet of our meads had grown too common and were left for the lower classes. The mud of Paris, the soot of our chimneys, and the rags of Savoyards became the fashionable colours. Finally, have we not seen, and this undoubtedly is the height of ignominy, have we not seen the fair sex seeking the colour of their ribbons in the very excrement of the royal infant? The colour *caca dauphin* adorned every dress, and this word, which I cannot now write without repugnance, was then in the mouths of all the best bred women! What a ridiculous taste, that would attempt to dress beauty in disgusting images! With this stroke of the pencil, ladies, I shall finish the picture of fashion.

[To be continued.]

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

[Continued from Page 85.]

Carmion pares the nails; anxiety to have handsome hands and nails; Laetris lets fall the case of the Mirror.

THE procession of the knights through the *Via Sacra* does not allow Sabina sufficient time to bathe; she is therefore obliged to have an operation performed at her toilette which usually took place at the bath, I mean that of cutting and polishing the nails of her fingers and toes. Carmion was the name of the slave who performed this office at the bath with such peculiar skill as to afford perfect satisfaction to her mistress. She now lays hold, with extreme care, of the hand of Sabina, cuts and polishes the nails, one after another, with a small pair of silver tongs and a knife, which were formerly used instead of our scissors; she then commences the same operation on the toes.

It is necessary to observe, that in ancient times no person who made any pretensions to elegance and opulence, would condescend to cut his own nails; those who could not keep slaves for this purpose, went to a barber's shop to have their nails cut. Horace, in one of his most humorous letters, mentions a singular exception to this rule, in the person of a public crier, "who cut his nails himself in the shop of a barber."

Ladies of distinction, however, kept slaves who had received regular instruction in the art, to perform this office with the utmost dexterity; a principal part of their business was to prevent the appearance of backbiters (*paronychia*), and to remove the excrescences at the sides (*reduniae*)

with the greatest care. In this particular the females of antiquity possessed the most delicate sense of beauty and propriety. A fine finger and a handsome nail might well be reckoned among the thirty beauties, which, according to the celebrated Latin poem of the Italian Giovanni Nevizano, were observed in Helen, the most beautiful of mortals. The females of ancient Greece and Rome never forgot to place a long, soft, and tapering finger among the indispensable requisites of beauty; and as Minerva afforded them the model of the finest hand, so that of the finest finger was furnished by Diana, the youngest of all the fair goddesses. To this belonged also a regular polished nail, exhibiting the colour of a delicate carnation. The master of the "Art of Love," does not fail to give his docile pupils some instructions on this head:

"Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,

"Should always shun much gesture in discourse."

The last verse gives a delicate hint at the reason why so great a value was set on handsome fingers and nails. They then accompanied, or rather they still accompany discourses in those countries, with suitable gestures of the hands and fingers, which were even reduced within the rules of art; these were considered a principal portion of the art of dancing, or cheironomie. They could likewise make themselves understood without words, by the mere motion of the fingers, and perfectly designate in particular whatever we are accustomed to express by numbers*.

A finger so communicative and so eloquent, was naturally expected to possess beauty, and hence the attention to their propriety and neatness up to the very tip of the nail, especially as the females of those days were not acquainted with the use of gloves, so admirably adapted to conceal a number of defects. The custom of wearing gloves, which, from an extravagant love of dress, disguises among us the most beautiful hands and arms, even at table and in the dancing-room, had not yet penetrated into the southern regions of Europe from the cold regions of the north†, where the natives are obliged to muffle

* This art, to which we are utter strangers, and which Cicero mentions by the general appellation, *argutias digitorum*, is still to be found in the harems of the East, among the deaf and dumb, and the women who are shut up in them. The ladies of antiquity were perfect mistresses of this language of the fingers, as appears from various passages of erratic writers.

† The very names of gloves in the southern

themselves up in furs and the skins of animals.

Hence arose the extreme care bestowed by the ancients on the preservation of handsome fingers and nails; to this cause also was probably owing the invention of rings, which were originally intended in the East for nothing more than a method of keeping the fingers small and delicate. Hence the frequent use of various kinds of juices, herbs, and mineral powders, of which a whole collection of recipes for removing the unseemly ruggedness and excrescences of the nails, may be found in the natural history of Pliny alone. When all this is taken into consideration, it will not appear surprising that a Roman lady of distinction should commit the care of her nails as a particular duty to one of her slaves, and that this should, in those days, be looked upon as one of the principal branches of female dress.

Carmion had just done cutting the finger-nails of Sabina, and had rubbed them with a sponge dipped in vinegar, and was just going to commence the same operation on those of the toes, when Sabina recollected that she had a few days before been informed by a Jew doctor, that it is possible to get rid of any corporeal disorder, and to transfer it to another, by mixing up the parings of the nails with wax, and sticking it against the door-post of the stranger||. She had for some time perceived, with great

languages of Europe, *gante, guante, gant*, are derived from the northern word *hand*, from which the language of the middle ages made *wanti, wantos*.

‡ In the East, where rings were originally invented, a small, delicate hand is still an essential requisite of beauty. We are told by Hodges, in his Travels in the East Indies, that the hands of the Hindoos are delicately formed, like those of an elegant woman; on which account the hilts of Indian sabres are too small for the hands of most Europeans.

§ It should not be forgotten that the toes, even of the most elegant ladies, were completely exposed to view, as their sandals were merely fastened upon the foot with ribbons, one of which passed between the great toe and that next to it.

|| Pliny mentions this sympathetic cure with parings of the nails, only for tertian and quartan fevers; but it is only reasonable to suppose, that superstition may have employed them to expel other disorders, as wonderful things have been related concerning their use in magic, &c. Thus it was not permitted to cut the nails on a market-day.

concern, the symptoms of a swelling wen on her neck, and therefore immediately resolved to make trial of this sympathetic remedy. She called Latris, who was now standing unemployed, and ordered her carefully to collect the parings which had dropped upon the floor, and to put them into a little box that lay on the table.

Poor Latris, who was not just then expecting any commission, and whose mind was occupied with the recollection of the happy days of her youth which she passed at Ephesus, was so startled at the rough tone in which she was abruptly called by Sabina, that she let fall not the mirror but the case, on the outstretched foot of her mistress. Fortunately Carmion had not yet applied the knife to the first nail; nevertheless a tremendous tempest collected over the head of the unfortunate slave:

As when with crackling flames a cauldron fies,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise;
Above the brim they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft and cloud the day.

So Donna Sabina springs with a loud scream from her seat, and without stopping to call the female executors of her will, she revenges herself with those instruments which the wild inhabitants of the forest employ to vent their rage on each other—nails, fist, and teeth. Luckily the former, the most natural weapons, had just been cut; but several blows with the clenched fists on the face of the wretched Latris, were followed by a stream of blood from her nose and mouth, which instantly mingled with the red juice of the pastils which Sabina had spit in her face. The sight of blood only serves to render the tiger still more savage; and the bosom of the slave had certainly suffered, had not a most ludicrous scene, which unexpectedly presented itself, dissipated the passion of Sabina.

The works of Seneca contain many horrible examples of the cruel treatment which slaves received from their masters, in the first emotions of their passion. One of the most remarkable passages on this subject is in Galen's treatise on the discovery and cure of our passions, in which he speaks of masters who in their rage attacked their slaves with teeth, fists, and feet, beat out their eyes, or scooped them out with styles, which they used in writing. It was thus that the Emperor Adrian treated one of his favourite slaves, who demanded of his master the eye of which he had deprived him. In the same work Galen relates that he had a Xantippe of a mother, who used sometimes to bite her slaves, and was always quarrelling with his father. Another example of one of these domestic furies, is given by Chrysostom, in his Homilies:—"The passengers," says he, hear the raving of the mistress, and the howling of the slave; she binds the girl, after stripping her naked, to the feet of her sofa, and then applies the scourge. The slaves, when they accompany their mistress to the bath, expose to public view their backs streaming with blood from these flagellations."

Even in the very mode in which they struck the slaves in the face, a refinement in cruelty was displayed; they struck them with the knuckles of the clenched fist, which was considered as highly ignominious, and suited only to slaves. Hence Seneca says, "You will find slaves who would rather be scourged than endure the disgrace of being struck thus with the knuckles. The slaves whom their master thought fit to punish in this manner, were sometimes obliged to blow out their cheeks, and thus present them, that the unkind fist might strike without running the risk of hurting itself!"

[To be continued.]

THE FRANK MAN.

BY A LADY.

THE habit of falsehood which is established in the world, and which hinders truth from being welcome if it be not presented in an agreeable form, is really an abominable thing. But no matter, I shall always tell it, whether I am asked or not. I am frank and ingenuous, as I tell every one I meet, in order that my manner may be understood. Some persons tell me they do not like this sincerity, but I do not mind that; mine does not so much belong to my character as to my principles. I was brought up in the country by my uncle, who was, as he said, be-

come a philosopher, because his mistress had deceived him, and his steward had robbed him. He might have expected as much; for he had long before written a book in which he affirmed that all men were false, all women deceitful, and all stewards rogues.

Notwithstanding this, he was as much vexed as if he had foreseen nothing, and every evening after he told us instances of the men, women, and stewards; he said, can you believe that my mistress, whom I had seduced from one of my friends, could have abandoned me, and that

my steward could plunder me of a thousand crowns? for these things occasioned my uncle to turn philosopher. Afterwards he informed me that falsehood inhabited great cities under the name of politeness, and that the character of men of the world, was that of a worn out medal, which I had before heard.

He died; and as soon as I was in possession of his fortune, I resolved to go to London, to exhibit an ingenuous man to that great city, and I got into the stage-coach. I there found a lady whom I thought handsome, and I told her so in plain terms; another was ugly, of which I also informed her, without being asked.

In consequence, as I complained of the cold, the ugly lady kept the window on her side open during the whole journey, as was the glass on the opposite side, by the husband of the lady I thought handsome.

We arrived at last, in rather an ill humour; I found in the inn-yard one of my late uncle's friends; I told him I was not sorry to see him, and that if I had not thus met with him, I should have taken an opportunity in the course of the month to have paid him a visit. Although a little surprised, as he was a good sort of man, he looked on this speech as the brogue of my country, and took me to one of his relations, who invited me to her house to hear a comedy. I expected to find the piece detestable, and to say so; however, it was not bad, and as I pique myself upon my frankness, I told the author it was tolerable. Every body was distressed; and although the mistress of the house did not interest herself in favour of the person who had read his piece, yet I learned, a few days after, that she was going to give a concert from which I was formally excluded; so much aversion have people in that great city to frankness. To console myself I went into the pit at the Opera.

My neighbour, who, as I afterwards found, was a master mason, offered me snuff; I refused a pinch, because I never take snuff, and I added that his snuff had a bad smell; my neighbour was angry; his companion, who was likewise a master mason, and was a little in liquor, also grew angry. There happened to be a number of people of their profession in the pit that evening; I should have been knocked down if I had not been protected by a man who got me

out of the scrape, and took me home with him. He had a beautiful wife; she pleased me; I was too frank to dissemble my feelings, and she was too sincere to disguise the impression which I had made on her. As I am candour itself, I made no mystery of my proceedings. The husband suspected something, and questioned me about the matter. Frank as I am, I could not hide any thing from him. The lady was sent back to her family, and I was run through the body in three places by the husband, and nearly lost my life. Some people blamed me, and pretended that instead of telling all to the husband, I should have acted so as to have nothing to tell. That may be, but I did not at first think of it, and, moreover, I pique myself on my frankness.

This affair, however, did me injury. I returned into the country, and was resolved at least not to tell truth to a person's face. I went to Mrs. A. and told her Mrs. B. was very amiable. They had quarrelled, and next day the door of the former was shut against me. The next day, whilst I was with Mrs. C. I saw Miss D. enter, who had one shoulder half a foot higher than the other, and I said she was hump-backed. Miss E. who heard me, made no answer, but she went round the room, talking to every one, and the next moment the hump-backed lady scowled at me; and Mrs. F. looked gruffly at me, because her grand-daughter, Miss G. who had but one eye, supposed that when opportunity offered I should come and tell her so. I then turned myself to Mr. H. to tell him his wife was much better dressed than Miss I. who, a minute after, I found was his mistress.

I was afterwards in treaty of marriage with Miss K. who was proposed as a wife to me because I had said she sung well; this made all the relations of Miss L. my sworn enemies, because I had accused her of singing out of tune. I missed this match because I had in confidence told Mrs. M. that my future spouse did not dance on tiptoe, and this set me a quarrelling with all the other letters of the alphabet.

I then retired and shut myself up in my own house, where I am now very coldly treated by my housekeeper, because I proved by my calculations she was fifty-eight years old, whereas she pretended to be no more than fifty-six.

ON DEATH.

In one of the volumes of the posthumous works of M. de Florian, a short account of his life is prefixed, and this contains part of a sermon of his composition. He was at that time one of the pages of the Duke d'Enthievre, and not yet fifteen years of age. The curate of St. Eustache was conversing with the Duke about sermons, and young De Florian joining the conversation, maintained that a sermon was not a matter of difficulty in composition, and that he thought himself capable of writing one, if it were required.

The Prince took him at his word, and offered to bet fifty Louis d'Ors that he did not succeed. The curate was to be umpire. De Florian set himself to work, and in a few days produced the fruits of his labour. What was the surprise of the Duke and the curate when they heard the young lad recite a sermon on Death, which might have stood the test of the press! The Prince acknowledged he had lost his wager, and directly paid the money, saying, he had great pleasure in losing it. The curate carried off the sermon, and preached it in his parish church. Here follows all that has been found of this performance among his manuscripts; if the age and situation of the writer be considered, they are precious memorials of his talents. He died in 1795, not having attained the age of forty.

"Death is every where; it is in the titles that the ambitious man seeks to obtain, it is in the treasures which the miser hoards, it is in the pleasures the voluptuous man thinks he enjoys; death is the basis and end of every thing. Follow me in the world, contemplate with me all the world holds dear, and behold death every where.

"That grandee of the earth, who, proud of his high birth, of his dignities, believes himself kneaded of more noble clay than I am; that grandee to whom we pay the price of what his ancestors have done, and who dares to look on our homage as a tribute he imposed on us at his birth, that grandee owes every thing to death; he is its work, he holds from it alone all which

constitutes his false glory. Let him produce the titles which elevate him above his equals; every one of those titles is a gift of death. His nobility! this is founded on a heap of corpses; the more the heap increases the more illustrious it becomes; a load of dust is the throne of that nobility of which he is so proud, and shortly he will himself become a step of that funeral throne. His dignities! to whom does he owe them? to death, which has carried off those who deserved and acquired them; death has reaped the mar, the title remains, and this ambitious noble holds it from death.

"That miser who has spent his life in diminishing his wants, who has forgotten that God had only given him riches to relieve the poor, that miser at last has arrived at the pitch of smothering the voice of nature. The unfeeling habit of repulsing the unfortunate, has rendered him deaf to their complaints; he hears not the cries of the wretch who begs a bit of bread, that he may live another day; he sees not those starving children who struggle for the scanty morsels moistened with the sweat of the brows of their father; he needs not that young girl who, pursued by misery and vice, begs his succour to preserve her innocence; nothing moves him, nothing affects him, his ferocious heart is incapable of relenting. He carries to his hoard that treasure which he fancies was attempted to be extorted from him, and deposits it there, applauding his own barbarity; he does not even feel any remorse. Suffering humanity cries not for him; but death alone has not lost its rights, it lies in wait in the place where he has hidden his riches. The barbarian is affected whilst counting his gold, the mere idea that he must one day, in spite of himself, leave it to greedy heirs, poisons all the pleasure he takes in accumulating; he views, with sighs, the vile metal which forms the destiny of his life; a few tears, for the first time, roll down his cheeks. As death only performs this miracle, so only death can make itself heard; death is placed in the midst of his treasures, and from thence cries to him,—remember thou art but dust!"

THE REPRESENTATIONS OF LIFE,
CONTAINED IN WORKS OF FICTION:
NOT TO BE CONSIDERED AS HAVING ANY EXISTENCE IN NATURE.

[Continued from Page 71]

"WHAT I am now going to add," continued M. de Palaise, "is equally applicable to both sexes. We had been remarking the universal prevalence and irresistible power of curiosity, and the importance which trifles acquire when valuable subjects of investigation are wanting. You must have observed, that even in large cities, society is formed into different circles, which, like country villages, have their particular topics of conversation. The trifling incidents, which happen among them excite the spirit of inquiry for a moment, and furnish temporary subjects of discussion. These, however, are soon forgotten amidst the multiplicity of occurrences which are of a more important nature, and more forcibly attract the public attention. In a large and crowded metropolis, a variety of interesting objects and incidents successfully excite and gratify curiosity, give expansion to the mind, and animation to the discourse.

"In small places the case is different; where society is on a more contracted scale, and the sphere of observation confined within narrower limits, a paucity of ideas must be expected.—Where the subjects of observation and reflection are few and trivial, the topics of discourse are the same. The general attention is eagerly turned to insignificant objects; the mind is engaged in frivolous inquiries, and satisfied with unimportant information. It may always be observed, that when the mind is accustomed to amuse itself with trifles, and to confine its researches and reflections within a contracted circle, it seldom directs its attention or inquiries to things which are of greater importance, but placed at a greater distance from the usual but narrow range of its observations. In such a state of intellectual sterility, trifles become interesting; and the occurrences in a neighbour's family, or the petty transactions of the village, engage attention, and excite the spirit of scrutiny as much as the revolutions of empires."

"But," said Madame de Clairville, "is there no remedy for this almost universal evil, which, like a pestilential contagion, scarcely affords any exception from the virulence of its attacks?—Can neither the precepts of religion, nor the dictates of philanthropy, check that malignity, which delights in wounding the reputation of every one

who comes within the reach of its infected breath, which aggravates criminality by the addition of fictitious circumstances, or supposes its existence although destitute of proof?"

"The means which you appear to think adapted to this desirable end," returned M. de Palaise, "are certainly those which alone can prove effectual. From the observations already made, you will, however, perceive that there are other means of a subordinate nature, the use of which might be extremely conducive to the eradication of this moral contagion, which makes such havoc in society. The love of scandal always prevails in the circles of ignorance and frivolity, and diminishes in proportion to the cultivation of the intellect. To extinguish this spirit of malignity, it is, therefore, necessary to cultivate a taste for reading, in order to furnish the mind with a variety of ideas, and multiply the means of acquiring useful information, which would supply a fund of entertainment more congenial to its sublime nature, and more interesting than that of hearing and relating the anecdotes of human depravity. In spite of the benevolent spirit of Christianity, and the fulminations of its preachers, the demon of destruction still rears its head in almost every neighbourhood, and will never be banished from society while active curiosity is united to sterility of intellect. Topics of discourse must be found, and the want of useful knowledge will generally be supplied by the reports of scandal, and the tattle of the day.

"From almost every circumstance of life, however," continued M. de Palaise, "a well-organised mind will imbibe instruction, and even from the malignant activity of scandal some advantages may be derived. It ought to put every one, young persons especially, upon their guard against every thing in their deportment that can have the slightest appearance of a deviation from the path of moral rectitude, or be susceptible of an unfavourable construction. If, however, after all, they find themselves injured by unjust defamation, for detraction is not restrained by the boundaries of truth, but often attacks the most virtuous characters, conscious innocence will produce tranquillity of mind, and repel the darts of benevolence."

The young Clairvilles were extremely pleased with this disquisition; and promised to remember the important lesson which formed its conclusion. They now began to consider that they had now made all the observations they could possibly make in their present situation, and thought it unnecessary to prolong their stay for the sake of making such as could no longer be new or interesting, or of viewing conditions of life, or modes of society, similar to those which they had already sufficiently contemplated, and with which they were heartily disgusted. They were weary with repeated disappointments, and surprised to find the pleasures of rural occupations, and the charms of rural society, fall so far short of the picture exhibited by poets and moralists, who had contemplated life in idea, not as it exists in reality, and described its scenery from conjecture, and not from experience. They now began to neglect the society which the place of their residence afforded, and amused themselves chiefly in perambulating the fields, making daily excursions into the circumjacent country, and conversing indiscriminately as occasion offered, with persons of every description.

In these desultory rambles they found an indescribable pleasure in contemplating the beauties of nature, and the magnificent display of her diversified scenery, her prolific opulence, and variegated luxuriance; but on every occasion of conversing with the peasants, of whatever degree they might be, they found that solicitude, care, and anxiety prevailed in their minds; unless when forcibly dispelled, by incessant labour, which left no room for thought; or smothered by stupid ignorance, which extinguished the powers of reflection. The rich variety of productions with which the face of the country was covered, afforded its occupiers no other pleasure than that of calculating how much money the crops might produce, and how far that sum would enable them to answer the demands of the landlord, the expences of cultivation, the payment of parish rates, and the urgent wants of their families. The minds of the labouring part of the peasantry were engrossed solely with the hope of a diminution in the price of grain, or the fear of its advancement, and their thoughts absorbed in calculating whether they should be able, out of the wages of their summer's labour, to spare enough from the expences of daily subsistence to purchase a little coal for the winter season, and a little coarse clothing to screen themselves and their children from the severity of the weather. The young strangers could no where discover any appearance of that life of philosophy, contemplation, and mental serenity, which they had once expected to find in the midst of rural scenery, and agricultural occupations.

The beautiful appearance, however, of the hills and vallies, of the fields covered with waving crops, the meadows enamelled with flowers, and the pastures peopled with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, presented rich and variegated scenes, which, for some time, amused the perambulators, and compensated the disappointments and dissatisfactions which they experienced in social intercourse. In process of time, however, those rural objects, in losing their novelty, began to lose their charms: The variegated landscapes, which for a while offered to the eye a constant succession of fascinating views, began to appear less beautiful; the contemplation of fields and meadows, of lowing herds and bleating flocks, gave less delight; their perambulations became less frequent, and to enjoy the pleasures of novelty and variety, it was necessary to make more distant excursions. As their eyes now began to be weary of the constant recurrence of the same objects, their minds began to flag through the dull uniformity of the scene, and the want of enlivening society, and varied conversation — They resolved, therefore, with unanimous consent, to return immediately to the metropolis.

As they travelled without any equipage, the arrangements for their departure were soon made; and after having taken a friendly leave of their neighbours, whom they left busily employed in scrutinizing their reasons for making so short a stay, they commenced their journey. On the third afternoon of it, they entered a district which appeared to them a celestial paradise. The incessant alternation of hill and dale, lawns and groves, diversified the scene with indescribable beauty, and endless variety; and the different appearance of the arrangement of objects from every new position as they passed along the road, displayed, from every point of view, a prospect equally novel and delightful.

Nearly in the centre of this enchanting spot, stood a commodious inn; and although it was early in the afternoon when they reached it, the amenity of the place determined them to remain all night. They had no sooner alighted and taken some refreshment, than they all set out on a ramble into the adjacent grounds, and wandered from field to field, and from hill to hill, at every step discovering new beauties; and surprised, on ascending each eminence, with the sudden burst of the most delightful prospects; and the view of opening landscapes, equally fascinating and unexpected. The harvest waving on the ground, promised the most luxuriant abundance; the charming serenity of the air breathed health, and every thing around indicated the sweets of tranquillity, and the exuberance of plenty.

The young people were enchanted. "Perhaps," exclaimed young Clairville, "we have

here found the place where happiness resides, and the fascinating description, and brilliant ideas of the pastoral poets are realised."

"This place," replied his sister, "affords, at least a more flattering prospect than any we have yet visited; and it is possible that what we have missed in our search is fallen in our way through accident; at least, it is expedient to decide the point by accurate investigation. Let us, then, remain here a few weeks."

The elder Clairvilles readily came into this proposal; but in order to avoid the bustle and inconvenience of an inn, they hired a small apartment in a farm house, situated in a hamlet, consisting only of two farms and five or six cottages. The hamlet was situated on an eminence, in the midst of beautiful fields, and surrounded at no great distance with gently swelling hills. The landscape, on every side, was variegated with the most beautiful scenery; the clumps of trees, interspersed among the meadows, and fields of corn, adorned the face of the country, and afforded shelter to numbers of feathered songsters, whose undulating notes seemed to render the air musical, while roses, violets, and jasmines perfumed it with fragrant. Every thing that was pleasing seemed here to be collected, and every thing that was disagreeable to be excluded; as if nature had formed, and choice selected, this situation for the abode of tranquillity, contentment, and happiness.

The house, of which they occupied a part, was old, very ill contrived, and inconvenient; and although their apartments were by far the best part of the edifice, they were neither commodious nor agreeable.

"I wonder," said Mademoiselle de Clairville to the mistress, "that you have not a better house in so fine a situation."

"No wonder at all," returned the woman: "our landlord is far advanced in years, and he possesses this farm as a life estate. It is, therefore, very unlikely that he should sink his money in building."

"If the gentleman be of an advanced age," said the young lady, "then, I suppose you may console yourself with the hope that his successor will provide you a more comfortable habitation."

"A new landlord," returned the farmer's wife, "may possibly take such a fancy; but I assure you, we look forward to the event with apprehension, rather than hope; for we cannot expect to have a new house without an advancement of rent, in order to pay the interest of the money disbursed; and if you knew how hard we are put to it to pay the present rent, with la-

bourers' wages, and a variety of other demands, and felt the anxiety of mind which I and my husband often experience, from the difficulty of raising money for these purposes, you would easily perceive that we had better be content with our old house, even if it was worse, than to have a new one upon such conditions."

"But," said Mademoiselle de Clairville, "I should think that so comfortable a house, in so charming a situation, might be a considerable addition to your happiness, and fully compensate the paying a little more rent."

"You may think so," said the good woman, "but if you had our cards to play you would be of a different opinion. The situation is agreeable enough, but folks in our circumstances think little about such things: we have concerns of greater importance to employ our thoughts. A good house would certainly be a convenience; but our first care must be for a livelihood. You fine folks at London don't know how we country folks are put to it to get a living. Such as you may admire a fine situation; but such as us have something else to think of than such trifles. As soon as one payment is made, we must begin to consider how money is to be procured for another. If you were in our circumstances, you would think as we do, that every situation is a fine one where a livelihood is to be gotten."

They had many other conversations on similar subjects; and Mademoiselle de Clairville was soon convinced that they should here meet with the same disappointment as they had done in other places; and, notwithstanding the beauty of the country, and the amenity of the situation, they should not find a realization of their ideas of rural felicity. In effect, the strangers seldom heard, during their residence in this house, any other discourse in the family than scolding the servants for doing too little work, or for doing it ill; the master and mistress frequently asking them, how they thought their wages were to be paid, and if they expected to be kept for doing nothing? and the servants, in their turn, as loudly complaining against the hardness of their labour, and the poorness of their living.

The Clairvilles soon began to enter into familiarity with the cottagers; and, by making trifling presents to them and their children, gained their entire confidence. They made frequent inquiries concerning their circumstances and condition of life, and found them far from being desirable, and the people far from being satisfied.

(To be continued.)

BLIOMBERIS.

[Continued from Page 68.]

BLIOMBERIS had begun another stanza of his lay, when he saw a knight approaching, who had no sooner perceived our hero, than he leaped from his horse and embraced him. Bliomberis raised his eyes, and recognized Lionel. "I was on my way to the French court," said he, "I have a letter for you from the noble Palamede." "O Heavens!" exclaimed Bliomberis, "you have then seen him." "I have," replied Lionel, "he came to Gannes, thinking to find his beloved Arlinda: in despair at her loss, he defied the king, my father, and the first blow of Palamede's lance put a period to his existence. I wished to avenge my parent, but was vanquished; and Palamede obliged me to promise that I would deliver this letter into your own hands."

Palamede told his son, that he had been for near twenty years kept a prisoner by the king of Aquitaine, and thus excused himself for having so long forsaken his unhappy mother. He assured him of the warmth of his affection, and ordered him to come immediately and join him at the court of king Arthur. Bliomberis, impatient to see his father, took leave of Lionel, reached the first sea-port, and embarked for England.

On arriving in this kingdom, he took the road leading to the capital. As he was traversing an extensive forest, he perceived a knight who was pursuing a lady, who appeared to exert every effort to avoid him, but who was nearly within his grasp. Bliomberis hastened forward, and seizing the reins of his horse, cried, "Stop, whoever thou art! the terrors of this lady inform me that thou art committing an outrage, and wherever I am, the weakest shall find a defender."—"What right hast thou to interfere?" replied the savage Brehus; "I will punish thy temerity, and teach thee not to trouble knights when they are pursuing their fugitives."

With these words Brehus raised his lance to strike Bliomberis; but the latter parried the blow, and with his sword reached his adversary's head, and with the violence of the shock made him bow on the neck of his steed. Furious to have been struck without having even touched our hero, Brehus threw away his lance, took his sabre with both hands, and raising himself in his stirrups, returned on Bliomberis, blaspheming the names of his titular gods. Bliomberis, who only invoked Felicia, perceived that by this action the under part of his enemy's arm was

uncovered, and immediately plunged his sword in the part up to the hilt. Brehus gave a horrid scream, fell to the ground, and biting the dust, expired.

A knight, clothed in shining mail, now approached, followed by the lady Bliomberis had so nobly defended; his lance was already couched, and his visor lowered; but seeing Brehus on the ground, he dismounted to thank Bliomberis. "This wretch you have just killed," said the lady, "endeavoured to insult me, because I was alone, my knight having quitted me for a moment to stop before the steps of the great Merlin. As soon as your combat commenced I ran to him, and that little time sufficed to deliver England of a villain unworthy of the appellation of a knight. He who stands beside me is Percival of Wales; I am his beloved Blanchefleur, and we shall never forget what we owe your valour."

Bliomberis, delighted with the acquaintance of so illustrious a knight as Percival, entreated him to become his guide to king Arthur's court. "I shall not easily quit you," said the Cambrian; "you have this day acquired an eternal right over my heart." The two new friends embraced, and then recommenced their route.

During their way, Bliomberis imparted the motive of his journey to Percival, and asked him news of Palamede, but the latter could not satisfy him: he had often heard of this hero, but had never seen him. He resolved to seek him with Bliomberis, who related to him every event of his life. The brave Cambrian increased in affection towards him, swore to be his brother in arms, and promised when the two years were expired to accompany him to France, in order to relate his achievements to Pharamond. Blanchefleur, who possessed much sensibility, and who took great interest in the affairs of all lovers, wished much to become acquainted with Felicia. "Why is she not here?" exclaimed she: "we would travel all four together; and, that the journey might not end too soon, we would walk from one end of the world to the other."

While she was repeating these words, they observed a knight galloping furiously towards them; his armour, covered with dust, no longer glittered in the sun; the sides of his weary horse were torn with the spur, and it appeared to be near falling to the earth with fatigue. The im-

Patient knight only spurned it the more. As soon as he reached Bliomberis, he exclaimed, "Hasten to dismount, and exchange your courser for mine; I am in a great hurry, do not make me wait." Bliomberis, and Percival smiling, looked at each other. The unknown, irritated, cried in a menacing voice, "If my words are ineffectual, my lance will be more efficacious; prepare to defend yourselves, and one after the other attack me, or both together, if you please."

The proud Percival, sword in hand, would have immediately chastised the rash aggressor, but Bliomberis maintained that the quarrel was his, and quickly couching his lance, galloped up to the unknown, and struck him with such violence, that both knight and horse fell, and rolled for the space of twenty yards in the dust.

Our hero, as humane as brave, rushed to his assistance; but the fall had been so violent, that the unknown remained without motion. Bliomberis took off his helmet to give him air, seated him on the grass, and felt an irresistible interest in his recovery, which he was totally at a loss to define. Blanchefleur seconded him in the attentions he bestowed on the vanquished knight, while the haughty Percival, who had not yet pardoned his temerity, declared he experienced nothing more than he deserved.

Bliomberis, incited by a supernatural power, was using every effort to recover the vanquished knight, when a letter fell from beneath his armour, the superscription of which was, "To Prince Clodion." Scarcely had he read these words, when, detesting the victory he had gained, he would no more be separated from the brother of his beloved Felicia: he ran and fetched water in his helmet, and, assisted by Blanchefleur and Percival, at last succeeded in recovering the sorrowful Clodion. He, scarcely returned to life, said, in a melancholy voice, "Alas! this unfortunate adventure has made me miss a rendezvous."—"Ah! Prince," exclaimed Bliomberis, "you are supported by one of the most ardent of your friends: I am ready to undertake every thing to repair the injury I have unknowingly done you." Clodion thanked him; and Blanchefleur inquired what could have induced him to attack two knights from whom he had received no provocation?

Clodion turned towards her and forgot his sufferings to look at her. "I trust my imprudence," said he, "will, in your opinion, admit of some excuse, when you know that love was the cause. Deign to hear my adventures, and my misfortunes will interest you." The handsome Prince then, with some embarrassment, in a weak voice, begun thus his relation:

"About three months ago I happened to be

at a tournament, the prize of which I disdained, because my adversaries seemed unworthy to combat with me.

"Seated among the ladies, who were witnessing the joust, I waited till one of the combatants should vanquish all the rest, that I might, with one blow of my lance, rob him of his glory and his laurels; but love also awaited me, and I was conquered without engaging.

"The beauty of a young lady, called Celina, attracted my looks. I approached her—I spoke to her—and her mildness, her grace, and her modest demeanour, completely won my affection. During the three days which the tournament lasted, I was constantly by her side; and I have no hesitation to declare to you, that after the second day, a mutual flame burned in our breasts.

"Celina soon instructed me respecting her birth and expectations:—"I am," she said, "the daughter of the late Earl of Suffolk; I had the misfortune to lose both my parents in my infancy; I am the sole heir to all their estates, and the law has given me for guardian a distant cousin, who pretends to make me his wife.—This man, whom I detest, is named Brunor; that is he who is just now entering the lists. He drags me every where with him; and tomorrow I shall be compelled to return with him to his horrid castle, where I am condemned to pass my days with Brunor, and one of his friends called Danain, who never leaves him, and is equally unamiable."

"This recital gave me the desire of immediately depriving Brunor of the fair Celina. I instantly meditated the project of gaining admittance into the friend's castle. I entered the lists, and defied the ferocious Brunor. Scarcely did I feel the touch of his lance, yet I let myself fall upon my horse, pretended to have fainted from the force of his blow, and slowly recovering the use of my senses:—"Sir knight," said I, in expiring accents, "I need help, I am a stranger, and am not known by any one in this kingdom; your courage assures me of your courtesy, and it is to my conqueror that I address myself, to entreat him to preserve my days." Brunor, proud of his victory, and of the confidence I placed in him, with dignity assured me, and consulting his friend Danain, they both agreed that they could not do otherwise than cause me to be carried to the castle, and there await my recovery.

"I was immediately placed on a litter; the warmest attentions were lavished upon me, and Brunor, Danain, and Celina were my escorts to the castle. During our route, my eyes were almost incessantly turned on Celina; and when I perceived those of Brunor on me, I uttered piercing shrieks, complaining of my bruises.

"At last we arrived at the castle, the entrance of which was denied to every one but Brunor and Danain. One of the most celebrated physicians of the country was sent for, he examined me, and declared, after having reflected for a long time, that my sufferings were caused by some internal fracture, and that my illness would be tedious. This was just what I wanted.

"The amiable Celina, who was to be the only cure to my real wounds, came sometimes to see me. Brunor seldom quitted her; but once he did for an instant, and that instant sufficed me to inform her of the stratagem I have inspired me to put in practice. Celina was at first terrified, but I soon re-assured her, and she assisted me to carry on my deception, and recompensed me for all the lies I had told.

"In this manner I spent near three months in Brunor's castle, always pretending to be ill, and always receiving attentions from Celina.—Alas! habitual happiness rendered us imprudent.

"One morning my beloved mistress was in my chamber, when Danain, Brunor's faithful friend, wishing to enquire after the sick man; and as he thought I might be asleep, he entered with great precaution for fear of awaking me. What was his astonishment when he beheld me wide awake on my knees before Celina, where I had much more the appearance of returning thanks than soliciting her love.

"Whether out of friendship for Brunor or anger at having been deceived, he drew his sword, and rushed upon me. I soon grasped mine, and we began in my apartment a combat, the more dangerous, as neither of us was clothed in mail. But happy lovers are always successful. Danain fell, covered with blood; I granted him life, after having made him swear, on the word of a knight, that he would not reveal our secret to his friend, and should attribute his wound to some other cause. I engaged myself, at the same time, to depart immediately, and kept my word. After having bidden adieu to Celina, I took leave of Brunor, and quitted his castle, with the intention of paying it another visit, as soon as it could be done unattended with danger.

"Several adventures led me to king Camelide's court, where I remained till this morning, when the dwarf belonging to the charming Celina brought me a letter from her, which informed me that Danain, cured of his wound, was to-day to depart from the castle accompanied by Brunor, on a visit to king Poles, and

that their absence left Celina sole mistress of her actions. I immediately set off for the castle; I had thirty leagues to travel, and judging that my horse could not support the fatigue of so long a journey, I swore to attack all the knights I met, and oblige them to change their coursers with me.

"This manner of acting had succeeded:—I was within four leagues of Celina's dwelling, when, to my misfortune, I met you."

Clodion, having a deep sigh, here finished his recital. Blanchefleur could scarcely refrain from laughing at his adventures. Percival, who in his youth had been rather volatile, heartily forgave the French Prince; and Bliomberis, in despair at what he had done, said, while embracing him, "If you feel yourself sufficiently well to continue your journey, my horse shall repair the injury I have done you. Promise you will bring it back to me in eight days, to the court of king Arthur, and I will confide him to your care. I have myself experienced what it is to live far from those we love."

Clodion embraced his generous conqueror—asked his name, and swore that before eight days Ebine should be again in the possession of Bliomberis; and then raising himself with difficulty, he would have mounted the spirited courser, but his fall had bruised him so much, that he never could have effected it, without the assistance of Bliomberis. When once mounted, Prince Clodion, notwithstanding his pains, spurred his horse, and the fleet Ebine, carried him swifter than the wind.

Bliomberis, enchanted to have been able to serve the brother of Felicia, raised the horse Clodion had left; and judging that the poor animal might still be able to carry him as far as Cramalot, which was but a very short distance, he mounted him, and begged Blanchefleur and Percival to slacken their pace. They were within a short league of the town, when they met a knight on foot, who had no sooner eyed Bliomberis, than, grasping his sword, he cried, "I have found you then, and this is the state to which you have reduced my unfortunate horse. Dismount, if you have any honour, and we shall see if chance will befriend you as much as it did this morning." It was in vain that Bliomberis endeavoured to explain the mistake; in vain Percival, who knew this warrior, endeavoured to restrain his wrath; nothing could appease him, and Bliomberis commenced on foot the most terrible combat he had ever engaged in.

[To be continued.]

EXTRAORDINARY PRESENCE OF MIND OF A RUSSIAN OFFICER.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

COUNT TOTTEBEN, so celebrated in the history of Germany for his numerous adventures, and the strange vicissitudes of his fortune, was once, while a general in the Russian service, on a journey from Warsaw to Petersburg. Traveling in a light, open chaise, accompanied by a single servant, he was one day overtaken by a violent storm, in the province of Livonia, twelve or fifteen miles from the town where he had intended to pass the night. The season was cold, the evening advanced, and he was himself wet to the skin; the rain contributed to render it still darker. A decent public house, that stood detached by the road side, very opportunely presented itself to our traveller. He alighted and entered, resolving to set out so much earlier the next morning.

The people of the house seemed very attentive and obliging. He was shewn into a room up stairs that was clean and neat, was promised a good supper; in short, Tottleben had every reason to be satisfied with his accommodations. Accustomed from his youth to a wandering life, he used when in houses of public entertainment to pass very little time in his own apartment, but to associate with the other guests in the public room. There he entered into conversation with every one, whether a foreigner or a native, was affable and even humorous; knew how to give and take a joke; told stories, and listened to those of others; and to this sociable disposition he joined prepossessing manners, and a figure distinguished for manly beauty. He seldom met with a man who was not pleased with his company; and still more rarely with a female who was not, at least secretly, interested in his favour. If she betrayed her sentiments for him, he was ready to take the slightest hint, and to avail himself of every advantage.

On the present occasion he adhered to his usual custom, and passed an hour or more below in the tap-room. He conversed with the host, who had formerly been in the military service, and still more with the hostess, a young, extremely pretty woman, but now pregnant, and near her time. He offered to stand god-father for her first-born; jocosely enquired how her husband behaved; asked how she liked the married state, and predicted that she should have a son, or perhaps two at a birth. In a word he indulged in that kind of chit-chat, which young females of that condition and under such circumstances are fond of hearing, though they may pretend

that, from modesty, they cannot raise their eyes from the floor.

During this conversation a young servant-maid was frequently backward and forward in the same room. The Count might possibly not have observed her, but she had taken so much the more notice of him. His handsome figure, the vivacity of his conversation, and even the foreign uniform which he wore, delighted her. She could have listened to him for a day together, but would have been still better pleased to converse with him herself. She was besides acquainted with a subject that very nearly concerned him; of which it was necessary that he should soon be informed, otherwise it would be too late. His ignorance, his security afflicted her; at the same time her interference was likely to cost her dear. Nevertheless, as often as she looked at him, she thought within herself—"No; he is too amiable!" At length she could refrain no longer, and as she passed him, she pulled him by the coat.

Tottleben perceived it. He looked at the girl, and observed her wink to him, but for what reason he knew not. From the usual vanity of his sex, he was not long, however, before he ascribed her conduct to one, which seemed as though it might have admitted a little farther delay. However, the girl was young, and, in his opinion, not a bad figure, there could be no harm in looking at her, and hearing what she had to say. Accordingly when she had gone away again, he withdrew, under the pretext of taking a little fresh air. She was already waiting for him at the door of the kitchen; she beckoned him to go into the yard; followed him in haste and agitation, and thus addressed him:

"For God's sake, Sir, take care of yourself! You are not among such honest people as you imagine. They know that you have money with you. They intend to-night to rob you not only of that but also of your life, and for this purpose they have already sent for assistance. Be upon your guard; but, for God's sake, do not betray me! If they perceive that I have given you warning it will cost me my life, that I am sure of; but yet I could not, for my soul, suffer such a brave officer and so fine a gentleman to be cut off in his sins."

This address, as may easily be conceived, made a deep impression upon Tottleben. A man of ordinary understanding would immediately have sought the means of escape by flight. He, though

he had but a moment for reflection, was instantly convinced, that every attempt to fly in the night, and in a country to which he was an utter stranger, would be attended with equal, if not greater danger than he would incur by quietly remaining where he was. A presence of mind, almost incredible, inspired him on the spot with a very different idea. The maid was about to retire, when he quickly drew her back by the arm. "One word more, my girl," said he, "Does your master live on good terms with his wife?" "Yes, on the best," was the reply. "Does he really and truly love her?"—"Almost as much as his own life."—"Very well! very well! Now, you may go. If I escape, your fortune shall be made. If I die, your warning shall die with me. I will never betray you. But mention not a single word even to my servant."

The girl flew to the kitchen, and the Count returned to the public room. Not a look betrayed him; his tone and temper were just the same as before, or at least so they appeared. He even ordered supper to be laid below, and would not sit down to it except on condition that his kind host and hostess should partake of it with him. He concealed his suspicions beneath the disguise of affability.

After supper, he ordered a servant to bring a box that was still in his carriage. "There is not much in it," said he to the hostess. "It contains perhaps two hundred rubles, that are to carry me to Petersburg. I should wish good care to be taken of them, and where can they be safer than in your hands? In eight weeks, when I return, I hope it will be heavier with gold than it is now with silver. Then I shall certainly call here again, and if, as I hope my little godson has found his way into the world, I will bring a present of at least fifty rubles for him." This declaration called forth a thousand thanks, and the landlord promised to keep the box all night under his pillow.

He immediately prepared to retire to bed, and the landlord to light him to his chamber. "Do you know, Madam," said Tottleben laughing to his wife, "that this lighting is a job which I had much rather you should perform? But joking aside, I am so superstitious as to fancy that I always sleep as well again when a handsome woman shews me my bed as when a man attends me."—At this proposal the woman looked rather strange, and shewed no great inclination to perform the office. The Count still continuing in his jocular strain, put the candle into her hand, and took hold of her arm, observing, that she ought not to refuse the future god-father of her child such a trifling gratification; that motion after supper, especially in her situation, was wholesome for her; and that she might take the

conjugal protector of her honour along with her. By these and other representations of a similar kind he at length prevailed upon her to accompany him, followed by her husband.

They now entered the chamber. Here Tottleben himself, as soon as he alighted from his carriage, had hung up upon a nail, a double-barrelled carbine, full-charged with ball; and which he always carried with him when he travelled. He took good care not to cast a single look at it before the proper time. But while the woman was setting the candle on a table by the window, when she was just going to wish him good night, he quickly took down the weapon, and stepped still more hastily between the landlord and his wife. In a voice which suddenly passed from jest and laughter, to the sternest tone of command, he cried, "No, my good woman, we are not going to part from each other so abruptly! On this chair, at this table, you must sit down, and pass the night in my company. Your chastity, I swear to you, shall run no risk in that time from me. But on the slightest noise at the door of the chamber, on the least opposition on your part, or any other, on the least attack upon myself, the three balls with which each of these barrels is charged shall dispatch you and your infant at once. This I swear by my hope of salvation!"

The landlord and his wife would sooner have expected the dissolution of nature than such an address. Both were silent for a minute, and then both did all they could. The woman piteously entreated him to permit her to go, threatened to swoon, to fall in labour on the spot, nay even to die; but in vain. The husband was first at a loss to conceive what all this meant; he then had recourse to entreaties and protestations, assuring the Count that he was safe in his house as though he were in Abraham's bosom. At length, finding that nothing availed, he threatened to repel force with force, and to call his people to his assistance. Tottleben's presence of mind did not forsake him. "I have no doubt, Sir," said he, "that you have plenty of people and assistance at hand; but they are not so near as to rescue your wife from death. If but a dog approaches, if but a hand is raised against me, I will blow her brains out. Besides the two barrels of my carbine, I have here a pair of pocket pistols capable of doing excellent service. I may be overpowered, I confess; but at least three or four men shall accompany me, and that charming woman shall go first to show us the way. This is my mode in many public-houses. If you do not like it, take care and let my horses be fed and put to my carriage very early to-morrow morning! Now begone without delay. This chamber is to-night my apartment."

Villains commonly lose their courage when they have true resolution to deal with: such was the case in the present instance. The woman sat down and the man withdrew. In this extraordinary situation the remaining couple passed the night. Tottleben seated at the table, just opposite the hostess, spent the hours in reading and writing as well as he could. At the same time he kept his carbine on his arm, ready to fire, at the least notice that was made in the house. The poor woman immediately trembled like a criminal at the bar, intreating him not to be too hasty, and assuring him that nothing would happen to him. In fact, during the whole night not a foot was heard approaching the chamber of the Count.

At the break of day came Tottleben's servant: before he was half way up stairs he called out to let his master know who it was. He brought the box committed the preceding evening to the custody of the landlord, the Count's breakfast, and a bill with very moderate charges. The Count presented his fair companion the first cup of coffee, and after she had drunk it, he took the rest quite at his ease. When he was informed that every thing was ready for his departure, he thanked the hostess for her good company, and begged her to favour him with it to his carriage. He then conducted her down stairs as politely as though she were the first lady of the court. At the house-door he stopped and inquired for the serving-maid, whom he had seen the day before, and whom he accurately described. She advanced trembling from a corner. All the suspicions of the landlord had already fallen upon her; already had he (as she afterwards related) promised, with the most tremendous imprecations, to give

her a suitable reward, as soon as the stranger was gone. When Tottleben saw her by day-light and looked at her more narrowly, he observed that she was a delicate, elegant girl. He threw her a full purse. "Take that," said he, "and if you are determined to stay here, buy a husband with it. But if you are afraid to remain with your master, come along with me; I will answer for your success, and I swear that I will provide for you as long as you live." The girl sprang into the carriage, leaving behind every thing she possessed, which probably, indeed, was of no great value. The Count took leave of his fair hostess, begging her not to forget that he was to be godfather. He requested a kiss at parting, and then continued his journey.

He was afterwards informed by his servant, who had slept in the public room, that, about midnight, three robust fellows softly entered the house, went into another room, and after a long conversation with the landlord, sneaked away again. The girl, who had been almost a year in the house related, that during this time, two strangers who had put up there had disappeared: she knew not how.

At the next town the Count acquainted the magistrates with the whole affair. Soldiers were immediately dispatched, but they could not, or would not, find either the host or hostess. At the same place Tottleben provided his female deliverer with more decent apparel; she continued his companion, and perhaps something more, to Petersburg, in which city she lived with him several years. At length, when the seven years' war called him into the field, he married her, and settled upon her a considerable sum.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY.

BY MR. DAVY.

At the Royal Institution, a course of Lectures on the above important subject, has recently been delivered by Mr. Davy. The first being an introduction to the course, nothing particularly useful can be extracted from it. The second treats on the organization of plants. We give the following brief sketch of the whole:—

Plants exhibiting life only in their powers of assimilation and reproduction, display a very simple organization. A system of tubes for absorbing nourishment from the soil, and a system of

cellular membranes, for the exposure of their fluids to the influence of the atmosphere, constitute, under different modifications, all their interior organs. The sap rising from the minute fibrils of the roots through the vessels of the sap wood of alburnum, is chemically altered in the leaves; much of its aqueous parts evaporated, and its inflammable products increased: it appears to descend through the vascular system of the bark, and the new parts are produced between the bark and the alburnum.

In the great anatomical division of the organs of plants, the epidermis seems to act as a defence to the living parts. The heartwood serves as the support and mould on which the new productions are formed; and the pith, scarcely visible except in annual shoots or young trees, is probably useful as a reservoir of moisture, to supply the first wants of the rising plant. The leaves absorb gaseous matter and moisture by their lower surfaces, whilst their upper surfaces perform the functions of transpirations. The flowers are the reproductive parts, the pistils the bases of the seed, the anthers the agents of impregnation.

The Professor stated, that, though much had been discovered on the subject of the anatomy of plants by Grew, Malpighi, Ray, Linnæus, Mirbel, and Knight, yet still much more remained obscure and unknown. He recommended this department of enquiry as affording ample sources of discovery, and as capable of being prosecuted with facility; requiring no apparatus but the microscope, no extensive preliminary knowledge, but merely an eye to observe, and a hand to delineate. He recommended it generally to all persons possessing leisure and a taste for philosophical research. He recommended it particularly to the female part of his audience, as fitted to their habits and pursuits, capable of affording much rational amusement, and as an elegant and refined study.

In the third Lecture, the subject was the sap of plants. The difference between the sap in the alburnum, or sap wood, and in the bark, was considered. Mucilaginous and saccharine matter abounds in the sap of the alburnum of most trees and shrubs, and colouring and astringent matters are found in most cases in the sap of the bark. In large trees the sap contains much less solid matter than in shrubs. In the sugar cane the proportion of saccharine and mucilaginous matter to the water is about as one to five; in the sugar maple it is about one to forty of the whole. In the beech, according to M. Vauquelin, it is about one to forty two; and in the elm, one to eighty-eight.

Mr. Davy mentioned the relation of the different kinds of sap in trees to the subject of engrafting. Grafts from fruit trees containing a saccharine sap, will not grow on trees the sap of which is in the slightest degree astringent. In this part of the enquiry, Mr. Knight's observations upon the decay of grafts taken from old trees were made a topic of discussion; and it appeared probable from the facts, that the graft partakes of the disposition of old age and decay of the parent tree; and that though it does not die at the same time by any *Takootian* sympathy, yet it cannot by any means be made healthy and vigorous. All the favourite apples of the last century are gradually deteriorating. The golden pippin has not a fourth

of the size described by the old writers on gardening; and our hopes for new and excellent varieties must rest upon enlightened experiments, on seedlings.

In the fourth Lecture the peculiar fluids, or, as they have been called by some physiologists, the secreted fluids of plants, were considered.

The vessels in which they are contained seemed to be cylindrical, and of the largest size belonging to the vegetable system, and distributed through the alburnum as well as the bark.

The resinous, oily, and aromatic matters found in plants, are all probably contained in those vessels.

Mr. Davy pointed out some of the obvious uses of the secreted fluids, both for nourishing and conserving the parts. In seeds, the oily constituent, which preserves them through the winter, becomes in the spring a part of the food of the plumbe and radicle. The aroma belonging to flowers, seems intended to preserve the essential and reproductive parts from attacks of insects, to which the volatile oils appear to be peculiarly offensive, and even destructive. Multitudes of aphides are often seen upon the calyx of the rose, but they never dare to attack the petals, and there are many analogous instances.

The fifth Lecture was principally devoted to the examination of the causes which influence the motion of the sap. The sap rises through the tubes of the alburnum, is modified in the caves, and seems to descend in the bark. Mr. Davy is inclined to refer this motion to physical causes, chiefly to capillary attraction, to expansions and contractions of the vessels from changes of temperature, and to the great evaporation from the leaves.

He seemed to doubt of the presence of irritable contractile power in the fibres of vegetables, and shewed that the other agents were adequate to the effect. He decided against the idea of any circulation in the vegetable system, similar to that occurring in the animal system, in which the heart and arteries are invariably active. And he detailed several instances of the inversion of the functions of the vessels, by merely changing the mode of application of external powers.

In the sixth Lecture, water, soils, and the atmosphere were considered, as far as they are connected with the nourishment of plants. Water and the matters in the soil which have once been organized, constitute the great part of their food received by the roots. Mr. Davy detailed the experiments of J. de Saussure, which prove that the earths found in the ashes of plants, is of the same kind as the earths of the soil in which they grow. He mentioned an original experiment, which seemed to shew that corn would not grow vigorously if wholly deprived of siliceous earth,

which, in the state of nature, constitutes its epidermis, and it has no power of forming this substance, which there is good reason for supposing elementary. Mr. Davy gave an account of the experiments which shew that carbonic acid is absorbed and decomposed by plants in the solar light, and oxygen evolved. He seemed inclined to doubt whether they ever evolved carbonic acid in a state of health; and he mentioned some facts, which seemed to shew, that the carbonic acid which usually appears when plants are confined in darkness in close vessels, is really owing to the decay of some of their dead parts. The epidermis, the heartwood, or a single yellow spot in the leaf, would be fully adequate to such an effect.

The seventh Lecture was principally devoted to the consideration of the causes of germination and the circumstances that affect the healths of plants. Mr. Davy stated that seeds were incapable of germinating, unless supplied with heat, moisture, and air, and that oxygen is always absorbed in this process, and carbonic acid evolved. He mentioned Mr. Knight's experiments on the

ascent of the stalk, and descent of the radicle, which seem to shew that gravitation is the principal cause of both these effects. The chief diseases of the more perfect plants, he stated, are produced either by parasitical vegetables, or by insects. Wet seasons conduce most to the propagation of mildew or blight; and dry weather to the increase of the turnip fly, and other analogous destructive insect tribes.

The eighth, and concluding Lecture of the course was upon the mode of the dissemination of seeds, and upon the progress of vegetation, in a state of nature. Rocks, according to Mr. Davy, by their decomposition, form a soil; different species in very different periods: lichens and mosses are their first productions, and lastly a mould is formed capable of supporting grasses. Peat, he considered, as chiefly arising from the destruction of forests, exposed by the early cultivators of different countries, by thinning their outskirts.—Mr. Davy made some general observations on the nature of different soils, and recommended new inquiries on this subject as peculiarly important to the agriculture of the country.

• ON HERALDRY. •

[Continued from Page 9.]

THE famous Agrippa, in his treatise on the vanity of the sciences, has collected many instances of these marks of distinction; the Romans bore the eagle; the Phrygians, a hog; the Thracians, a skeleton, or the figure of death; the Goths, a bear; the Alans, that invaded Spain, a cat; the old Franks, a Lion; and the ancient Saxons, a horse, which is still borne in the arms of his Britannick Majesty; but these marks were promiscuously taken for hieroglyphics, symbols, emblems, and personal devices, like the salamander of Francis I. of France, and were not arms properly so called. Thus Pasquier tells us in his *Recherches de la France*, or inquiries into the antiquities of France, lib. ii. p. 84. that before Marius, the eagle was not the constant ensign of the Roman Generals, who, in their standards bore sometimes a wolf, sometimes a leopard, or an eagle, according to the fancy of the chief commander. The like variety is observed in the arms of the King of France, and Great Britain, as we shall mention hereafter, but the most learned authors agree, that the hereditary arms of families, as well as their double names, or surnames, began no sooner than the crusades, that is about the beginning of the tenth century; and their opinions who trace them up higher is confuted by the best and

most learned French authors, Du Chesne, La Labreur, Chifflet, Fauchet, and Father Menestrier; according to Camden, the use of family arms began among the English, as well as French, just after the crusades, yet, if we may rely on the learned Sir Henry Spelman, hereditary bearings were not generally established until the time of Henry III. of England; for the last Earls of Chester, the two Quincies, Earls of Winchester, and the two Lacies, Earls of Lincoln, still varied the son from the father. As for the Scots and Welch, they pretend to excel the English and French in ancient descent, and regular armory; but according to Father Menestrier, whose authority is esteemed of great weight in this matter, Henry the Falconer, who was raised to the Imperial throne of the West in 920, by regulating the tournaments in Germany, gave occasion to the establishment of family arms, or marks of honour, which undeniably are more ancient, and better observed among the Germans, than in any other nation. Moreover, according to Father Menestrier's opinion, with tournaments first came up coats of arms, which were a sort of livery, made up of several lists, fillets, or narrow pieces of stuff of divers colours, from whence came the fess, the bend, the pale, the chevron, the lozenge, &c.

which were the original of family arms; for they who never had been at tournaments, had not such marks of distinction, although they were gentlemen. They who enlisted themselves in the crusades, for the conquest of the Holy Land, took up also armorial ensigns, particularly crosses of diverse colours, for distinction sake; before that time, that is, before the tenth or eleventh century, nothing is to be seen on the more antient tombs but crosses and Gothic inscriptions, with the effigies of the person; the tomb-stone of Pope Clement the Fourth, who died in the year 1628, is the first on which a coat of arms is found; nor are arms to be seen on seals or coins older than the tenth or eleventh century. The first French coin with arms is a golden denier of King Philip de Valois, on which he is represented holding with his left hand a scutcheon semée of *fleurs de lis*. This piece of gold, coined in 1366, was called in French *ecce*, by reason of its bearing the escutcheon of the arms of France. There are, indeed, more antient figures to be seen, either in standards, or medals, but neither Princes nor cities, made use of them, as formal or regular bearings; and no author of note mentions the heraldic science above those ages: to all this may be added, that it is very probable, this art, like most human inventions, was insensibly introduced and established, and that having remained in a rude and unsettled state for many ages, it was at last perfected and fixed, by the crusades and tournaments.

As to the name of blazonry, authors differ no less about it than about the origin of the art itself; some, by a metathesis, derive it from the Hebrew *sobal*, which in Latin signifies, *tulit, portavit*, "he has borne;" others with greater consonance, but as little reason, deduce it from the Greek *BLASTEIN*, which in Aristotle signifies in Latin, *distorquere*, and in English, to wrest, distort, to set awry; and, taken more extensively, to *extravagate*, or *rave*; because, say they, in antient times, they who were not initiated into heraldic mysteries, looked upon most of the

figures and ornaments of the shields of Cavaliers, as extravagancies. Menage, whose etymologies are forcibly dragged in, fetches the word, blazon, from the Latin *latio*, a bearing; by putting before it a *b*, because blazon denotes, "what's borne on a shield." Borell; hits it a little better, in deriving it from two Latin words, viz. *laus*, praise, and *sonare*, to resound; and, by putting a *b* before the entire word, out of that odd composition he forms the barbarous verb, *blausonare*, from whence, at last, he draws the substantive, blauson, or blazon. Others, with far greater plausibility, deduce it from the English, to blaze, which in a proper sense, signifies to flash, to burn with, or cast a great flame, and in a figurative, and active signification, to set forth, to publish, to proclaim; the most general, as well as the most rational opinion is, that both the word blazon, and the English, to blaze, comes from the German *blasen*, that is, to sound a horn, or a trumpet; because the knights and nobles who came to enter the lists at tournaments, caused those instruments to be sounded, to proclaim their arrival; whereupon the Heralds sounded also their trumpets, and then blazoned the coats of arms of the tilers; that is, displayed and described them aloud, and sometimes expatiated on the praises of the bearers. Hence, probably, it is that the word, to blazon, formerly signified, to display or set forth a man's ill or good qualities, or to give a character of him: but now use restrains it to an ill sense; for by blazoning a man, we only mean to expose him, to display him in his proper colours, to speak ill of him, &c.; but here it is to be observed, that some pretend, that in the last signification, the verb, to blazon, is more antient than the heraldic rules, or blazonry itself; and, to support their opinion, they alledge, that when the knights of the shield received their order, they were enjoined, *not to suffer ladies to be blazoned*; that is, slandered or exposed, in their hearing.

. [To be continued.]

ON PNEUMATICS.

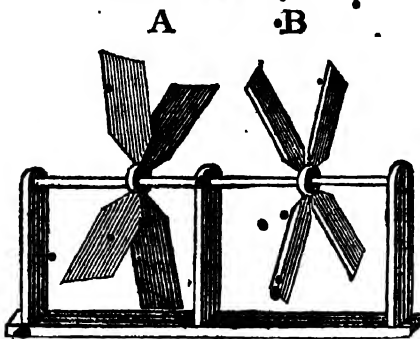
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ON THE RESISTANCE OF AIR AS A MEDIUM.

MEDIUM denotes that space, or region, through which a body passes in its motion towards any point. The air is a resisting medium, and the resistance it opposes to a body moving is proportioned to the surface which that body offers.

If in a room a feather and a guinea be dropped from the hand at the same instant, the guinea will reach the floor immediately, while the feather descends gently, and with an indirect motion, on account of the resistance it meets with from the air contained in the room. Were they dropped from the hand in vacuo, the time

of descent would be the same in both; for when a feather and a guinea are dropped together from the top of an exhausted receiver, both fall on the pump plate at the same moment.



The two mills A and B have each an equal number of sails, whose weight, length, and breadth are in each precisely equal. The one has its sails fixed edge ways, so as to cut the air with only a thin edge: the other offers the whole breadth of its vanes to the air. On giving the sails of both an equal impulse, they will begin to turn round with equal velocity; but the one which presents the whole surface of its vanes soon begins to move slower, and at length stops, while the other still continues in motion. The reason is obvious; this last, offering no greater surface to the air than the edge of the sails, finds less resistance, and therefore obeys the impulse it had received for a longer time.

An arrow which offers its point to the air flies a considerable way, but an arrow whose side is opposed to the current of air falls immediately.

If a ball, and a quantity of shot equal to it in weight, be discharged from two guns at the same instant, and with the same velocity, the former will be sent to a much greater distance than the latter, for the sum of the surfaces of the shot greatly exceed the surface of the ball.

Winged animals are incapable of flight in vacuo; for as they make use of the resistance of the air to facilitate their motions (in the same way as fishes make use of the water by striking it with their tails), when no such resistance offers, their wings are useless. If a butterfly be suspended from the middle of a receiver by a thread fastened to its horns, it will fly about with apparent ease so long as the receiver remains filled with air, but no sooner is the air extracted from it than the butterfly hangs perpendicularly, incapable of raising itself by any efforts that it makes.

Smoke, being a lighter fluid than air, generally ascends; but in moist and hazy weather it is seen to fall, for then the air possesses less density, therefore can make less resistance to the tendency

which smoke, in common with every other body, has to gravitate towards the earth.

ON SOUND.

When a sonorous body is struck, a tremulous motion is communicated to all its parts, and by their vibration to the air, which carries the impression forward to the ear. Hence three things are necessary to the production of sound,—a sonorous body to give the impression, a medium to convey it, and an ear to receive it.

That a vibratory motion is produced in the parts of a sonorous body when it is struck, may be found by laying the hand on a bell, or a pair of tongs, when either have received a stroke. In both cases a tremulous motion will be felt in the parts beneath the hand. As long as this vibration continues, a correspondent motion is produced in the air, which motion is well illustrated by the circles caused in water on throwing any substance into it; as these circles extend themselves in every direction, so do the parts of the air that surround a sonorous body when this last receives a stroke; each part communicates the motion impressed upon it to the portion of air next it, and thus are generated a succession of waves that float the sound to the ear, in whatever direction it may be placed.

Sound, whether it be loud or feeble, moves always with the same velocity by night or by day, in hot weather or cold, except that its velocity is a little impeded or accelerated by strong currents of air; but the distance to which sound is carried depends on the force of the impression made on the air. Sound is not instantaneous but progressive; it travels at the rate of thirteen miles in a minute, or 1142 feet in a second. Every body knows that the flash of a gun is seen before the report is heard, and that lightning sometimes precedes the thunder several seconds; the flash and the report are nevertheless generated at the same instant; but the former reaches us with the velocity with which light travels, that is, at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second of time, whereas the latter travels at the rate of only 1142 feet in the same period. Availing ourselves of this knowledge, we may at any time ascertain our distance from the seat of a storm, by counting on a stop-watch the number of seconds that elapse between the flash of lightning and the thunder. Suppose, for example, the latter be heard five seconds after seeing the former, then the report has travelled over five times 1142 feet, or something more than a mile. As a stop-watch is not always to be had, the calculation may be made by means of the pulse at the wrist; in every healthy person this commonly beats about seventy-five times in a minute

and, in one beat of the pulse of such a person sound passes over the sixth part of a mile, consequently in six pulsations it will pass over a mile.

Air, though the common conductor of sound, is not the only one; water conveys it to the ear much more strongly. The unassisted human voice has been heard over water to the distance of ten or twelve miles; a person has been heard to read equally as distinctly at the distance of 140 feet on water as he could be heard on land at the distance of 76 feet. The Romans were so well acquainted with the property of water to increase the force of sound, that they had a canal of water carried under one of their theatres which was too large to admit of the voices of the performers being heard in the remoter parts of the building. It appears from various experiments that, in general, the denser the medium is, the more intense is the sound; flannel, however, is an excellent conductor of sound; put a narrow slip of it round the middle of a poker, then roll the ends of the flannel round the first fingers of each hand, and put these fingers in the ears; strike the poker against the fender, or any hard substance, and a sound will be produced which equals in loudness that generated by the largest church bells; at the same time the poker, if the hand be applied to it, will be found to make a number of sensible vibrations.

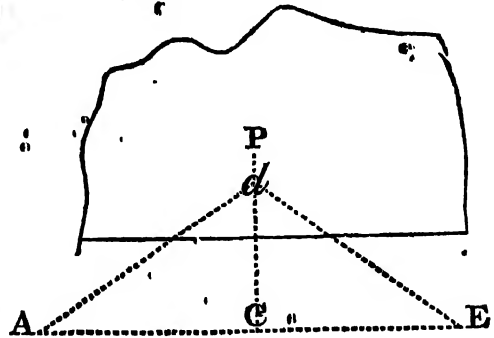
That wood is a conductor of sound the variety of musical instruments made of it fully evinces; the slightest scratch with a pin, at one end of a long piece of timber, will be distinctly heard by an ear applied to the other.

In music, the tone of a sound depends on the time that a string vibrates; some strings have long vibrations, and produce deep or grave tones; hence the different notes which a violin or harp are capable of producing. If a long musical string be divided into two equal parts by a bridge, each half will produce a note eight times higher than that which issued from the string before; hence it appears that the vibrations which are most rapid produce the sharpest sound.

A sort of sympathy exists between bodies in a state to produce accordant sounds. If strings in unison are placed near each other, both will sound when one is struck; then if the distance between them be two or three feet the same thing will occur; when the strings are not in unison, no such effect takes place. A wet finger pressed round the edge of a drinking glass, will produce its key; if the glass be struck so as to produce its pitch, and an unison to that pitch be strongly excited on a violincello, the glass will be set in motion, and if near the edge of the table, will be liable to be shaken off.

OF THE ECHO.

Echoes are caused by the reflection of those undulations in the air by which sounds are propagated. When a pebble is thrown into a pool, the water which receives its impression recedes on all sides towards the margin, having reached which it is driven back. The same undulations are produced in the air by a stroke on a sonorous body, or by the voice, and when in their retrocession from the point of impulse the undulations encounter a rock, a house, or any other similar surface, they are reflected or driven back, which causes an echo; to hear this echo it is necessary, however, that the ear be in the line of reflection.



Suppose C to be the generating point of sound, or the point where motion is given to the air by the voice, or a stroke, or any sonorous body, the air will immediately recede in a straight line towards the rock P, which will reflect it back again by the same line, and produce, to a person standing at C, an echo of the original sound. But if the generating point of sound were at A, the undulations would reach the rock by the oblique line A d, and be reflected by the oblique line d E, so that no echo would be heard by an ear at A or at C, while a person standing at E would hear one because he is in the line of reflection.

It sometimes happens that an echo is heard by a person whom the direct sound did not reach. If between A and E there were a hill, this would be the case with a person standing at E when sound was generated at A; for though the hill would prevent the undulations in the air reaching him in their retrocession from A, and consequently his hearing the direct sound, yet when reflected by the rock they would be carried to his ear, and he would hear the echo. An echo, however, supposes that there is a distance of seventy or eighty feet between the generating point of sound and the reflecting surface; if the space be less no echo can be produced.

There are echoes which reflect the sound several times; this happens when there are a number of walls, rocks, &c. whence the sound is reflected from one to another; but for a person to

hear these repeated echoes, he must be so situated as to intercept the undulations each time they are reflected. At Rosencath, near Glasgow, there is an echo that repeats three times a tune played with a trumpet. Near Rome there was one that repeated five times any thing which was said. At Brussels there is an echo which answers fifteen times. Between Coblenz and Bingen there is one which differs from most others; in common echoes the repetition is not heard till some time after the words have been uttered, in this the person who speaks is scarcely heard, but the repetition is clear, and surprisingly varied; the echo in some cases appears to be approaching, in others receding, and sometimes it is heard distinctly, at others scarcely at all; one person hears but one voice, while another hears several. At a place near Milan, in Italy, the sound of a pistol is returned thirty-six times.

The phenomenon of a whisper made against the wall on one side of the gallery at St. Paul's cathedral, is thus explained:—the wall being extremely smooth is an excellent conductor of sound, the undulations made in the air by the voice are reflected both ways by the wall, and meet at the opposite side; to the hearer, therefore, the effect is the same as if his ear was close to the mouth of the speaker.

OF THE BAROMETER AND THERMOMETER.

The barometer is an instrument in such general use that a description of it is unnecessary; the upper part of the tube is a vacuum, thus formed:—the tube, which is closed at one end prior to its being fixed to the frame, is completely filled with mercury or quicksilver; every particle of air is, of course, expelled from it; a finger being applied to the open end of the tube, to prevent the mercury from running out, it is then inverted and plunged into a cup containing mercury; that in the tube then subsides three or four inches, leaving a space above it which is a perfect vacuum. The tube, and the cup in which it is immersed are then attached to the graduated frame of the barometer; and as there is no pressure of air on the upper surface of the column of mercury within the tube, the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of that contained in the cup forms a counterpoise to the included column, and keeps it from running out. When, however, the atmosphere is less dense than usual, the column sinks a little, the air having somewhat less weight; when the atmosphere is more dense, the pressure upon the mercury in the cup being greater, that in the tube rises. These variations are included within about three inches, in our climate the least ele-

vation of the mercury is twenty eight inches, and its greatest thirty-one.

Since the suspension of the mercury in the barometer is occasioned by the pressure of the atmosphere, and since the pressure decreases from the earth upwards, it follows that the column of mercury ought to be shorter at the top of a high mountain than at its base. This is actually the case; in every hundred feet of perpendicular ascent the mercury sinks about the tenth of an inch, consequently at the height of a thousand feet it will descend a whole inch; and thus, by taking a barometer to the top of a mountain, or any other considerable eminence, we may ascertain its perpendicular elevation.

The thermometer, is used for marking with precision the changes which take place in the temperature of the atmosphere. Like the barometer, it consists of a tube closed at the top, or, in technical language, hermetically sealed, and fixed to a graduated frame. It is constructed on this principle, that fluids of every description, and mercury in particular, expand by heat, and are contracted by cold. If a thermometer be plunged into boiling water it will rise to 212° ; this is called the boiling point. If it be plunged into melting ice, it will fall to 32° ; this is termed the freezing point. The utmost extent of the mercurial thermometer, both ways, are the points at which quicksilver boils and freezes; it boils at a degree of heat equal to 600° , and freezes when it is reduced as low as 39° or 40° below 0, consequently the whole extent of the mercurial thermometer is 640 degrees.

OF THE HYGROMETER, AND THE RAIN-GAUGE.

The hygrometer is used for ascertaining the different degrees of humidity in the atmosphere. The most simple instrument for this purpose, and one sufficiently accurate for common observation, may be made by suspending from a wall a weight fastened to a piece of twisted catgut; in damp weather the catgut will contract, in dry weather it will extend, and the difference, or variation, may be shewn by fixing a scale of equal parts on the wall near the weight, and a small index to the catgut.

A piece of sponge makes a very good thermometer, particularly when, after having been freed from all impurities by being washed, it is dipped into water in which sal ammoniac, or any other salt, has been dissolved; for, when the sponge is dried, the saline particles imbibe the moisture, and the sponge will every day vary in weight according to the different degrees of moisture in the atmosphere.

The rain gauge shews the height to which rain

would rise on the place where this instrument is fixed, provided there were no evaporation, and that none of the rain were absorbed by the earth. The simplest rain-gauge consists of a funnel twelve inches in diameter, and a tube connected with it, of which the diameter is four inches; within the funnel and the tube there is an index which rises by the descent of rain, and floats.

Now when this instrument is fixed where it finds no shelter from the winds, the fall of rain can be readily estimated, for when the index rises an inch, the depth of rain that has fallen in the area of the funnel is one-ninth of an inch; consequently when the index rises nine inches, it will show that the depth of rain fallen is one inch.

LETTERS ON BOTANY, FROM A 'YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[Continued from Page 36.]

LETTER XIX.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

THE common St. John's wort, or *hypericum perforatum*, is almost the only specimen our country offers of the polyadelphia, that is to say, stamina divided into several branches. The order of this class is the polyandria, on account of its stamina being extremely numerous.

The stem of the common St. John's wort, though round, is ligneous, and little ridges are felt when pressed by the fingers.

It is remarkable that these ridges are always found under two opposite branches that spring from the same stem. As the branches form a cross, the ridge from space to space changes its situation, so as to be always under them at each interval.

The leaves of the *hypericum* are extremely porous, which has given it the surname of *perforatum*, or porous plant. Its leaves are sessile, short, round, and narrow, without any notches; they are of a lively green; opposite, and from each of their arm-pits escapes a little peduncle, which carries, in the same manner as the branch, six very small and remarkably delicate leaves.

This structure must have informed you, my friend, that with very small leaves the *hypericum* takes up a great deal of room.

Its branches, from the top of which spring forth the flowers, with the principal stem higher than the rest, has the appearance of a column surrounded by numerous flower pots.

Its flowers, as well as its stamina and anthers, are yellow, and are disposed in the shape of a corymb. The five petals, rolled into a cone, form the bud, open, flatten, and let out the ends of the stamina. The calyx has five deep divisions, each of which supports one of the petals.

I have distinguished three yellow pistils amidst the crowd of anthers, but fixed to a green ovary that rises with them like a pedestal. Oil is made of the *hypericum*.

The knowledge of the virtues of simples is not the less interesting part of the study; and it is no true study of them not to explore all their mysteries.

My heart feels at this moment a joy, a satisfaction equal to that which spring would produce; it is caused by the appearance of nature beneath a serene sky, it is a moment when the soul delights to expand, and increases in vigour and sensibility. It has the same effect as the dew upon plants, it unfolds them, and renews their existence.

My dear friend, breathe the pure air of the country as much as you can; the society of the Naiades and nymphs of the woods is not so dull as is imagined; you are worthy of listening to their voices.

LETTER XX.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

LET us occupy ourselves with our favourite flowers, the recollection of which, during our separation, unites our minds.

I will to-day take the cock's comb, or *rhinanthus cristagalli*. This little plant is found in abundance both in our grounds and meadows; the husbandman is a great enemy to it; it spreads excessively, and its hard and ligneous stem mixes with the pasture, and does not nourish the cattle, on the contrary, it gives thin hay a bad taste.

This little flower does not rise very high; its leaves are rather pointed, notched, and of a light green; they are single and opposite.

The flowers, supported on a very short petiole, are tightened towards the stem, and are placed regularly two of a breadth; towards the summit they are one above the other singly, and the stem is progressively narrower, because the upper flowers open last.

Each calyx is supported by a floral leaf of a light green, rather thin, notched, and resembling the letter V, the upper part of which supports the stem.

The calyx of the *castagalli* is a species of bag composed of two concave pieces joined together except at the top; each of these pieces are tightened at their ends, and slit through the middle; it is this that gives four divisions to the calyx.— This species of little bladder, supported on a short petiole, is rather swelled, and of a texture similar to the silk-worm's egg when the silk is taken from it; it is of a light green. On each of these divisions are found three principal veins, which have the appearance of little strings and run from the top to the petiole; these veins are so ramified in every way, that the texture of the calyx seems of the same hue as the floral leaves. It is clothed with very fine imperceptible down.

The little comb springs from the opening formed by the four divisions; it is a yellow labiate, but the under part is of a greenish white; the upper lip is raised like a helmet, on each side of which advance two little purple eye-flaps; the pistil, whose top is purple, and its imperceptible stigma of a greenish hue, escapes between the two eye-flaps, and completes the projection of the helmet.

The lower lip, straight, and pointed in the middle, in approaching the other mouth conceals its immense size; two little divisions appear on each side, and form at their base a small plait; these shade the two openings as if by a piece of tapestry spotted with purple.

It is delightful to observe all these little minutiae.

The anthers of the four stamina are each visibly separated, and edged with a white dust. I can only compare them to the particles which are sometimes seen in flour. The ovary of the pistil becomes a thick and solid envelope, and finishes by fulfilling the office of the calyx; this characteristic makes me range my didynamian plant in the angiospermia order.

I should add, that our husbandmen look on the rhinanthus in the fields as an earthly usurper; they say it burns the herbs and plants which

surround it, and monopolizes the heat of the sun.

Let us now examine a more amiable object,— the coronilla, *coronilla varia*, a very pretty little papilionacea.

We know that this kind of flower is generally composed of three parts; the standard, which serves as a mantle, tightened in the middle, raises up its two sides; it is rose-coloured. The wings, which meet like a bivalve shell, are white, tinged with pink. Lastly, the carina, which is equally white. As the season advances its extremity becomes darker, or rather seems so, in leaving the wings.

The pretended calyx that supports this *chef-d'œuvre*, has four little points rather than four divisions; the peduncle is short and reddish.

This charming flower rises in the shape of two little canopies, one above the other; at the extremity of the fluted branch, straight, thin, plain, rather long, and almost always in an horizontal direction, you may reckon fifteen, and sometimes more, of these flowers, attached by their delicate petiole, in circular forms, to the same point; they are placed so as to make the standard form the upper part.

The stem of the coronilla is thin and green; it is however square and fluted; opposite each branch of flowers a little one of leaves springs forth. One foliole terminates the branch on which all the other folioles are opposed; each of them are very green, and extremely delicate.

Almost all these little branches that bear flowers shoot out from the same side of the stem; and the round bunches they form, disposed thus by stages, have the appearance of being raised on two parallel vertical lines, very close to each other; the flowers at the top are placed at a much greater distance. The coronilla is extremely pretty. This charming production contains two branches of thin stamina, with little yellow anthers round the pistil. These stamina consist of about ten, and gives us a sample of the diadelphia decandria.

This little colony is well enveloped in a triple tent, and the ovary lengthened by the pistil becomes, in the shape of a head of garlic, the depot of the seeds; this head becomes very long, and rises in the shape of a curved line.

The coronilla is not a creeping plant, but it willingly attaches itself to any object which raises it, and lends it strength and grace. It, like a support, but does not absolutely need one.

[To be continued.]

ON THE ART OF DRAWING.

[Continued from Page 94.]

THE beauties of landscape, widely different from those of either portrait or history, are yet more obvious and engaging to the generality of spectators; few are insensible to the effect of a romantic scene agreeably represented, while the million are not struck with that confined and delicate expression of sentiment, emotion, or passion, which constitutes the superior excellency of the epic picture. Every one intuitively perceives the emotions and intentions of the soul when they agitate the countenance, but, in general, without attending to the signs which denote the passions sufficiently to know when they are justly depicted on the canvas. As a proof of this, we shall here mention a most interesting anecdote of Mr. Garrick; it places in a strong point of view his intimate acquaintance with the most secret workings of the human heart, and his complete command of the external signs by which the internal emotions and passions of the soul are expressed. Mr. West's justly admired picture, the Death of General Wolfe, at once raised the painter to a summit of reputation unattained before, and, affording an ample subject for the talents of Woollett, laid that foundation of an English school of engraving which brought the art to its present perfection in this country.

This affecting picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Mr. Garrick went there one morning early, that he might review the Exhibition uninterrupted by the crowd which constantly attended at the fashionable hours. A considerable party was in the room, drawn there at that hour by the same motive; of this number was a young lady, whose personal beauty appeared not her only accomplishment. The remarks she made on many of the pictures shewed a delicate taste, and considerable knowledge of the arts; they were attended to with pleasure by her friends, and Mr. Garrick, then unknown to most of the company, paid some handsome compliments to her judgment. The Death of Wolfe drew the highest encomiums from every spectator; the young lady was particular in her commendation, but thought the expression not absolutely perfect, there was a something wanting in the General's countenance which she could not describe, there was in that countenance a languor too happily expressed. The company were dissatisfied with this opinion, and her friends appeared concerned on her account.

Garrick who had listened attentively, and viewed the picture with acute penetration, begged leave to offer something in support of the lady's opinion, which he hoped would convince the company was not altogether erroneous: the lady had remarked that there was something wanting in the General's countenance; of that something he would endeavour to supply an idea. He then placed himself in the attitude judiciously chosen by the painter, supported by two gentlemen of the company, and displayed in his own face the exact countenance depicted by the artist. He then assumed the animated expression of that transient rapture which history records the dying hero felt at the joyful words—"they run!"—"who runs?"—"the French!"—He maintained the representation a sufficient length of time, for every one present to compare and feel the astonishing effect of his inimitable performance. A burst of applause followed, which he, politely declared was justly due to the discernment of the lady, who had suggested perhaps the only improvement that masterly work was susceptible.

A faithful representation of natural objects is universally obvious, and never fails to interest and delight, whenever striking and agreeable subjects are selected. Rural scenes at once interesting and delightful, present themselves in most extensive variety. Unlimited is the grand theatre of nature—boundless the scope for imitation—inexhaustible the stores of rich perfection she profusely displays. Behold the source which has afforded, throughout ages past, satisfaction the most pure and unailing to those who happily contemplated, admired, and imitated her productions; the fountain which will supply the most copious and delicate draughts of pleasure to every ingenious mind till time shall be no more.

But to relish the pleasure which a picturesque view of nature's works can infinitely bestow, the eye must be educated; the untaught sight sees not every beauty unfolded before us; unless the passions are set in motion, attention is not fixed. Attention is not only necessary to the improvement of our perspective, but is essential to the operation of all our intellectual faculties. Let it however be remembered, that the human mind delights in the exercise of its own powers; perpetually active the mind must be, and what-

ever it can exercise the faculties of thought upon, affords a most sensible gratification.

Hence, when the mind has early been drawn towards, and has fixed itself in the contemplation or pursuit of any object, the satisfaction felt, if uninfluenced by prior direction of its powers, will stimulate the utmost exertion; it will grasp with eagerness whatever tends to gratify its boundless desires.

When innocent and laudable pursuits thus en-

gage the attention, the result is pleasure, unalloyed, unembittered; and such are the pursuits to which the field of nature invites us. The youthful mind cannot be too early induced to take delight in considering and examining her beauties, which are capable of producing the most rational entertainment, and which are useful and important, as they affect the convenience, comfort, or happiness of mankind.

[To be continued.]

ON MUSIC.

ON THOROUGH-BASS.

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. I. P. 602.)

In the above place it has been shewn how important the knowledge of thorough-bass is, not only for the purpose of learning composition, but also to every person who wishes to become a proficient in playing; and how all the former difficulties in teaching and learning it are removed by a new system of harmony proposed by Mr. Kollmann, in a treatise entitled, "A New Theory of Musical Harmony," published last summer. But as that work contains a complete doctrine of harmony, and consequently many explanations which concern a profound theorist more than those who study music only as a branch of polite education, we confined our former remarks only to the outlines of the said new system, and reserved a more particular description of it to the present opportunity, of announcing a more brief and familiar work by the same author, which was then in the press, and is now published, entitled, "A second practical Guide to Thorough-Bass." This work, being entirely calculated for the use of ladies and amateurs (that part of the public to which this Magazine is particularly addressed), we flatter ourselves that the following examination of it will not be found uninteresting to our readers.

In a well written Preface, Mr. K. shews the nature of his new system, and the particulars in which it deviates from all the former systems. This having been explained in our article before quoted, we need not repeat it here.

A concise list of contents then exhibits the whole work in an epitome, which we think very useful; for it shews not only where every particular doctrine may be found, but also enables a student to form a more distinct general idea of the whole, and of the connection between the different chapters than it is easy to form from the work at large, which is divided into ten chapters.

No. XV. Vol. II.

The first chapter contains introductory explanations of a Thorough-bass in general, of the musical scale, and of intervals with their proper classifications.

The second chapter then treats of the fundamental concord or common chord. It begins with an explanation of Mr. K.'s doctrine of chords, in general, and briefly states that all modern harmony is reducible to two fundamental chords, the concord and the discord. This having been allowed by a great number of other writers, but never been accomplished by any of them without hundreds of arbitrary laws, and an equally great number of rules for exceptions, it will be important to understand the simple and natural manner in which it can really be done, according to the work before us.

The first of those fundamental chords is that generally called the common chord. It consists of a bass, with its third and fifth; and consequently but of three essential notes or parts, as thus, C, E, G. The gravest of these notes is called the fundamental one, because it is the foundation to the others, or the generator of them, as has been proved in Mr. K.'s new theory.

From the said chord arise two others, by inverting its three notes, so that another note becomes the bass, and the fundamental one becomes an upper part, as thus, E, G, C, and G, C, E. The former is called a chord of the sixth, (or of the third and sixth,) and the latter a chord of the fourth and sixth. But our ear proves, that these chords are of the same consonant or satisfactory nature, as the fundamental chord from which they arise, only in a lesser degree, in a similar manner as they consist of the same notes, only in another order. This is shewn in the third chapter of the work.

But in regard to the second and third chapter in connection, it must still be observed, that the common chord and its inversions are allowed on every degree of the diatonic scale; and that this

produces what are called their natural species, viz: a perfect major common chord, as C, E, G; a perfect minor one, as A, C, E; and an imperfect minor (or diminished) one, as B, D, F, natural, with their inversions. And though the last species, or the imperfect common chord, is disputed by a certain author, Mr. Kollmann, has sufficiently established it in his new theory, as we shall be ready to shew on a future occasion, if required.

The fourth and fifth chapter then explains the second fundamental chord, being the fundamental discord, or chord of the seventh, and its three inversions, with their different natural species, in a similar manner as the fundamental concord and its inversions have been explained. And thus the doctrine of all the essential chords of modern harmony is completed.

The sixth chapter treats of accidental chords, comprehending that vast number of combinations, which other authors explain as chords by supposition, by addition, by substitution, by suspension, by anticipation, by transition, by licence, by exception, and so forth. All those chords Mr. Kollmann brings under the two very natural denominations of mere accidental fore-notes, and after-notes, in the essential chords, and explains them in so very clear and simple a manner, that any attentive person may in one lesson comprehend all that belongs to them; though a familiar acquaintance with them also requires a little practice, in a similar manner as it is with learning any simple part of an art or science.

Under the denomination of accidental chords, also appear the chromatic species of essential chords, which are shewn to be nothing more than sharp or flat extremities of the chords explained before; and that they make no other alteration in the natural progression of a chord, than that of filling up the progression of a whole tone, by the intermediate chromatic semi-tone, which may be taken either between the two essential notes, or instead of the first of them. The truth and natural simplicity of this doctrine becomes particularly striking in that equi-vocal combination called the chord of the diminished seventh, which consists of a major third, minor fifth, and diminished seventh. For when the seventh of that chord is natural, its bass may take the progressions of a perfect and of an interrupted cadence. And the same progressions it may take when the seventh is diminished a semi-tone, because that accidental semi-tone only anticipates part of the progression which its respective note must take when natural. From this simple explanation it follows, that the chord in question may take eight different fundamental progressions, as Mr. K. has shewn in his New

Theory, page 55, but which has never been allowed before, by any other theorist.

The doctrine of chords being thus reduced to an astonishing simplicity, and yet explained completely in the strictest sense, it must still be added concerning the described six chapters of the work, that practices of every sort of chords are so judiciously intermixed with the explanations of them, as to render it almost impossible to remain unacquainted with the simple theory of them when they are practised, or with the practical use of every doctrine when examples are immediately annexed to them.

The four remaining chapters of the work shew the use of chords in what is called thorough-bass, as follows:

The seventh chapter treats of the signature of chords, or how they can be most simply and distinctly expressed by figures and other characters over the bass. This is done, first, according to Mr. Kollmann's own system; and then rules are added, according to which the signatures of other authors may also be understood. The work therefore teaches thorough-bass, not merely according to the author's own system, like most or perhaps all the other treatises, but in such a manner that a person may not be deprived of the use of all those figured basses, which are expressed in another manner than he proposes.

In the eighth chapter the progression of chords is explained, which serves not only to elucidate more completely what has been taught towards the end of the preceding chapter, but also assists a person in figuring a bass, and in playing extempore preludes, or short fantasies of his own. This chapter therefore shows what may be called the rudiments of modulation, and is particularly remarkable for containing the author's more distinct and more rational explanation of a natural accompaniment of the bass scale, than is to be found in any former treatise on this subject.

In the ninth chapter other particulars are explained which ought to be attended to in thorough bass, viz. the number of parts required in every bar; how high and how low the chords may be laid; and how a recitative ought to be accompanied. The utility of this chapter also is evident.

The tenth chapter concludes the work with practices of the thorough-bass according to all preceding doctrines, and they are preceded by a page of introductory remarks and explanations. These practices consist in six thorough-bass lessons, each of two movements, in the form of short sonatas, being figured basses, with a solo part for a violin. In whatever point of view these lessons are to be taken, they are beautiful and do the same credit to their author as a practical harmonist and composer, which all his treatises do

him as a theorist. And also as exercises they are truly methodical and progressive; for they proceed through various sorts of movement and measure, and through a variety of keys and modes, in such a manner, that we may safely pronounce them the most excellent pieces of the kind ever produced.

After those lessons follow abstracts from figured basses by six celebrated authors, being Eman, Bach, Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, Rameau, and Tartini. They contain their original signatures over the bass, and some explanatory ones by Mr. Kollmann under it, as examples how the different signatures of other authors must be understood according to chap. vii. of the work.

Nothing, we presume, could therefore be more deserving our introducing to the public than the valuable work above described, and we make no doubt that it will soon be found in the hands of every person who studies music. For taking it in the aggregate, we find that the language of it is clear and comprehensive, and that the doctrines it contains are expressed and exemplified in the most brief, but perfectly complete and satisfactory manner.

OF MUSICAL BIRDS.

It is remarkable how deeply the harmony of the major common chord is impressed in nature;

for all sonorous bodies that yield more than one note, give more or less of that chord, and even birds are found that sing it. One instance of the latter is given by Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, p. 3, in a note, where it appears that a West Indian bird, called by Nierenberg the Triton Avis (perhaps *Triton Avis*), not only has three distinct notes, but can even sound them at the same time. As this is added to an article of the major common chord, we suppose it to be that chord consisting of three notes, and not what is called the tritonus, or extreme sharp fourth, to which the name Triton-avis seems to allude.

To this a correspondent enables us to add, that a British bird, which he thinks is called the Green Woodpecker (*Picus viridis*), sings the following four distinct notes, E, G E C, D; being not only the said major chord, but even a melodious cadence from a key-note to its fifth. And the cuckoo is well known to sing a major-third as the principal part of that chord.

We make the above observations for the sake of those musical ladies and gentlemen who have frequent opportunities of hearing the natural songs of birds, as perhaps they may find more instances of their singing distinct regular notes.

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

[Continued from Page 35]

It is the opinion of the vulgar, that to be rich and liberal is the only requisite to become a good *Amphitryon*; but those who have weighed this matter, and reflected on the qualities that are indispensable to merit this title, in all its extent, are soon convinced that Heaven bestows this gift on very few persons, and that a good *Amphitryon* is almost as rare as a good roaster of meat.

It is certain, that with money, an excellent cook, an intelligent housekeeper, good tradesmen, a clever butler, and even a long study of the elements in which consists a good table, one may be an *Amphitryon* rather above mediocrity. *Non in solo pane vivit homo*; and the most elegant, the best chosen, and the best served dinner, may still prove a very insipid repast, if one has not the talent of well selecting one's guests, and particularly placing them conveniently at table.

A short time since I experienced a new instance of the truth of this remark. I was invited to dine with Mr. M—, a gentleman who enjoys the reputation of being a very good master of a house, and in many respects merits it.—We were about twenty-five in company, and the

dinner would have served forty. It consisted of several courses of the choicest fish, poultry, game, meat dressed in various manners, almost every vegetable that money could procure, a profusion of excellent pastry, an elegant desert, and wines that would ravish the drunkard of his senses.—The dinner was placed on the table exact to a second, every thing was hot and comfortable, the guests were all people of wit and reputation, and yet I never made a more tedious or insipid dinner; the cause of which you will soon discover.

I have already said we were twenty-five in company; not one of the party were acquainted; this, to begin, does not inspire confidence; but as nothing is more fit to create it than the pleasures of the table, this would have proved but a slender inconvenience, if each had been placed as he ought.

The guests, though strangers to each other, were all intimately acquainted with the master of the house: it was his task then, to seat them properly at table; but, whether through carelessness, inattention, or ignorance, he did no such thing, but left it all to chance; you will see what was the result.

I believe I have already said, more than once, that we were twenty-five in company. Among these there were bankers, contractors, officers, authors, country divines, merchants, artists, magistrates, actors, poets, and amateurs. There were, most assuredly, enough to form a very pleasant society; all depended upon their being well placed, for it is well known that in so large a company, the conversation cannot be general.

One of the divines found himself seated between a poet and an actor; the contractor beside a judge; merchants were placed close to authors, artists near contractors, officers near bankers, &c. so that each having a neighbour that spoke quite a different language, was constrained to hold his tongue after having sounded the other. During the repast, nothing scarcely was heard but monosyllables, and the noise of plates and covers was almost the only conversation at this misplaced dinner.

The poet attempted to speak of his tragedy that had been damned to the divine who entertained him with an account of his last sermon, and who comprehended nothing of what the actor had been saying on the intrigues of the stage. One of the authors had commenced a grammatical discussion with a merchant, who answered him by complaining of the stagnation in the sugar and coffee trade. The artist was describing to the contractor an historical picture which he had in contemplation, while he was regretting former times, and complaining bitterly against the probity of ministers, and the disinterestedness of their clerks, which scarcely allowed him to gain salt for his porridge, while formerly he could, with the greatest ease, fish in troubled waters. The warrior and the amateur were those who understood each other best, because the latter, having a smattering of all sciences, was not totally unacquainted with military tactics; but he was soon tired of listening to nothing but bastions, projectiles, and horn-works, and wished much that he had been seated next the artist.

Thus each being wrongly placed, lost all their merit, similar to as many noughts placed together instead of being preceded by figures.—All the guests rose from table disgusted with each other, and consequently with themselves, for we are more or less pleased with ourselves, according as our pride has been satisfied. I have observed, that this isolated situation, which ought to have been of service to the appetite, (for what can one do, in a repast where we cannot chat, unless one eat?) had in some degree paralyzed it; and to the great regret of the *Amphitryon*, much less was eaten than if the company had been well placed.

A few days after this feast, as is customary, I went to pay my visit of digestion. The conversation naturally fell upon the dinner Mr. M— had given us, and that gentleman complained of the almost universal silence which had reigned, and the reserve which each guest had maintained.

"This would not have happened, said I, if, according to a custom that I have seen practised with success, in some houses, and which I think ought to be adopted in most entertainments, you had distributed the seats: analogous to the minds of those who were to occupy them. You should have placed the poet beside the actor, who would have pitied and consoled him for the ill success of his piece, and interested him by describing the interior of the theatre. The divine and the magistrate; both wise and grave men, would have been well coupled. The banker, the merchant, and the contractor, all three united by speaking nearly the same language, would have entertained each other by conversing about the affairs on 'Change, on commerce, and their respective gains and losses, and would have reciprocally enlightened each other. The amateur, the artist, and the officer, would have been delighted to have found themselves neighbours; the first would have served as an interpreter to the other two, and all three would have established, among themselves, a conversation equally instructive and agreeable, the author in taking a part in it, would enliven it by his witticisms and well placed quotations. By this means your dinner would have been as agreeable as it was well served; your guests satisfied with each other, would have been completely so with you, and their gratitude would have been shared between the excellent fare you had given them, and the care you had taken to place them suitably."

My *Amphitryon* felt the strength of these observations, thanked me, and promised to profit by them. In effect a few days after this, he gave a second dinner to the same company. The name of each guest, written on a pretty vignette, and hung to each plate, determined the order of seats, and this order, combined with my remarks, placed every body suitably. Each was enchanted with his neighbour; the conversation became animated, and consequently interesting, the appetite increased, for nothing gives a better, or accelerates digestion sooner than a warm discussion, the exercise of speech being most salutary at table. The guests did ample justice to each dish, to the various wines, and mutually blessed the *Amphitryon*, who understood so well how to suit his company, and each promised never to refuse his invitations.

Thus by the means of an easy precaution, which prevents trouble and precludes ceremony, one may, even with an assemblage of persons

whose minds are of an ordinary class, form a very pleasant society. To accomplish this, nothing is wanting but that the *Amphitryon* be gifted with a clear discrimination, and that he possesses a perfect knowledge of the character and pursuits of his guests. This plan followed, let the company be ever so numerous, it never degenerates into a bustle, no one finds the time long, because the self-love of each is gratified: to the delight of great talkers and epicures the feast is prolonged without causing *ennui* to any one; it is

then that that French proverb, so dear to those who are lovers of the table, is verified, which says, "*qu'on ne vieillit point a table.*" I again repeat, all depends upon the guests being suitably placed, and the plan I have described cannot fail to meet with the approbation of every one; and for this you have only to weigh well the self-love of each, and place them so that they may be able to enjoy their own, and gratify that of their neighbours.

• F. R.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON :

IN THE YEAR 1714. *

DEAR, damn'd disgusting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teize :
This year, in peace ye critics, dwell,
And Chloë sleep at ease !

Soft B——, and rough C——'s adieu !
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H——k, and you,
May knock up girls alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allowed;
Till the third watchman toll,
Let Jerva se gratis paint, and Frowd,
Save threepence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's rillery,
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell ! thy bard must go ;
Farewell, unhappy Tottou !
Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay ? Both parties rage ;
My vixen mistress squalls ;
The wits in envious feuds engage,
And Homer (damn him !) calls.

* This original Poem by Pope, is not included in any of the common editions of his works. We preserve it as a curiosity; and, though it be a mere bagatelle, written in a spirit altogether different from the rest of this poet's works, yet it contains many picturesque passages. The sixth stanza is extremely lively, and the tenth, in which the poet has painted his own miniature, is a most exquisite likeness.

The love of arts lies cold and dead,
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse, of all he fed,
Has had the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd;
Poor Y——'s sold for fifty pound,
And B—— is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great?
When I no favour seek;
Or follow girls seven hours in eight,
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Sollicitous for others' ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Laborious, lobster nights, farewell !
For sober, studious days:
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For sallad, tarts and peas.

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

Ah ! why, unfeeling Winter, why
Still flags thy torpid wing ?
Fly, melancholy season, fly—
And yield the year to Spring.

Spring—the young cherubim of love,
 An exile in disgrace—
 Flits o'er the scene like Noah's dove,
 Nor finds a resting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak,
 Alights her fairy form,
 Cold blow the winds—and dark and bleak,
 Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair,
 For shelter and defence,
 Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
 And drives her weeping thence.*

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,
 Of her unmindful grown,
 Feels the chill magic of thy look,
 And lingers into stone.

She woo's her embryo-flowers, in vain,
 To rear their infant heads;
 Deaf to her voice her flowers remain
 Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
 Their green luxuriant charms;
 Bare in the wilderness they stand,
 And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
 Lament thy long delay;
 And strain their little stammering throats
 To charm thy rage away.

Ah! why, usurping Winter, why
 Still flags thy frozen wing?
 Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
 And yield the year to Spring?

WINTER'S REPLY

TO SPRING'S REMONSTRANCE.

PRITHEE have patience, gentle Spring!
 Let me reign out my day—
 To thee 'twould no advantage bring,
 Should I now yield my sway.

Though rough my manners, to the Fair
 No enemy am I:
 My toils their ornaments prepare,
 Their nourishment supply.

My blast, though terrible it seem,
 Gives vigour to the bow'r;
 My snow supplies the exhausted stream,
 Preserves the sleeping flower.

Bright Health admits my useful claim,
 And Exercise and Sport,

To brace the summer-slacken'd frame,
 My cold assistance court.

Comus, Apollo, and the Nine,
 Are my perpetual debtors;
 For under my dark influence shine,
 Mirth, Music, and *Belles Lettres*.

The feather'd choir may think it hard
 That I should check their song;
 But who the warblers would regard
 That pip'd the whole year long?

Then, pray take patience, gentle Spring!
 And bear with my delay;
 On thee, perhaps, 'twould sorrow bring,
 Should I curtail my sway.

SONG OF A SWISS TO HIS MISTRESS,

ON HER APPEARING IN ARMOUR.*

*Translated from the German of Gessner, by
 F. Shorbert.*

HEAVENS, is it—is it thou, my love?—
 What strikes my dazzled sight?—
 How brightly from thy polish'd helm
 Flash gleams of trembling light!

And how the white and crimson plumes
 Stream in the rustling wind;
 Thy auburn tresses mingling too,
 Float carelessly behind.

But now thy heaving bosom's charms
 The envious armour steals,
 And all that lovely, graceful form
 The circling mail conceals.

But no! I see that handsome foot,
 That well-turn'd knee I spy,
 Which else the robe's depending folds
 Veil from my curious eye.

Thus beaming in refulgent steel,
 In beauty's bloom elate,
 Thou'rt like th' empyreal guard of old,
 Who watch'd at Eden's gate.

O may the haughty foe's keen shafts
 Hiss harmless o'er thy head,
 And none e'er wound thy tender breast
 But those by Cupid sped!

* When the Emperor Albert besieged Zurich, the females of that town put on armour, and appeared completely accoutred among the ranks of their husbands and fathers. The Emperor, deterred by the appearance of such a numerous force, withdrew from before the place.

A RECEIPT FOR A LOVE EPISTLE,

TO A MODERN BELLE.

- TAKE of sighs and of tears a prodigious large number,
 Of days without joy, and of nights without slumber;
 Of raptures, and dreams, and fantastical blisses,
 • Of heart-burning glances, and soul-thrilling kisses.

Talk of love everlasting, and pure adoration,
 Say for her you would die without hesitation;
 Add, that Mahomet's houreis are lost in her charms,
 And that more than his paradise dwells in her arms.

Conjure up from Don Quixote some high-flying story,
 How that love is the rampart of fame and of glory;
 That the Don his Toboso, and Sancha his isle,
 Would have eagerly barter'd to purchase one smile.

If she be not contented with chivalric ages,
 You may go a few centuries back to the sages;
 And, with old heathen poets, protest, that had Jove

Beheld but her face—he had melted with love.

Then tell her that nothing but love is your food,
 And with darts, Cupids, flames, in great plenty conclude;

And if this she receive, I will dare lay my life,
 In a fortnight you gain her for mistress or wife.

THE MAID OF CORINTH.*

By the pale lamp's reflected light

- I saw thy shadow on the wall,
 Oh what a pleasing, rapt'rous sight,
 My friend, my lover, and my all,

To cheer my solitary hours,

Thy honour'd shade I often view;

Oh, Palemon! with all my powers,
 I'll trace thy image fair and true.

But, ah! the fond resemblance flies;

Yet thy dear form shall still remain;

The Gods shall hear a maiden's cries,
 And Art shall cure me of my pain.

With magic pencil I will trace,

Thy features so divinely fair;

No power on earth shall e'er efface,

Though time the colours may impair.

* The Maid of Corinth was the origin of the art of painting; whilst she was confined in prison she gave birth to the art of delineation, in amusing herself by sketching on the wall of her cell the shadow of her passing lover.

But how imperfect is the sketch,
 A faithful lover now has given;
 Could I a true resemblance fetch,
 From Gods above in highest heaven.

TO HONOUR.

BY N. HOWARD.

STERN power! in realms of darkness burst
 'Midst shrieks of guilt, and moans accurst,
 Where griefs Despair in writhing pain,
 And rapturous madness clanks his chain,—
 Thee, I invoke!—Gay bow'rs adieu!
 Where Pleasure leads her bounding crew,
 Blithe Health, and frolic Youth that roves
 Thro' gardens and ambrosial groves,
 • Brisk Mirth, whose bright expanding blood
 Ne'er felt the damp of Sorrow's gloom,
 Adieu! the surly evening sheds
 Deep shadows o'er the mountain's heads;
 • Low groan the refted woodlands bleak,
 The spirits of the whirlwind shriek!
 Horror! with strange delightful fear,
 Lead my fit soul to deserts drear;
 To vast Savannas full of dread,
 Where human footsteps never tread,
 Or where vex'd Midnight never sleeps
 'Mid cataracts hoarse and howling steep!
 Or where the hoary Andes shroud
 Their stormy cliffs in many a cloud.
 Which Danger, heedless of alarms,
 Upclimbs with lightning-blasted arms!
 To glimmering dungeons let me stray
 • Where the lone Captive pines away;
 Where no warm sun, no summer gale
 Sheds freshness on his visage pale:
 There see him raise his wither'd head,
 Deep groaning o'er his flinty bed,
 Whilst ever-hopeless Silence low'rs,
 And slow—slow lag the gloomy hours.
 Wild sullen Horror! thou canst tell
 What pangs the Mother's bosom swell,
 When bare on distant rocks outcast
 Her child's corse blisters to the blast!
 Wild sullen Horror! thou hast sought
 Black groves with dark collected thought,
 Where erst hoar Druids met thy view,
 And human victims grimly slew!
 Thou heard'st their death-denouncing cries,
 They bled beneath thy savage eyes.
 Oh! lay me oft, at gloom of night,
 Where hags perform their direful rite;
 And wrapt in terrors, flash on high
 Their livid lightning thwart the sky;
 Or on some victim's hated form
 Dart the full fury of their storm!
 For lightnings shoot, and thunders roll,
 Dear, and congenial to my soul!

THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE.

As blooming Harriet mov'd along,
 The fairest of the beauteous throng,
 The beaux gaz'd on with admiration,
 Avow'd by many an exclamation.
 What form! what *naivete*! what grace!
 What roses deck that Grecian face!
 "Nay," Dashwood cries, "that bloom's not
 Harriet's,
 "'Twas bought at Reynolds', Moore's, or Mar-
 riot's;
 "And though you vow her face untainted,
 "I swear, by G—d, your beauty's painted."
 A wager instantly was laid,
 And Ranger sought the lovely maid;
 The pending bet he soon reveal'd,
 Nor e'en the impious oath conceal'd.
 Confus'd—her cheek bore witness true,
 By turns the roses came and flew.
 "Your bet," she said, "is rudely odd—
 "But I am painted, Sir—*by God*."

LINES,

BY THE REV. GEORGE RICHARDS.

Ag! dearest Muse, whose carol gay
 Hath brighten'd ev'n my summer's way;
 No more we roam through Nuneham's Wood,
 Nor sing by Isis' classic flood;
 Those scenes where passed our happier hours,
 Those lovely scenes no more are ours.

The wintery storms must roll away,
 And summer suns illumine the day,
 E'er again, delightful power,
 By Whitehead's Oak, or Mason's Bow'r,
 We bid the song in rapture rise
 To Harcourt's flowery Paradise.

Yes, sweetest Mail, agsin thy shell
 Shall sound along each vocal dell;
 Again from yonder elmy brow
 Shall thy sprightly measures flow;
 And, reclin'd by Isis' stream,
 Thy poet wait the inspiring dream.

Now far we go—yet wake the wire
 To strains which Gratitude inspire,
 For social hours by Fancy cheer'd,
 For joys by Friendship's smile endear'd.
 E'er fade the disappearing views,
 Ah turn, and breathe a warm adieu.

LOVE'S LEARNING.

Tho' never taught to measure space,
 Nor vers'd in geometric lore,
 The line of beauty I can trace,
 And Chloe's finished form adore.

I cannot tell a linguist sage,
 And skill'd in critic ken profound,
 The purport of each puzzling page,
 Nor every tangled text expound;
 But I can read, and run the while,
 The lucid language of an eye,
 The mystic meaning of a smile,
 The soft confession of a sigh.

I cannot give each light a name,
 Which gems th' expanse of ether blue,
 Nor sing the physic and the fame,
 Of every herb which sips the dew;
 But I of all the charms can speak,
 Which round my Chloe's image fly,
 Bloom in the blossom of her cheek,
 Laugh in the lustre of her eye.

No Rhetorician's robe I wear,
 But can teach many a honey'd wile;
 The soft persuasion of a tear,
 The ruby rhetoric of a smile.
 My want of wit, who shall despise?
 Since Love has made the world his throne;
 Laws, arts, has he, and politics,
 And a whole science of his own.

VERSES

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN. BY THE
REV. J. WESLEY.

As o'er fair Chloe's rosy cheek
 Careless a vagrant past;
 With artful hand around his waist,
 A slender chain the virgin cast.

As Juno near her throne above
 Her spangled birds delight to see;
 As Venus has her fav'rite dove,
 Chloe shall have her favourite flea.

Pleas'd with his chains, with nimble steps
 He o'er her snowy bosom stray'd;
 Now on her panting breast he leaps,
 Now hides between, his little head.

Leaving at length his old abode,
 He found, by thirst or fortune led,
 Her swelling lips, that brighter glow'd
 Than roses in the native bed.

Chloe, your artful bands undo,
 Nor for your captive's safety fear;
 No artful bands are needful now,
 To keep the willing vagrant here.

While on that heaven 'tis given to stay,
 (Who would not wish to be so blest?)
 No force can drive him once away,
 Till death shall seize his destin'd breast

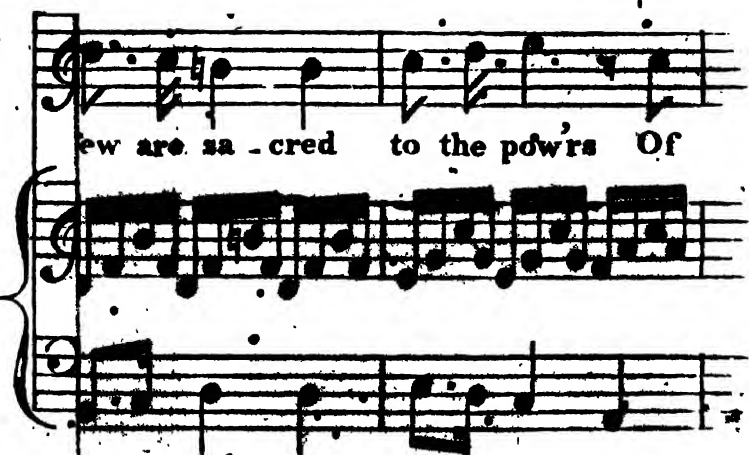
that Work .

Har
or
Pian
Forte



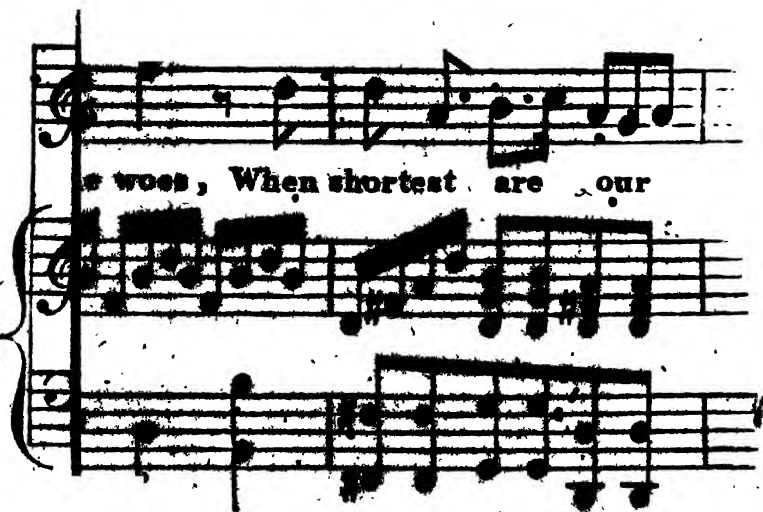
The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line with a treble clef, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and a final double bar line. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment with a bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand, also ending with a double bar line.

ew are sa - cred to the pow'rs Of



The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line with a treble clef, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and a final double bar line. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment with a bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand, also ending with a double bar line.

e woes , When shortest are our



The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line with a treble clef, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and a final double bar line. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment with a bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand, also ending with a double bar line.

9

th Tears with Tears Tho'

This block contains the first system of a musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "th Tears with Tears Tho'". The lyrics are positioned below the notes. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The vocal line features a melodic line with various note values and rests. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The system ends with a double bar line.

This block contains the second system of the musical score, which is a single staff of piano accompaniment. It continues the musical theme from the first system, with various note values and rests. The system ends with a double bar line.

This block contains the third system of the musical score, which consists of two staves of piano accompaniment. The music continues with various note values and rests. The system ends with a double bar line.



*Von pattern für Nadelwork, de
La Belle Assemblée No 15*

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR MARCH, 1807.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

SINCE our last, Government have published official dispatches from the Russian General, commanding the armies in Poland, by which we are made acquainted with a variety of trivial successes obtained by our Northern Ally over the armies of Napoleon.—This intelligence, as was natural, has inspired the most pleasing sensations, and awakened hopes, perhaps somewhat exaggerated, of a series of better fortune for Europe.

The French papers which have come to hand, deny, in a manner at once unequivocal and contemptuous, the reported successes of the Russians; accuse General Bennigsen, and the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and impute to them a shallow design to impose upon the people. In a word, they claim the victory for themselves.

Whatever may be the general opinion as to the result of the late battles, whether it shall assign the victory to the Russians, or entertain a doubt whether there has been any victory at all, one thing is at least certain—the Russians have withstood the French, and are fully equal to a Defensive war. In the present situation of circumstances, this is every thing. Indeed, nothing has of late so much excited our surprise, as the manner in which the late Russian accounts have too generally been considered. If we were to argue from our first impressions, we should fall into the unpleasing conclusion, that a very great proportion of our countrymen received little satisfaction from the success of the Allies. This, however, is not the fact: it arises from a cause, which effectually, perhaps, is worse.

It has been one of the most fatal characteristics of the war, that our very best judgment, as well as our courage, has become daunted before the success of the enemy;—he has defeated our reason, and obtained as complete a conquest over our understanding as over our armies: hence the unwillingness to indulge any belief, that his hitherto precipitate career has been stopped; hence the ready credit of every reported defeat of the Allies; hence that preverse doubt of the most official accounts which contain statements of a contrary nature.

From an unhappy state of things, the common enemy has been hitherto successful: Fortune has spun for him with more than her usual constancy, and his thread of success has thus been long and unbroken, not only beyond the ordinary frailty of the materials, but beyond the ordinary course of nature. Europe has thus deemed him

invincible, whom she has never yet seen to be conquered; and, as if she were fighting with an invulnerable being, contents herself with defensive attitudes, satisfied if she can fence off the blow that is aimed at herself, but too diffident of her own powers to endeavour to strike in her turn. We appeal to the judgment of the thinking part of our readers—has not this unjust diffidence of ourselves, and unwarrantable respect for our enemy, been the cause of half the mischief and ruin which we see around us? He is invincible rather because we believe him to be so, than from any thing in his own internal strength. He is a God only as long as we shall worship him; let us venture to look him in the face, and give him a kick instead of a prayer, and we shall find him tumble from his altar, and become as one of ourselves. But, to say the truth, this is not the first time that Fortune has sported with the folly of mankind, nor will it be the last. Let her raise her golden calf in the clouds; let it glitter from afar, and be enough removed from our sight not to be seen in its distinctive features; and whilst the world is constituted as it is, it will never want adorers.

The domestic intelligence of the month is not without its importance.—The present Administration are dismissed from power,—the following is the list of their successors:—

The Duke of Portland, First Lord of the Treasury.

The Right Hon. Spencer Percival, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Eldon, Lord Chancellor.

Marquis Wellesley, Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

Lord Hawksbury, for the Home Department.

Lord Castlereagh, for the War and Colonies.

Mr. Canning, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Duke of York, Commander in Chief.

Mr. Geo. Rose, Treasurer of the Navy.

Earl of Chatham, Master-General of the Ordnance and Constable of the Tower.

Earl of Westmoreland President of the Council.

The Hon. Robert Dundas, President of the Board of Control.

Sir Vickery Gibbs, Attorney-General.

Sir Home Popham has been tried by a Court Martial; found guilty of the charges alleged against him, and sentenced to be severely reprimanded. It is but just to say that the public sentiment is of another complexion.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MARCH.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A new Play, "*The Curfew*," has been produced at this Theatre, of which the following are the characters:

NORMANS.

Hugh de Tracy..... Mr. BARRYMORE.
Robert Mr. HANNISTER.
Bertrand Mr. H. SIDBONS.
Walter Mr. PENLEY.
Philip Mr. EYRE.
Matilda Mrs. POWELL.
Florence Miss DUNCAN.

DANES.

Fitzharding Mr. ELLISTON.
Armstrong Mr. PALMER.
Conrad Mr. MATTHEWS.
Herman Mr. CARLES.

With a Glee and Chorus of Banditti.

Music by ATTWOOD.

THE Fable is as follows:—*Fitzharding* (who it should seem from his sentiments and feelings, though the fact is now here sufficiently explained, was a Dane of some rank and family), in an hour of youthful vagrancy and dissipation, had entered as a common soldier, into the army, under the command of the Norman Baron *Hugh de Tracy*; and having been guilty of some irregularities, was, by that inflexible commander, publicly degraded, scourged, and branded on the arm, in the marketplace, amidst the shouts and insults of the rude populace. This, as was natural enough to a high-minded individual, was an indignity never to be forgiven, and the thoughts of revenge for ever rankled in his heart. It will not, perhaps, be thought quite so natural that he should have dissembled his feelings; have pretended to have forgiven; have become the intimate friend of the injurer; "have had access to him in his sleep, and not stabbed him; drank wine with him, and mixed no poison in the cup; marched side by side with him, along precipices that overhung the sea, and not plunged him in," &c. while all the time he was, nevertheless, meditating some terrible vengeance; perfectly careless as to consequences to himself. *De Tracy* having married the chaste and beautiful *Matilda*, this Danish *Zanga* writes to him two anonymous letters, the first rousing his jealousy in terms of general precaution; the second informing him, that, if he goes to his chamber, at a particular hour, he will find his wife in the embraces of his rival. The Baron attends to the suggestion; actually

finds a man in his chamber; stabs his wife, and, in the mean time, suffers the supposed gallant (who, it seems, was no other than *Fitzharding* himself) to escape unrecognised. He pursues him, however, but in vain; and, upon his return, finds that his wounded wife had escaped with their only son; and the knowledge of this fact is succeeded, in his mind, by a conclusion (we forget how adduced) that wife and child had both perished at sea. To complete his affliction, he receives another anonymous letter, from a mysterious correspondent, informing him, that his wife is innocent; but that the revenge of the writer (whoever he may be) is yet but imperfectly satisfied.

All this is supposed to have happened in Normandy, and before the invasion, which brought *De Tracy* among the followers of William into England; where we find him, on the rising of the curtain, a great and powerful Baron, in a most magnificent and extensive castle, racked with remorse, for the consequences of his jealousy and delusion: to the lovely victim of which he has erected, in the northern and unoccupied extremity of this castle, a splendid monument.

But another event had taken place, prior to the opening of the Drama; which has, also, its importance in the fable. In the battle of Hastings, *De Tracy* had been beaten down by the Saxons, and was on the point of being inevitably slain, if he had not been rescued by the timely valour of his usual *Bertrand*. In a transient enthusiasm of gratitude, the haughty Baron had in a manner adopted his deliverer, into his family; rather as an equal, than a retainer; and had introduced him to his daughter, *Florence*; whose gratitude does not prove to be quite of so transient a nature.

The stolen interviews of these lovers, in the northern tower (after the Baron had extracted his kindness) occasion the first intimation of the institution that gives name to the Play: *Walter*, the beadle, or constable, of the village coming to complain to the Baron of the violation of the law, by lights and voices having been seen and heard, in that part of the castle, after curfew time.

The humour of *Walter* is not very original; but the incident awakens some curiosity and interest, at the outset of the piece; and impresses the mind with an idea of natural connection (which is afterwards exceedingly well kept up), between the business of the scene and the title:

which is certainly exceedingly well chosen; interesting in itself, and well applied.

The Baron taxes Florence upon the subject, acknowledges her interviews with Bertrand; and, notwithstanding the threatened maledictions of her father, agrees, in the very next scene, to disguise herself in boy's apparel, and elope to her lover. Elopements in those days, however, were rather more formidable adventures than at present; and the author has thought fit to increase the authentic perils of such an undertaking, by the creation of a subterraneous nation of Danes, who inhabit the Andalusian caverns in the neighbourhood of *De Tracy's* castle.

At the head of this banditti, we find *Fitzharding*; who, in a dialogue with *Armstrong*, who had led his life in a perilous adventure, makes us acquainted with the circumstance of the brand of infamy upon his arm, and the untameableness of that soul-racking indignation which he cherishes on that account.

During this scene, they encounter *Dunstan*, a famous Monk, who had been sent for by *De Tracy* from a neighbouring Monastery to receive his confession and soothe his troubled conscience.

In the mean time, Florence falls into the hand of another party of these Danes; and just at the instant that *Bertrand* is rushing on to her rescue the vassals of the Baron overtake and seize him, and, in spite of his remonstrances, drag him back to the castle, and suffer the disguised Florence to be borne away to the caverns of the banditti. Here, in the midst of their riotous conviviality, the seeming boy overhears the details of the planned attack of her father's castle, and the meditated murder of all her family; but her attentive listening (and, by the way, the acting of Miss Duncan was that of listening curiosity merely, without the single trait of the caution which the situation demanded), was likely to have cost her dear; for prisoner alaying the fears of the robbers, they determine that he shall be murdered, as their only means of security; and *Robert*, being the youngest member of their fraternity, is therefore left behind them to be the executioner.

With this *Robert* we had been made acquainted in a former scene, by his rushing into the miserable cottage of his mother (the disguised *Matilda*!) with a purse, apparently the first fruits of a profession to which he seems to have been driven by the apprehension of seeing that mother perish with want. Inconsistently, we think, with every other trait of the character, *Robert* seriously meditates the execution of this horrid office; and a struggle of contending emotions ensues, which those who know the real forte of Bannister (that ethos of humble life) will

readily believe to have been finely sustained. At length, however, his resolution is taken; and his uplifted arm is only staid by Florence, as a last resource, proclaiming that she is "a woman." *Robert*, of course, throws away his dagger, and offers to conduct her to a place of safety; but *Herman*, one of the banditti, who doubting his firmness, had concealed himself to watch the event, rushes forth, and a contest ensues, in which *Herman* is driven off the stage and slain.

Robert now conducts Florence to the cottage of his mother, and then returns to his Danish comrades, having first thrown an arrow over the battlements of the castle, to inform *De Tracy* of the meditated assault.

Fitzharding's disguise fully answers his expectations. The supposed Monk, hears in confession what he already knew of the causes of *De Tracy's* remorse, and appoints the hour of curfew time and the tomb of *Matilda*, in the uninhabited northern tower, for the purposed expedition.

Florence being introduced in this scene, the seeming boy reveals, with some obscurity, what he has heard in the cavern, and recognizes the pretended Minstrel, who are stripped of their disguises and conveyed to a dungeon. But the supposed Monk gets them assigned over to his care, under pretence of influencing them to confession, and contrives to set them at liberty.

The eventful hour arrives. *Fitzharding* accompanies *De Tracy* in darkness to the northern tower and monument of *Matilda*;—reveals himself—proclaims his determination of revenge—is unmoved by the abject entreaties of the Baron—when suddenly the stage lamps are drawn up, and, in a blaze of sudden and incomprehensible light, the poor *Matilda*, whose son had turned robber to rescue her from the utmost misery of want rushes from behind the monument in a pomp and magnificence of apparel that dazzles every beholder. But *Fitzharding*, recovering from his affright and horror, rushes again to his purpose;—when suddenly the vassals of *De Tracy* previously prepared and arranged by the female whom they had apprehended for witchcraft, rush in and take him prisoner. The Danes now attack the castle, and *Tracy* and *Robert* meet in the conflict, but are parted by *Matilda*, who reveals all that was necessary for the catastrophe. *De Tracy* is happy in the restoration of his lost family, and the hand of Florence is bestowed at last upon *Bertrand*.

Such is the detailed outline of this Play; in which it will be obvious, that mingled with some excellencies and several beauties, there are many striking defects and incongruities. It has been received with considerable applause, and had its run.

COVENT-GARDEN

On Tuesday, March the 10th, was presented a new Comedy of Mr. Morton's, entitled *Town and Country*.

The following is a sketch of the fable:

Plastic, a dissipated young man of fashion, and *Cosey*, a stock-broker, accidentally meet at the house of Mr. *Trot*; a wealthy cotton manufacturer, father-in-law to the former. During their stay at that gentleman's country-house, *Plastic* learns that *Cosey* is on his road to Wales, to visit his ward Miss *Rosalie Somers*, whom he has placed at the house of the Rev. *Owen Glenroy*. The two families of *Somers* and *Plastic* are at enmity, on account of a former election contest. *Plastic*, from motives of revenge, forms a base design of attempting to seduce Miss *Somers* (whom he had formerly seen), but not knowing her place of residence, in hopes to discover it, tells *Cosey* he is going the same road, and requests to join his company; failing in this, he follows him. *Cosey*, after much personal danger, from which he is rescued by the intrepidity of a stranger, reaches Wales, and recognizes his preserver in the person of *Reuben Glenroy*, whose attachment to his ward he discovers. *Reuben*, called upon by the voice of distress, during a severe storm of snow, rushes out, and in a short time returns supporting *Plastic*, apparently lifeless, who, when recovered and finding himself in the same house with Miss *Somers*, to further his designs, assumes the name of *Maitland*. Unlooked for circumstances aid his wishes, and he not only contrives to carry away *Rosalie Somers* from the protection of her friends, but also to make it appear that she consented to an elopement with him, and succeeds in bringing her to town. *Reuben*, after having passed the night on the mountains, succouring the distressed travellers, returns, and hearing that *Rosalie* had eloped with the man he preserved, sinks into apathy, from which he is roused by the intelligence that his brother *Augustus*, by habits of fashionable extravagance, is on the brink of ruin. Hoping to save him from the vortex of dissipation into which he is plunged, he consents to accompany *Cosey* to London.

Rosalie, notwithstanding all *Plastic's* caution, eludes his vigilance, and accidentally meeting with *Trot*, is by him placed under the protection of the Hon. Mrs. *Glenroy*. *Cosey* and *Reuben* arrived in town; the former furnishes the latter with the means of relieving his brother's necessities. *Reuben* loses no time in waiting at his house, meets with Mrs. *Glenroy*, makes himself known, and acquaints her with the purport of his visit; prevails upon her not to go out that evening, and promises to bring

her husband home. *Reuben* then goes to a Subscription-house for play, where he knows his brother was to pass the evening; and while waiting in an anti-chamber, *Augustus* rises from the gaming table, ruminating on his distresses, and goaded by despair, is on the point of committing suicide, when *Reuben* arrests his arm, and prevails upon him to go home to his family, having first learnt from him that he has pledged his commission for a gaming debt to *Plastic*. *Reuben's* next interview is with *Plastic*; he redeems his brother's commission, and *Plastic* wishing to know to whom he is so much indebted, listens to *Reuben's* story, and finds he is known; but *Reuben's* still thinking that *Rosalie* has voluntarily left her friends, and that her affections are placed upon *Plastic*, and having promised that his life should be devoted to her happiness, prevails upon him to sign a written promise of marriage with the Lady. *Reuben*, in company with *Cosey*, meets *Plastic*, according to appointment, at the house of Mrs. *Glenroy*. *Rosalie* being introduced, an éclaircissement takes place, which exposes the ingratitude of *Plastic*, and the young Lady bestows her hand and fortune on *Reuben Glenroy*.

This Comedy is not in the happiest style of Mr. Morton. It is divided, too manifestly, into what may be called Tragic-Comedy and Farce, and perpetually shuffles between a laugh and a cry. This alternation of the 'tear and the smile,' if skillfully managed, is not displeasing; but when the author professes it to be the object of his Comedy, and puts on his slipper in one scene, and his buskin in the next, it becomes too artificial and contradictory to please.

This Comedy has many other defects.—It wants a fable, by which we do not mean to say that the piece stands still, and is made up of mere scenes of conversations, but that the incidents, with which it is crowded, are not gracefully or judiciously sorted together, nor allotted into that order and place which is necessary to the character of a Fable. The Play does not want bustle, change of incident, or variety of character. In truth, it is perpetually on the move;—but it is not the progress of a Fable; the regular stages of a well invented and combined story.

The characters have not much novelty—they are what we may truly call the academic models; the old lay figures of the stage. In the serious parts of the Comedy, there was occasionally some good writing, though it smacked strongly of a German palate. The lighter scenes, in the sense in which Mr. O'Keefe and Mr. Colman understand these things, were full of fun. The Epilogue contained a despicable and canting compliment to the Patriotic Fund, which was deservedly hissed.





24 comp 1871 nach Libyen & Baselach um die jener alle die Pliding in die
 (na) Champ & die die Pire.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For APRIL, 1847.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A HALF DRESS,

As prepared for the Duchess of Roxburgh, under the immediate direction of her Grace.—A petticoat and tunic of the clearest French cambric, vandyked all round with the same; the tunic cut in the form of a crescent in front, closed on the left side with a tassel, and continued in a point nearly to reach the bottom of the petticoat, where it finishes with a tassel as above. Long sleeves, vandyked at the wrist, with full tops terminated with a band of open-hems, of lace; front of the waist wrap to the left side, where the tunic closes. Imperial chip hat, of a light lead-colour, turned up in the form of an arch over the left eye; a band of shaded velvet, with waving brush feather of correspondent hues. Necklace of pearl, linked with dead gold. The unique, and much admired muff and tippet, formed entirely of shaded Turkish feathers, patronized and adopted by the Princesses, and now the distinguishing appendage of all ladies of rank and elegance. This very novel, tasteful, and ingenious ornament is to be obtained at the celebrated shop, late Dyde's and Scribe's, Pall-Mall.

No. 2.—A LADY IN HER OPERA BOX.

Her dress a round robe of pliant white satin, made to sit close to the form; trimmed round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves, with gold brocade ribband. The Curacao turban, of white satin, embroidered in spots of raised gold; confined on the forehead with Indian bandeau of the same composition. Necklace one row of fine brilliants, from whence is suspended a most curious Egyptian amulet. Earrings and bracelets to correspond. Hair closely confined under the turban behind, and worn in irregular curls in front, divided over the left eyebrow, so as to discover the temple. Rosewood Opera fan, with mount composed of military trophies in transparencies. White kid gloves and shoes.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 3,

Represents a Parisian lady, mounted in the most fashionable style, for the *Long Champs* and *Elysées*, at Paris.—An equestrian habit of fine seal-wool cloth, with elastic strap; the colour blue (by olive, or puce, are equally esteemed), with convex buttons of dead gold. The habit to sit high in the neck behind, labelled in front, and buttoned twice at the small of the waist; a high plaited frill of cambric, uniting at the bosom where the habit closes. A jockey bonnet of the same materials as composes the habit, finished with a band and tuft in front. Hair in dishevelled crop. York tan gloves; and demi-boots of purple kid, laced with jonquille chord.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE MOST PREVAILING FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

At this season of fashionable festivity, when pleasure dances on the wing of time—when the magic influence of taste and *ton*, aid the enchanting witcheries of the Loves and the Graces; and nature and beauty disdain not to pay homage at the shrine of genius and art, the triumph of the goddess is complete—she mounts her airy car, wields her sceptre of rainbow hue, exulting in the splendour of her train. Routs, balls, and operas, pic-nics, plays, and sumptuous dinners, are but tests of her popularity, and existing specimens of her all powerful dominion.

It would greatly exceed our limits, were we to enter into a minute detail of every particular and varied article which the vivid fancy of each fashionable fair displays. So multiplied are their forms, so diversified their style and hue, that it is only by the most careful attention, that we complete a regular and tasteful selection. But we have pledged ourselves to our fair correspon-

dents on this head; and exulting in their suffrage, and emulous of their approbation, we enter on our task with alacrity and pleasure.

Since the introduction of the Polish pelise, we have remarked nothing particularly new in the formation of this article of attire. The texture of which they are now composed, is almost exclusively of twill sarsnet; but various alterations have taken place in the ornamental part of them. The long flowing robbin is laid aside; the high collar is seldom seen; and the simple folded vest has banished (amidst the most distinguished females) the chimesette of antecedent date. The loose flowing opera coat, with deep pelerine cape, the Polish robe, and the Hibernian vest, as given in our last Number, are selected by the most fashionable fair; but these are chiefly formed of sarsnets, quite plain, the skirt trimmings being on the decline. The colours commonly chosen are shaded dove browns, lined with persians, tastefully contrasted. We have lately seen one of silver-dove sarsnet, lined throughout with pale pink, and another of light brown, shot with amber, and lined with a Persian of the latter colour. Hats and bonnets are still worn of corresponding materials; nor do we know of any other at this season, which could be adopted so consistent, and unobtrusively elegant. With females of rank and taste, these articles are generally confined to the three following orders: the Beresford hat, the peasant's bonnet, and equestrian hat. The latter is given in one of our prints of fashion for the last month. The two former are more novel, but not more distinguishable. The throat is now universally covered in the morning costume; and those who have not yet adopted the high Parisian chemise, (or morning wrap) wear the new habit shirt, which is sometimes formed to unite in front, with a high-rounded collar, richly embroidered, and trimmed at the edge with very narrow net; at others, the shirt is finished with buttons on the shoulder, and the collar cut so as to sit close round the chin, and high at the ears: but in either case, lace and work is let in at all points; and in caps, bottoms of dresses, petticoats, and sleeves, this ornament is always seen. Indeed, we never recollect a period when needle-work was so universally fashionable: and lamenting (as must every considerate individual) on the few occupations left for the female of fallen fortune, we cannot but give credit to our amiable countrywomen, who thus judiciously unite *humility* with elegance and taste. Short dresses of crape, or clear muslin, with long sleeves of lace, are now admitted in the evening costume; and, strange to say, are often seen in full dress! We cannot by any means subscribe to a fashion which destroys that distinguished uniformity, the acknowledged attendant on a

correct taste. A short skirt in full dress must ever be marked inconsistency; except expressly designed for dancing. The *train*, however inconvenient, and inimical to the approach of surrounding *beaus*, gives much dignity and grace to the figure: if banished from the drawing-room, the *roup d'air* is destroyed. The exposition of the back and shoulders is still universal in the evening costume; but we think the bosom of dresses are a little advanced of late. The simple wrapt fronts, commencing immediately at the corner of the bosom, and finished at the edge with a trimming, corresponding with that of the dress, is again revived, and is remarkable amidst the peasant's waist, and square-gored front, which contend with it for popularity. Those whose judgment reject the long sleeve for the evening, or full dress, wear the sleeve very short: sometimes we observe a plain frock sleeve of satin, with a high cuff of lace, trimmed at the edge with plaited new beads, bugles, foil, or silver, as may best unite with the dress. The Spanish, or slashed sleeve, is also very new, and a sleeve, formed in shell-scollops, over white satin, has a chaste and elegant effect. A dress of white crape, ornamented with steel beads, and the Russian hussar cap, with Polish plume, scattered with steel dust, is amidst the splendid novelties of the season. This dress attracted universal attention at the Marchioness of H——'s last grand assembly. The shawl dress is a most select and tasteful attire, and is usually worn with a white satin or sarsnet slip; muslin, or crape round dresses, trimmed with silver or gold velvet ribbons, in white, or colours, has a most animated appearance. We observed one of these dresses, with the ribbon laid in waved stripes, at regular distances from the bottom of the waist; the effect was attractive and elegant. The home costume, or half-dress, (on relinquishing the morning attire) is usually composed of muslin, of divers kinds; plain coloured sarsnets, or Italian crapes. They are chiefly formed in simple round dresses, with wrap fronts; or the peasant's jacket and petticoat, with trimmings of needle-work or ribbon.

The hair exhibits little variety since our last communication. The Grecian style continues as yet unrivalled; but ringlets are often seen flowing irregularly from various points, but chiefly from the left temple: bands are partially admitted. The plait is too general to be ranked with a select delineation; and no female now wears her hair without ornaments. The embroidered cap, *a-la-Paysanne*, simply tied under the chin, with a ribbon corresponding with its lining, and ornamented with a bunch of wild roses, forms a head-dress of much attraction and simplicity. *Demi-wreaths* of frosted flowers are also selected,

and are an ornament generally becoming: but for unobtrusive neatness, and unstudied grace, the half-handkerchief of lace, in white or colours, embroidered in white, gold, or silver, admits of no competitor: they must ever be considered an ornament of much attraction, and only require a little judgment in their disposition to give an advantageous effect. The coronet, *à-la-Cleopatra*, formed of diamonds and rubies, is a new and splendid ornament for the front of the hair, and is frequently worn with the half-handkerchief. Indeed the diadem and tiara, together with bandeaus of steel, gold, and foil, rank amongst the fashionable ornaments of the season.

Trinkets continue, with some few additions, on par with our last report. Necklaces of diamonds, and other precious stones, consist of one row, very large in the centre, and gradually decreasing in size towards the ends; they are generally set transparent. With these necklaces the earring is shaped in a small pear form; but is otherwise in the style of a hoop, or octagon, of dimensions larger than we ever remember them. The cable necklace, with *patent snaps*, in form of a ferule, in pearl or beads, with bracelets to correspond, is a new and very attractive ornament. The amulet is universally of hair, or a broad gold hoop; sometimes the hair is interwoven with pearl, or steel beads. Dress shoes are of white satin, jean, or kid, either plain, embroidered, or painted; undress, of brown or dove kid. White kid gloves form an indispensable part of full dress; York tan, or Limerick, is most esteemed on other occasions; but in this article, the taste of the wearer is in general a sufficient guide. The prevailing colours are shaded dove, pink, jonquille, violet, and morose.

LETTER ON DRESS, . . .

EXPLANATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE, FROM
ELIZA TO JULIA.

Yes, dearest Julia! I do indeed love you with "unabated tenderness!" Therefore tease me no more with your little jealousies, but do justice to your own worth, and my unshaken regard.

I decline making one at the *Pic Nic* this evening, for the purpose of transmitting you my promised intelligence. It is expected to be most splendidly attended; and Madame Catalani (that unrivalled enchantress of the musical world) is to sing. But true friendship, dear Julia, makes a willing sacrifice, and repays itself in the pleasure it bestows: therefore, while the inhabitants of this gay mansion are engaged, gratifying the eye and the ear, to Julia, and Cornwall, I dedicate my hand, and my heart. Yet, why, dear *Ingrate*, do you exact so much from

thy friend? Not content with my faithful delineations of the most rare and select costumes, but you must know the persons by whom, and the occasions on which they are worn. Cruel encroacher! do I not give you morning and evening, full and half dress? And what would you more? You surely do not want to be told that you must not wear your Parisian *chemise* at a rout, nor your silver muslin at breakfast! and the same style of costume which is displayed at the Marchioness of Salisbury's assemblies, may be consistently adopted at the Countess of Buckinghamshire's card parties. The style must on all occasions be preserved; the effect must rest with the individual; and will necessarily vary, as to grace and elegance, in proportion to that degree of correct perception which distinguishes the several wearers. But you ask by whom such and such dresses were displayed—Why, my dear Julia, do you imagine that a London assembly is like a Truro ball—a collection of fifteen or twenty couple—where a stranger of address is nothing more to do, but to sport a little graciously with the steward, and he is instantly informed the name of each individual, with his pedigree and character into the bargain. But here, my Julia, amidst an assemblage of four or five hundred, you can scarcely distinguish your nearest relation; and when, attracted by the appearance of any one, I eagerly ask Mary—"who is that lovely creature?" Before she can perceive to which I allude, another fair fashionable presents herself; and the power of individualizing is lost in the elegant confusion. Thus, then, having said so much of generals, I trust I am at full liberty to descend to particulars. Let me then begin by telling you that Mary returned to us three weeks since, and brought with her a very interesting and long-tried friend, who considerably embellishes and improves our family circle. She has been married some years, but is still very young, very pretty, and very rich.—Ah! Julia, how much is comprehended in those two last words! The world says every thing! but I only say, that riches set off our good qualities to the best advantage, and makes even amiability appear more amiable; while, on the contrary, poverty throws a veil over our very virtues. Scold me, Julia, in your next, for all this; for unless charmed, I shall never leave off this vulgar moralizing habit. Nothing for the last fortnight can exceed the avidity with which we have engaged in every fashionable amusement. Morning levees, and drives to the most celebrated shops, dinner, and evening parties, have occupied each succeeding day. And I assure you, that the trio from Portman-square, consisting of Mary, Mrs. K— (her friend above alluded to), and humble me, made some little

bob at the Marchioness of D——'s last grand assembly. Relax thy brow, my fair friend, and I will reward thy patience with a description of our several costumes. And first in train is Mrs. K——. Her dress, a simple round gown, of the most pliant and glossy white satin, with short train, a frock sleeve, and wrap front; trimmed round the bottom, cuff, and bosom with silver net, about a nail in depth. A patent net shawl, of bright morone, embroidered in a light and elegant border of silver, and slightly spotted with the same. This ornament is so disposed as to constitute the Tunic, or shawl dress, fully described in my last. Her hair was twisted in a kind of loop at the back of the head, and fell in irregular curls in front, increasing in length from the left temple, and confined with a bandeau of diamonds. A single brilliant of striking magnitude formed the brooch, which confined the dress at the bosom. Her necklace was one row of diamonds, very large in the centre. Earrings of correspondent splendour. Bracelets and armlets of seed-pearl, with rich diamond set. A gold watch, with chain of the most delicate workmanship, composed of dead and bright gold, finished at the swivel with an oval cornelian; from whence is suspended six most elegant small seals of the same, variously shaded, with a curious key of wrought gold, finished with a brilliant in the centre. The devices engraved on these seals render this an ornament of much interest; they are entitled *Cupid's Progress!* Although it will occupy much of my time, I cannot forbear giving you a particular description of a trinket, which is likely to become an indispensable part of a fashionable and tasteful costume.

The first seal is intended to represent Love surprised, or Cupid's first meeting with a heart; the second, Love musing, or Cupid in thoughtful mood, leaning on the end of his bow, which is reversed; the third, Love's aim, or Cupid in the act of darting his arrow at the heart; the fourth, Love delighted, or Cupid with his hands clasped, in an extacy of joy at having wounded the heart, which is represented with the arrow infixed; the fifth, Love triumphant, or Cupid placing two hearts on an altar; the sixth, Time crowning Love, or the figure of Time placing a chaplet on the head of Cupid. The thought which directed these ingenious and interesting devices, owes its origin to the tasteful and elegant set of drawings, designed by the Princess Elizabeth some time since, and are admirably adapted for the ornament they embellish. Now then, dear Julia, having said so much of her friend, let me hasten to do justice to the taste of my charming relative. Mary wore a Circassian robe of Moravian muslin over a white satin under-dress. The

robe was loosed from the back, was fastened on each shoulder with large emerald brooches, and bordered all round with gold embroidery in the form of small bulgushes; on her head she wore a gold net half square, tastefully disposed; one end of which was brought under the chin, and fastened behind the adverse ear. A row of fine emeralds round and divided her tresses on the forehead, and contrasted happily with its alabaster hue. Her ornaments were of blended pearl and emeralds: her shoes of white satin, embroidered in a gold laurel leaf at the toe; white crêpe opera fan, ornamented with a rich border of gold spangles and frost-work. And now, my friend, last and least, came simple me, in a frock of reddest crape, with a white brocade ribbon laid flat round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves; and finished at the extreme edge with a narrow black trimming; the front of the waist biased, and the sleeve of the Spanish form; a round bosom, with a fall of Mechlin lace. My hair in a simple band on one side, tightly twisted behind, and brought in full flowing ringlets on the other; two rows of pearl formed the bandeau, which was fastened in front of the forehead with the same, set in the form of a large shell. My necklace and bracelets were very elegant, being a present from cousin John on my birthday. They were composed of seed coral, twisted in the form of a cable; and fastened with the patent ferule snap of richly wrought gold. These necklaces are vastly elegant, and the distinguishing article in that style of ornament. They are often composed of pearl, with the ferule snap of diamonds; and those whose slender fortune will not allow of costly trinkets, have them formed of small coloured beads, or patent pearl. I observed at the opera (whither we went last Saturday) that the tiara had given great place to the bandeau. The half handkerchief obtains unrivalled popularity; but much taste is necessary to render it a becoming ornament. Let me guard you, dear Julia, against wearing *your's under the chin*. With a pale and interesting countenance, it produces but a sickly effect. The coldness of the season has obliged the adoption of some warm wrap in public; accordingly at the opera we see the peasant's cloak of scarlet kerseymere; but these are now entirely eclipsed by the opera cloak of white satin, trimmed with gossamer fur, and the Polish robe of the same material. This surely must be considered as a most judicious variation; for, in a place of fashionable resort, we naturally expect a little uniformity, and one would rather look like a gentlewoman than a marketwoman on such occasions.

Farewell, dear, dear Julia! I go to my pil-

low, impressed with your image.—Sweet sleep! the kind restorer, may possibly bring me to Cornwall and you,—Good night!—Ever, and for ever, your

ELIZ.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES,

INTO THE ORIGIN AND DIVERSITIES OF COSTUME.

SIR,

You have, without doubt, sufficiently employed yourself upon the subject of which I am about to treat, to know that fashion is not a creature of modern times; but that gowns, caps, hats, and petticoats, have their pedigree and illustrious descent, as well as other things. I, Mr. Editor, am an antiquarian, and have endeavoured to amuse the dryness of my studies, by occasionally converting them to the purposes and amusements of the fair sex; and, having in my reading, discovered the origin and inventions of certain dresses, many of which are now worn, some obsolete, and others newly revived, I have undertaken to form my discoveries into a letter, and through the medium of your *BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, to offer them at the shrine of the fair sex.

We are informed by several antiquaries, that in the time of Ann, Richard the Second's queen, the women of quality first wore trains: the same queen introduced side-saddles.

It is recorded in the reign of Henry the Eighth, "that Anne Boleyn wore yellow mourning for Catharine of Arragon."

The reign of Mary is supposed to be the era of ruffs and farthingales, as they were first brought hither from Spain. Howell tells us in his letters, "that the Spanish word for a farthingale, literally translated, signifies *cover-infant*, as if it was intended to conceal pregnancy; it is perhaps of more honourable extraction, and might signify *cover-infanta*. A blooming virgin in that age seems to have been more solicitous to hide her skin, than a shrivelled old woman is at present: the very neck was generally concealed; the arms were covered quite to the wrists; the petticoats were worn long, and the head gear, or coiffure, close; to which was sometimes fastened a light veil, which fell down behind, as if intended occasionally to conceal even the face."

REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

Edward Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, was the first that introduced embroidered gloves and perfumes into England, which he brought from Italy. He presented the queen with a pair of perfumed gloves, and her portrait was painted with them upon her hands.

No. XV. Vol. II.

As the queen left not less than three thousand different habits in her wardrobe when she died, and was possessed of the dresses of all countries, it is somewhat strange that there is such a uniformity of dress in her portraits, and that she should take a pleasure in being loaded with ornaments.

At this time the stays and bodies were worn long-waisted. Lady Hunsdon, the foremost of the ladies in the procession to Hunsdon-House, appears with a much longer waist than those that follow her. She might possibly have been a leader of the fashion as well as of the procession.

JAMES I.

Wilsor informs us that the Countess of Essex, after her divorce, appeared at Court "in the habit of a virgin, with her hair pendant and almost to her feet." The Princess Elizabeth, with much more propriety, wore her's in the same manner, when she went to be married to the Prince Palatine.

The head of the Countess seems to be oppressed with ornaments, and she appears to have exposed more of the bosom than was seen in any former period.

The ladies began to indulge a strong passion for foreign laces in the reign of James, which rather increased than abated in succeeding generations.

The ruff and farthingale still continued to be worn. Yellow starch for ruffs, first invented by the French, and adapted to the sallow complexion of that people, was introduced by Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, who had a principal hand in poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury. This vain and infamous woman, who went to be hanged in a ruff of that colour, helped to support the fashion so long as she was able: it began to decline upon her execution.

The ladies, like those of Spain, were banished from court during the reign of James, which was perhaps a reason why dress underwent very little alteration during that period.

It may not be impertinent to remark, that the lady of Sir Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, was mistress of the *sway* (or perfumed) coiffers to Ann of Denmark; an office which answered to that of *maîtresse* of the robes at present.

CHARLES I.

Ladies wore their hair low on the forehead, and parted in small ringlets. Many wore it curled like a peruke, and some braided and rounded in a knot at the top of the crown: they frequently wore strings of pearls in their hair; ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets, and other jewels, were also much worn.

• Laced handkerchiefs resembling the large falling band worn by the men were in fashion among the ladies; this article of dress has been lately revived, and called a Vandyke.

Cowley, in his discourse "On Greatness," censures some enormities in the dress of his time, in the following terms:—"Is any thing more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them? and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a Page or two to hold it up."

CHARLES I.

The citizens' wives in his reign seem to have had their domestic sumptuary laws, and to have adopted the frugal maxims of their husbands; there appears from Hollar's habits, to have been a much greater disparity in point of dress betwixt them and the ladies of quality than betwixt the former and the wives of our present yeomanry.

• [To be continued.]

ORIGINAL LETTER,

Written by the celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucault to his niece; which never appeared in any collection of his works.

You have acted very prettily, truly, to marry without saying a word to me on the subject; I however, can tell you that I would have given you some very good advice: but the excellence of your disposition, has, without doubt, taught you, what should be your conduct on such an occasion. I would, however, have wished to have witnessed your behaviour; and I expect you to give me a faithful relation of it; for unless you do this, instead of prosperity, I shall wish you—I shall wish you impossibilities, mutual jealousy, opposition of temper, a father-in-law in love with you; an ill-matured mother-in-law, quarrelsome brothers-in-law, tiresome sisters-in-law, replete with provincial politeness, and fond of reading bad romances; smoke in winter, fleas in summer, unpleasant neighbours, tenants who never pay their rents, lawsuits, dishonest servants, a bad cook, a waiting maid who cannot comb your hair, a gigot for your confessor, a carriage drawn by restive horses, a drunken coachman, dirty linen, bad water, sour wine, mouldy bread, importunate duns, a litigious magistrate, greyhounds beside your fire, cats on your bed, a long-winded and stupid parson, a curate who deems himself a poet. I would speak of the children, but this is not an impossibility, and therefore before I say too much I will hold my tongue. Come and see me, then, to escape these misfortunes, and to prove yourself worthy of the happiness that awaits you, if you act as you ought.

THE FINE ARTS.

The following article, which was omitted in its proper place under the head of the Fine Arts, is inserted here, that it may not be lost to the Magazine.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Academy is this year precluded by the separate display of a single picture, the production of one of its members, and of such superior merit, as the Academic catalogue will scarcely vie with in interest and attraction. The subject of this exquisite performance (painted as large as life) is from *The Monody to the memory of a young Lady*, well known to most of our readers from its frequent introduction in the poetical miscellanies. The point of time is that, when the wife, while recommending the care of her infant daughter, takes a tender farewell of her husband:—

Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true!)
That, to some distant spot, thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love;
Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
And oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
Wilt thou?

I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent;
And in that pleasing hope, thy Emma dies content!

BELL'S FUGITIVE POETRY, VOL. IX.

While the tear of sympathy is excited by the tender feeling with which these lines appear to be delivered by the female, the pallid colour of whose features are beautifully relieved, by a considerable breadth of half tint; the mind is astonished at the expression of the listening figure—an expression not delineated in the countenance, which, indeed, is entirely observed by the left hand, whilst the right is affectionately locked fast in that of Emma, uniting, in this circumstance, contrast and beauty of colouring which would have done honour to Vandyke. Still more wonderful is the dexterity and taste of the artist, in successfully touching that chord of the human heart which, while it melts with pity, inclines not to turn from a scene that calls to the recollection the common lot of all; by a magic we never felt equalled but in the most finished representations of the dramatic science, the careless beholder and the connoisseur are alike impelled to gaze on with increased delight and satisfaction. Whether considered as an effort of composition, colouring, effect, or expression, this production must claim a pre-eminence which good fortune can rarely obtain. This *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Westall is on view in Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.

BIRTHS.

In Lower Grosvenor-street, Lady Amblett, of a son.

In Somerset-Place, Lady Thomson, wife of Sir T. B. Thompson, Comptroller of the Navy, of a daughter.

At Pinico, the Lady of Colonel Elliot, of a daughter.

In Berners-street, the Lady of John Campbell, Esq. M. P. of a son.

The Lady of Colonel Montgomery, M. P. of a son.

At his father's house, in Welbeck-street, the Lady of the Rev. B. G. Heath, of a son.

At his house in Queen Ann-street West, the Lady of James West, Esq. of a son.

The Lady of A. P. Cumberbatch, Esq. of a son.

The Lady of Captain C. W. Paterson, of the Royal Navy, of a daughter.

At Fredville, Kent, the Lady of J. Plumptre, of a daughter.

At Beverley, the Lady of Peter Acklom, Esq. of a daughter.

At London, the Lady of Tho. Sheridan, Esq. of a daughter.

In the neighbourhood of Frome, within a few months, five women of thirteen children, the first of four, the next of three, and the remaining of two each, all of which are now living.

MARRIED.

At Mary-le-bone Church, Charles Combe, Esq. of Bloomsbury-square, to Miss Georges, daughter of the late W. Payne Georges Esq. of Manchester-square, and niece to the Right. Hon. Lord Lavington, Commander in Chief of the Leeward Islands.

At Grantham, Leon. Walbank Childers, Esq. to Miss Sarah Anne Kent, second daughter of Sir Charles Kent, Bart. of Grantham-house, in the county of Lincoln.

In Scotland, M. W. Barnes, Esq. of Reigate, Surrey, to the Hon. Georgiana Catharine Coventry, second daughter of Lord Viscount Deccur.

At Martin Worthy, Hants, John Briggs, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, barrister, to Miss Margaret Malcolm, niece of Admiral Sir Thomas Pasley, bart.

At Morden, E. B. Lousada, Esq. of Devonshire-square, to Miss Goldsmid, eldest daughter of Abram. Goldsmid, Esq.

At Mary-le-bone Church, Miss Ford, eldest daughter of the late Sir Francis Ford, bart. to Peter Touchet, Esq. Mortimer street, Cavendish-square.

At Edinburgh, Mr. John Murray, bookseller in London, to Miss Anne Elliot, daughter of the late Charles Elliot, Esq. book-eller in Edinburgh.

Philip Gibbs, Esq. eldest son of Sir Philip Gibbs, bart. to Maria, third daughter of the late Robert Knipe, Esq. of New Lodge, Herts.

At Mary-le-bone Church, Captain Stuart, of the 16th Light Dragoons, to Miss Anson, youngest daughter of the late George Anson, Esq. and sister to Viscount Anson.

At Wexford, Ireland, Lieutenant Gilbert J. Michel, R. N. to Miss Lucinda Boyd, daughter of James Boyd, Esq. of Wexford.

At Frankley, Worcestershire, J. Haines, Esq. of Forshaw Heath, to Miss Gosling, daughter of Thomas Gosling Esq. of the former place.

W. C. Grant, Esq. of the 92d regiment, to the youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Milne, of Deptford.

At Castle Douglas, Mr. S. Coosker, aged 90, to Mrs. Margaret Coulthard, aged 36, being the fourth time she has been led to the hymeneal altar.

DIED.

In Dublin, the Countess of Wicklow. She is succeeded in her title by her eldest son the Viscount, now Earl of Wicklow. Her very extensive property devolves upon her second son, the Right Hon. William Forward.

At his house, Great Cumberland-place, Admiral Sir Hyde Parker.

At Edinburgh, Vice-Admiral John Inglis. He commanded the *Helliqueux* in the battle of Camperdown, and greatly distinguished himself on that occasion.

At Falldon, the seat of Lady Grey, Elizabeth Grey, relict of the late George Grey, Esq. and grandmother to Viscount Howick.

At Bootle, the Rev. Thomas Smith, rector of the parish, and vicar of Ulverston; and an acting Magistrate for the county palatine of Lancaster, and county of Cumberland.

At Beckham, Mr. Richard Sause, only son of Captain Sause, R. N. His death was occasioned by a wound he got in the action of Trafalgar.

At Bath, Benjamin Morris, Esq. In the early part of his life, he pursued the profession of a drawing-master, and was esteemed, in his time, an artist of some eminence. His latter years were remarkable for their wonderful regularity; every day was marked with such precision, that it seldom deviated a single minute in the performance of the exact vocation of the preceding.

In Ireland, the Right Rev. Dr. Peter McMahon, titular Bishop of Killaloe.

'At her house in St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Dalhousie.

At a very advanced age, at Rippon, in Yorkshire, Jefferson, the actor.—He was contemporary with Garrick on the London stage, and studiously copied the manner of that great actor.

Mr. Sawyer, of the Angel Inn, London, while talking to a customer at his bar, suddenly dropped down and expired. A messenger was instantly sent with the melancholy news to a brother publican, and most intimate friend; whose family returned for answer, that he died at the same moment, and in the like sudden manner.

In an obscure lane, in the Liberty, Dublin, a poor old man, who, for a great number of years, had been the victim of disease and the most deplorable poverty.—On taking off an old wig, which he constantly wore under his nightcap during his illness, some papers were found sewed up in the caul, which on inspection, proved to be bank-notes, to the amount of 975l. and in various parts of his tattered apparel 71 guineas and a half were found sewed up.—It was a fortunate circumstance that his only son, a private in the marine, arrived from Plymouth but four hours before his death, to visit him, and into whose hands the property fell.

At Vellore, in the East Indies, Captain David Willison, of the 23d regiment of native infantry, only son of Mr. Willison, printer, in Edinburgh: one of the sufferers in the unfortunate insurrection of the native troops in that fort.

At Kintore, Mrs. Eliz. Farquhar; and, on the next day, her husband, Mr. Alexander Farquhar, for many years senior-bailie of that burgh.—They were both about 82 years of age, and had been married upwards of 50 years.—They had often expressed a wish that the one might not survive the other, and they were buried together on the same day in one grave.

Suddenly, Mr. Richard Scarce, aged 98, formerly master of the riding-house in Bath.—He voted at the last Nottingham election for a Representative for that town; and what is very remarkable he had the same silver buttons on his coat and waistcoat, and the same buckles in his shoes, that he wore on a similar occasion in the year 1745.

At Fockermouth, in Cumberland, at the very advanced age of 86, Mr. William Gifford, Father of the English Stage since the days of the veteran Macklin. This Gentleman was the son of Mr. Gifford, proprietor of Goodman's-Fields Theatre, to whom, the public were indebted for the introduction of Garrick. The younger Gifford also, in company with his father's Comedians, exhibited with Garrick at Ipswich, previous to making his debut in London. He performed for twenty years on the London boards with considerable success.

At Gateshead, Mr. Charles Atkison. He was chosen by Lord Nelson to steer his ship, the Victory, into the Bay of Aboukir, on the memorable first of August.

Kyd Wake, the printer, who, about the year 1795, was convicted of insulting the King on his way to the Parliament House, and suffered an imprisonment of five years for it.—His death was occasioned by his being crushed between the wheel of a waggon and a post in Paul's Chain, St. Paul's Church-yard.

At Inver, near Dunkeld, Niel Gow, in the 80th year of his age.—As a composer of Highland Reels few have excelled him; and his spirited performance of that favourite species of national music will be long remembered.

THE CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Farmer's Letters are received, and will be returned if called for.

Our Correspondent's communication from Brook-Green, is inadmissible.

An immense quantity of poetry has been received this month; as those to whom we are indebted for it will see that the greater part is not inserted, they cannot suspect that we have any private views in declining the trouble of returning it, or acknowledging the receipt of each particular article. In a word, such as are disposed to honour us with communications (which we desire it to be understood that we solicit, and from which the greater part of our Magazine is composed every month) must submit not only to the risk of having their favours rejected, but of losing them altogether, unless they keep copies, a precaution which we anxiously recommend to them.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Tell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1807.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

- 1 A Portrait of her IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.
2. Two whole-length Portraits in the Fashionable Costume of the Month, finely coloured.
3. A neat Group of Conversation Characters, selected from a famous Print representing the style of Society in their Popular Assemblies, at Frascati. - Paris.
4. An Original SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Mr. HOOK.
5. A new NEEDLE-WORK PATTERN for a FRENCH NIGHTCAP.

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Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,
For APRIL, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Sixteenth Number.

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

ELIZAVETA ALEXIEVNA, Empress of Russia, is one of the most handsome and interesting figures of her court. She is of the illustrious House of Baden-Durlach, was born January 24, 1779, and on the 9th of October, 1793, was married to the Emperor Alexander, then Grand Duke. On embracing the Greek religion, at the ceremony of her re-baptism, by the hands of the Archbishop of Moscow, a rite indispensably necessary for all foreigners previous to their adoption into the Imperial family, the Empress Catharine II. gave her the name of Elizaveta Alexievna, or Elizabeth the daughter of Alexius. These patronymics of the Russians have something in them antique and respectable. A common Russian might call the Empress Catharine, even when speaking to her, Ekatarina Alexievna. According to the general rule, however, the Princess of Baden should have called herself Elizaveta Carlovna, as she was the daughter of Prince Charles; but her Imperial grandmother determined otherwise. That Sovereign had invited the Princess and her sister into Russia as fit matches for her grand-sons, the two Grand Dukes, Alexander and Constantine. Their mother, by birth Princess of Darmstadt, had already been sent thither in her youth with her sisters, one of whom had the unfortunate honour to become the first wife of Paul. This Princess, an amiable woman, and the worthy mother

of a charming family, declined appearing again, with her daughters, on a stage where she herself had formerly made an unsuccessful appearance, but entrusted them to the care of the Countess Skavalof, widow of the author of the "Epistle to Ninon," who was charged with the nuptial negotiation, together with one Strckalof, as an escort.

These Princesses, after a long and toilsome journey, arrived at night, towards the end of autumn, 1793, and in terrible weather, which seemed considerably to affect them. They were made to alight at the palace in which Prince Potemkin had resided, where they were received by the Empress, accompanied by Madame Branicka, her favourite *dame d'honneur*. At first the young Princesses took the latter for the Empress; but the Countess Shuvalof having undeceived them, they threw themselves at her Majesty's feet, and with tears kissed her robe and her hand, till she raised them up and embraced them: they were then left to sup at full liberty.

The next day Catharine came to visit them, while they were yet at their toilette, and presented them the ribband of the order of St. Catharine, together with jewels and stuffs; then displaying before them their wardrobe, looking at it, she said, "My young friends, when I arrived in Russia I was not so rich as you."

The young Grand Dukes were intro-

duced to them the same day. The eldest, who had already suspected the motive of their arrival, had a pensive and embarrassed air, and said nothing. Catharine told them, that, knowing the mother of these Princesses, and their country being taken from them by the French, she had sent for them to have them educated at her court. On their return from the palace, the two young Princes talked much about them; and Alexander said, that he thought the eldest very pretty. "Oh, not in the least," cried the younger, with that *brusquerie* which is so natural to him, "neither of them; they should be sent to Riga, to the Princes of Courland: they are only fit for them."

What Alexander had said, however, was reported to his grandmother, who was delighted to find that the lady she designed for him, and with whom she herself seemed enchanted, appeared handsome in his eyes. Catharine pretended that she had resembled Louisa of Baden when she arrived in Russia; and ordered the picture taken of her at that time to be brought, that she might compare it with the Princes; when, as may be supposed, every one present declared that two drops of water could not be more alike. From that moment she became singularly attached to Louisa, redoubled her tenderness towards Alexander, and engaged with more pleasure in the plan of leaving the throne to them as her immediate successors.

The young strangers made their first appearance at court on the day when the deputies of Poland were admitted to thank Catharine for the honour she had done the Republic by keeping three-fourths of it for herself. The Princesses were as much dazzled with the magnificence that surrounded them, as others were with their opening charms; but the elder met with an accident, which led the superstitious Russians to augur that she would be unfortunate in their country. As she approached the throne of Catharine, she struck her foot against the corner of one of the steps, and fell flat on the ground before the throne. Heaven, however, we hope, has averted the omen.

While the young sister spent the tedious days lamenting her absence from her country and relations, which all the pomp of the

court could not efface from her mind, and was at length sent away loaded with presents, which afforded her less pleasure than the expectation of soon beholding again the banks of the Rhine, the Princess Louisa seemed to smile at the destiny that awaited her. An unknown comforter had entered her heart, and dried her tears. The sight of the young Prince, who was to be her husband, and who equalled herself in beauty of person and gentleness of mind, had inspired her with love: she submitted gracefully to every thing required of her, learned the Russian language, was instructed in the Greek religion, and was soon in a capacity of making public profession of her new faith, and receiving on her fine-turned arms, and bare delicate feet, the unctions administered by a bishop, who proclaimed her Grand Duchess, under the name of Elizabeth Alexievna.—Catharine chose rather to give her her own cognomen, than leave her that of her father, according to the usual custom.

In the month of May following, the ceremony of betrothing was performed with extraordinary pomp and entertainments. Russia had just terminated three wars, almost equally triumphant. A multitude of Generals and other Officers, covered with the laurels they had gathered in battle, augmented the number of the Court. Many Swedes, admirers of Catharine; almost all the Polish Magnats who had submitted or were devoted to her, Tartarian Khans, Envoys from Great Bukharia, Turkish Pashas, Greek and Moldavian Deputies, Sophis of Persia, with French emigrants, demanding at once protection and vengeance, increased at this juncture the crowd of courtiers attending the august autheratrix of the North. No Court ever exhibited so brilliant and variegated a spectacle. These were the last resplendent days that Catharine enjoyed. She dined on a throne, raised in the midst of different tables, crowned and covered with gold and diamonds; her eye carelessly wandered over the immense assembly, composed of persons of all nations, whom she seemed to behold at her feet. Surrounded by her numerous and brilliant family, a poet would have taken her for Juno seated amongst the gods of Olympus.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CONTRAST OF OUR PRESENT WITH OUR POSSIBLE SITUATION,
EFFICACIOUS IN CHECKING THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

"THE night rolls rapidly away, and I in vain expect the ungrateful man who has deserted me. That such coldness should dwell in one who calls himself a lover! that my tenderness should thus be outraged! Alas, it is matrimony that has made me miserable! While I was still free, young, and beautiful, I loved, and I tasted happiness! but now Dorval is unfaithful. How is the female sex to be pitied among a people who are called so sensible and so superior, so distinguished for their nobleness and their gallantry! Women have every thing to dread; marriage, love, the opinion of the world, and the laws themselves. Happy, thrice happy, those remote regions, faithful still to nature, where love knows no deceit, but reigns without artifice, without anxiety, and without end!"

Thus exclaimed the young and blooming Celina as, stretched on a bed of the softest down, but which to her was a bed of thistles, she laid anxiously listening for the well known knock of a husband whose manners and habits were too modish to be agreeable to one who had married with the chimerical expectation of finding him always a lover. Celina possessed a lively imagination, and a heart more than sufficiently susceptible; the latter had disposed her to form an early attachment to Dorval, and the former pictured, in an union with him, a thousand delights which life never realized. Disappointed at finding the marriage state not all that she had fancied it, Celina, by discontent, rendered it much worse than she might have proved it; by contrasting the overcharged picture painted on her imagination with the sober representation of wedded life which she found at home, she continually added to the incidental vexations of the marital state, and deepened the mortification and chagrin which must invariably result from a tendency to regard any situation of life as productive of unalloyed happiness. Dorval was frank, good humoured, agreeable, and sincerely attached to his wife, but he was gay, fond of company, and had been so completely tired of living only to love, by passing something more than the honey-moon with Celina in a romantic but solitary retirement, that he returned to the gay metropolis, where they now resided, with a

tenfold relish for all its pleasures; and while Celina, in spite of every entreaty to the contrary, remained inoping at home, he was seen by turns in every fashionable circle in London.

While Celina was indulging in such soliloquies as we have given a specimen of, sleep overpowered her, and she was conveyed by Morpheus, in a dream, to the uncultivated regions of North America, and landed on the banks of the Mississippi. The scene was wild but sublime, and as all remembrance of Dorval had now vanished, the enraptured Celina began to construct new fabrics of visionary happiness, which she doubted not these romantic wilds would realise. She traversed with light and sylph like steps a path which led into the interior of the country, and had proceeded to some distance from the Mississippi, when suddenly a savage, copper-coloured, naked, and besmeared with dirt, stood before her. He addressed her, he told her she must be his wife; and laying a quantity of skins, stakes, and tools, upon her back, bade her hasten to a place which he pointed out, and build them a hut. "You must then prepare my dinner," added he, "and when I am satisfied you may regale upon the remainder." Trembling beneath her burden, and weeping bitterly the disappointment of those hopes which had taught her to expect bliss supreme in those artless regions, she bent her way to the distant spot where her delicate hands were to be employed in the rough labour her tyrant had commanded. Her slight limbs almost refused to perform their office, and the savage finding threats insufficient to quicken her pace, was proceeding to stripes, when suddenly she felt herself raised in the air, and in a few minutes beheld herself in the charming island of Otaheite.

New hopes instantly sprang up in her mind, and were as speedily dissipated by the scenes which presented themselves. The inhabitants, accustomed to obey on the instant every impulse of nature, gave, by their licentiousness, continual shocks to her delicacy; every instant she was constrained to turn aside her eyes to avoid sights which filled her with disgust. Sick of uncivilized life, and convinced that certain restraints, and even anxieties, heighten the pleasures of love,

she was meditating on the means of escaping to more polished, though less inartificial regions, when again Morpheus opportunely lent his aid, and transported her among the New Zealanders; a race of savages, indeed, but of another description from those she had quitted.

Scarcely had she shewn herself when she was constrained to receive as a husband one of the rude and uncultivated natives. The inhabitants of New Zealand, however, in common with other American tribes, are insensible to the charms of beauty and the power of love; and the susceptible Celina found sufficient subject for complaint in the coldness and indifference with which she was treated. Her husband had been at no pains during his courtship to win her favour by the assiduities which are so gratifying to the mind of sensibility, and he was still less solicitous afterwards to obtain it by indulgence and gentleness. But this was not all; the tribe of which Celina had become a member were on the eve of a war with a neighbouring horde, and in conformity to the custom of the country, she was ordered to prepare to attend her husband to the battle.

In carrying on their wars the savages of America proceed in a manner very different to the operations of civilized nations in similar cases; they never take the field in numerous bodies, as it would require a greater effort of foresight and industry than is usual among savages, to provide for their subsistence during a march of some hundred miles through dreary forests, or during a long voyage upon their immense lakes and rivers. Their armies are not encumbered with baggage or military stores; each warrior, besides his arms, carries a mat, and a small bag of pounded maize, and with these is completely equipped for any service. While at a distance from the enemy's frontier, they disperse through the woods, and support themselves with the game which they catch; as they approach nearer to the territories of the nation which they intend to attack, they collect their troops, and advance with greater caution. Even then they proceed wholly by stratagem and ambuscade; they place not their glory in attacking their enemies with open force; to surprise and destroy is the greatest merit of a commander, and the highest pride of his followers. War and hunting are their only occupations, and they conduct both with the same art; they follow the track of the enemy through the forest; they endeavour to discover their haunts, they lurk in some thicket near to these, and with the patience of a sportsman lying in wait for game, will continue in their station day after day, until they can rush upon their prey when least able to resist them. If they meet no straggling party of the enemy, they

advance towards their villages, but with such solicitude to conceal their approach, that they often creep on their hands and feet through the woods, and paint their skins of the same colour with the withered leaves, in order to avoid detection. If so fortunate as to remain unobserved, they set fire to their huts in the dead of night, and massacre their inhabitants as they fly naked and defenceless from the flames. If they hope to effect a retreat without being pursued, they carry off some prisoners, whom they reserve for a more dreadful fate; but if, notwithstanding all their address and precautions, they find that their motions are discovered, that the enemy has taken the alarm, and is prepared to oppose them, they usually deem it most prudent to retire; they regard it as extreme folly to meet upon equal terms an enemy who is on his guard, or to give battle in an open field. The most distinguished success is a disgrace to a leader, if purchased with any considerable loss of his followers; and they never boast of a victory if stained with the blood of their countrymen. To fall in battle, instead of being reckoned an honourable death, is a misfortune which subjects the memory of a warrior to the imputation of rashness or imprudence.

In all these toils the unhappy Celina was compelled to share, except those which the proximity of the enemy spared her. At length her tribe was surprised while asleep (for though vigilance and attention are the qualities chiefly requisite where the object of war is to deceive and surprise, the American savages never station sentinels around the place where they rest at night), and the greatest part of it cut off before they were at all sensible of the danger. One of the conquerors seized upon Celina, and grinning with the delight afforded by the anticipation of the luxurious repast her white delicate limbs would afford, delivered her to his attendants to be roasted, among other female captives, for the banquet of victory.

The situation of the fair dreamer may be imagined, it cannot be described; she knelt, she supplicated, she threw herself, deluged with tears, at the feet of the remorseless chief; but vain was every attempt to move compassion in the bosom of the obdurate barbarian. The fire was kindled, and the lovely victim led fettered towards it. Morpheus, however, once more interposed, lent her his wings, borne on which she arrived at Pekin.

The singular and novel appearance of every thing she beheld riveted her attention. On each side of a wide street extended a long line of buildings, consisting of shops and warehouses; the particular goods of which were displayed in groupes in the front of the houses. Before these

were generally erected large wooden pillars, whose tops were much higher than the sides of the houses, bearing inscriptions in gilt characters, setting forth the nature of the wares to be sold, and the honest reputation of the seller; and to attract the more notice, they were generally hung with various coloured flags and streamers, and ribbands, from top to bottom, exhibiting the appearance of a line of shipping dressed in the colours of all the nations of Europe. The sides of the houses were not less brilliant in the several colours with which they were painted; these consisted generally of sky-blue, or green, mixed with gold. What appeared to her very singular was, that the articles for sale which made the greatest show were coffins for the dead; the most splendid European coffin furniture would make but a poor figure if placed beside that intended for a wealthy Chinese. Next to those, her attention was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the funeral biers, and marriage cars, both of which were covered with ornamental canopies. At the four points where the great streets intersect one another, were erected those singular buildings, sometimes of stone, but generally of wood, which have been called triumphal arches, but which are, in fact, monuments to the memory of those who had deserved well of the community, or who had attained an unusual longevity; they consist invariably of a large central gateway, with a small one on each side, all of which are covered with narrow roofs; and, like the houses, painted, varnished, and gilt in the most superb manner. The multitude of moveable workshops of tinkers, butchers, cobblers, and blacksmiths, the tents and booths where tea, fruit, rice, and other eatables are exposed for sale, with the wares and merchandise arrayed before the doors, contracted the spacious street to a narrow road in the middle, just wide enough for two carriages to pass. Different trains that are accompanying; with lamentable cries, a corpse to the grave, and, with squalling music, brides to meet their husbands, the troops of dromedaries laden with coals from Tartary, the wheel-barrrows and hand-carts stuffed with vegetables, occupy nearly the whole of this middle space in one continued line; all was in motion. The sides of the street were filled with an immense concourse of people, buying and selling, and bartering their different commodities. The hurry and confused noise of this mixed multitude, proceeding from the loud bawling of those who were crying their wares, the wrangling of others, with every now and then a strange twanging noise like the jarring of a cracked Jew's harp, the barber's signal made by his tweezers, the mirth and the laughter that prevailed in every group, could scarcely be exceeded by the brokers in the Bank

rotunda in London, or by the Jews and old women in Rosemary-lane; pedlars with their packs, jugglers, conjurers, fortune-tellers, mountebanks, quack doctors, comedians, and musicians, left no space unoccupied.

While Celina was gazing with astonishment on this diversified scene, she beheld with horror a cart pass containing a number of dead bodies of infants. She had read in several authors that the city of Pekin was disgraced by the horrible custom of infanticide, but till now she had hoped the assertion was unfounded in truth.* She shuddered at the conviction, and before her countenance had lost the traces of her feelings, she was accosted by a Mandarin. Struck with her beauty he made proposals of marriage, which she as promptly accepted; but shut up in a splendid palace, and guarded with the most vigilant jealousy, she soon bitterly regretted having formed this hasty union. The splendour of every thing that surrounded her, and the homage which she received from inferior slaves, afforded her no consolation for the loss of her own liberty, or the infidelity of a husband who, she found, far from confining his attentions to herself, polluted the marital bed by sharing it with a hundred others. Disgusted with him, and with the tedium incident to the solitude in which she passed the greatest part of her time, she planned and effected her escape. After wandering for some time without encountering any interruption, she arrived at a solitary cabin, inhabited by a youth of the Tartar tribe, where she asked permission to repose her weary limbs. A mutual attachment was rapidly formed, and Celina married once more, and became a mother. In giving birth to an infant, she became acquainted with a Tartar custom no less well authenticated than singular; she was delivered without either pain or trouble, and immediately after her husband entered the

* It is an absolute fact, that no punishment attends, in this country, the inhuman practice of destroying infants; on the contrary, carts appointed by the police, go round Pekin every morning, for the purpose of picking up the bodies of such infants as may have been thrown out into the streets during the night, and no enquiries whatever are made. It is said, but we will hope this is an exaggeration of an inhumanity sufficiently atrocious, that such of the infants as are living are thrown along with the others into a common pit without the city walls. "When I mention," says Mr. Barrow, speaking on this subject, "that dogs and swine are let loose in all the narrow streets of the capital, the reader may conceive what will sometimes necessarily happen to the exposed infants before the police carts can pick them up."—*Barrow's Travels in China.*

bed she had quitted, and went through all the customary ceremonies of an accouchment. The lapse of a few months brought her acquainted with another custom no less strange, but which occasioned in her bosom far different emotions. Two travellers one evening knocked at the cottage, and requested permission to pass the night in it. The generous Tartar, actuated by the generosity which characterises his nation, readily granted the request; and not satisfied with placing before them all the food his cottage afforded, privately ordered his beautiful wife to offer them her person. Confounded at learning this was a ceremony which the Tartars never on such occasions omit, she was at first unable either to resist or obey; but recovering, she opposed with the utmost energy a command so repugnant to principle and delicacy. At length, however, she was constrained to comply; after which she, with little difficulty submitted to another ceremony, which, according to Tartar belief, restores the purity which had been polluted. Her husband gave her a succession of smart lashes over the back and shoulders with a horse whip; in the course of which Morpheus again befriended her, by transporting her to Ceylon, by the laws of which place females are allowed to have two husbands.

In this island Celina speedily made some conquests, and was espoused by two young friends, who alternately shared her bed. The insensibility of the American savages was strongly contrasted by the glowing ardour of these Indian youths, and for a short time Celina thought herself the happiest of mortals; but passions that are violent are never lasting, and the impassioned tenderness of the young husbands was at length succeeded by a contemptuous indifference. Neglected by them both, she passed her time in vain regrets, yet could not wonder that coldness should spring up in the bosom of those who can admit a partner in their love. To console herself she gave encouragement to the passion of a secret admirer, but was detected, and to escape the punishment of her infidelity flew to Africa.

Arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, she encountered an African Boor. Of all human beings the Boor of the Cape is the most detestable; in cruelty he surpasses the most ferocious savage; in dirt and indolence he is unequalled; the walls of his wretched habitation are covered with spiders of an enormous size, and the vermin and filth which lay on the floor are never removed till absolute necessity compels him to this exertion;

he has no linen for his table, no knives, no forks, no spoons; he carries in his pocket a large knife with which he carves meat for the family; in different bread and vegetables, stewed in sheep's fat, are his usual fare, and when he eats meat, messes of mutton are stewed up in grease; this luxury he devours in great quantities, bolting it down as some of our porters would for a wager; his most urgent wants are satisfied in the easiest manner possible, to save exertion. Such was the detestable object which fell to Celina's lot at the Cape. To paint her feelings is impossible; treated with the most brutal barbarity, and constrained to make soap or candles, or go through some other drudgery, she daily dragged on an existence the termination of which would have been happiness.

The energies of poor Celina's mind were nearly annihilated by the evils which now oppressed her, and which seemed durable as life, from the little probability there appeared of her being able to escape. She did escape, however, and her last translation was to Asiatic Turkey, where she fell into the hands of a Jew dealer in slaves. She was purchased by a Mussulman, who conveyed her to his harem; where, regardless of the preliminary forms of courtship, he instantly began an attack upon her person. Shocked and disgusted at this brutality, Celina vigorously repulsed him, but anger augmenting his natural superiority in strength, she was nearly overpowered, when suddenly perceiving a dagger in his belt, she snatched it, and attempted to stab him. In the struggle she awoke, and experienced a delightful revulsion of feeling on beholding Dorval at her bed side.

The impression left on her mind made her feel in their full force all the advantages of her situation, while it diminished the magnitude of all her real inconveniences, and annihilated those of fancy. From this period her discontent vanished, and if ever under any circumstances it threatened to return, she took a retrospect of the miseries to which she had been subjected in her dream, and by reflecting that, instead of the mingled good and evil which was her present lot, she might, had it so pleased Providence, have been doomed to the unchequered wretchedness of some of her visionary situations, she effectually kept at a distance the enemy of her repose, gradually domesticated her husband, and proved, that though life furnished no happiness without alloy, it supplies enough to satisfy every rational expectation.

ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY TO MADRID.

My mother being ordered by her physician to drink the Pyrenean mineral waters, we left Paris the 13th of July, at eight o'clock in the morning. After a journey of eleven days, and having passed through Orleans, Tours, Bordeaux, Agen, and Tarbes, we arrived at the hot-wells, situated in the midst of the Pyrenées. Supported by the hope of returning home, I here spent three months in the most dismal manner possible. On the eve of our intended departure, my mother received some intelligence which delayed our journey; but hearing that my aunt was setting out for Madrid, and that she wished us to be of her party, and there pass the ensuing winter, my mother agreed that we should accompany her; and we departed for Bayonne. I was in despair at the idea of leaving my country, this being the first time I had ever quitted my home, which contained many persons that were infinitely dear to me; any period of exile, as I considered it, being expired, I had been for some time fondly anticipating the delight I should experience in again being re-united to my father, brothers, and sisters; and to be disappointed, appeared the greatest misfortune that could happen to me. I was, however, obliged to comply; and having joined my aunt, we left Bayonne on the 1st of November. After having traversed the river Bidassoa, we saw the famous Isle of the Conference; we afterwards crossed Biscay, which is a very pleasant mountainous country. These mountains are cultivated up to the summit, the views are very fine, and there are many limpid streams. The inhabitants are of a lively disposition, and are generally handsome; they speak a sort of *Patois*, corrupted from the Spanish. There are scarcely any lakes, which facilitates commerce, and consequently adds to the fertility of the country. We passed through Victoria, the principal town of Biscay, and afterwards traversed ancient Castillia. The roads here are very bad, a great part of the country uncultivated, and both the villages and inhabitants appear very miserable. On our way we passed through several large towns, such as Valadolí, Burgos, and some others. We afterwards traversed New Castillia, which is also very far from a pleasant country. At last, after having travelled four hundred and fifty miles in sixteen days, we arrived at Madrid. The diligence performs this journey in six days; and those who travel by the *tiros*, as we did, generally in ten or eleven days; but we, being a large company, and

most of the *tiros* being very poor ones, so much so, that some of them could scarcely protect us from the nightly air, we were obliged to stop whenever we met with one, the appearance of which promised us a tolerable reception. — On my first arrival at Madrid, I imagined myself at the furthest extremity of the world: other manners, another language; in short, my state very much resembled that of Robinson Crusoe, in his island. However, the kindness and attentions of my relations soon reconciled me to my situation; and I very shortly knew enough of the language to be able to form an idea of the country.

Madrid is rather a fine city, about four miles in circumference: there are several very handsome streets, though the whole of the ground is rather on a declivity; the houses are generally well built, but badly ranged. Madrid is ill situated, on a rising ground, in the centre of a barren plain, bounded by a chain of mountains, some of which are covered with snow. Several fine bridges cross the river Manzanarès, which flows through one end of the city, and which is often dry.

Fire-places and carpets are seldom seen in Spain; in lieu of the former, they make use of a *braseiro*, or stove, placed in the middle of the apartment, which is very unwholesome. Mats occupy the place of carpets.

The climate of Madrid is rather extraordinary; the winter of 1790 was uncommonly mild. During the months of January and February, the atmosphere was perfectly serene; at noon the heat of the sun was insupportable, and in the shade it froze very hard. The nights were very cold, and the air much keener than in France. — This winter was said to be the finest the Spaniards had enjoyed for many years. The spring was very rainy, and the warm weather, which generally begins in April, did not commence till the 18th of June; at this period it was almost unbearable.

The Spaniards are rather grave, and, to me, they appeared far from amiable; they associate but little together. Each lady has at her house, in the afternoon, *tetulle*, an assemblage of seven or eight persons. At these meetings chocolate is served, and those who wish it play at cards; but each person dines at home; afterwards they take the *siesta*, and then visit the theatre.

Many Spanish ladies of condition have the greatest part of their fortunes at their own dis-

posal; but they have to bear the expences of their establishments, which, owing to their numerous retinue, and bad management, are far from inconsiderable.

The Spaniards never visit but on particular occasions. The nobility dress *à la Française* to go to the theatre, to pay visits, and also when they go out in their carriages. The ladies are much attached to our fashions; they however dress in the costume of their country to go to church, to walk, and to remain at home. This costume is very pretty, when elegant. It consists of a *luscure*, or black petticoat, more or less ornamented, a black body *à la espagnole*, which is a silken bag, for the purpose of confining the hair at the back of the head; and a mantle, which is a piece of silk, or muslin, placed on the head, and which falls something similar to a cloak. Foreigners are obliged to assume the Spanish costume when they walk out, or go to church. With respect to the men, all those who call themselves gentlemen dress like those of other European nations, with the exception of their queues, which are very large. Men of all ranks, both winter and summer, almost always put on *la capa*, which is a sort of Spanish mantle. The common people generally wear jackets with a net to confine the hair. The *Majis*, or fashionables, such as those who dance the *chilero*, or those who engage the bull, wear little jackets very tastefully and magnificently ornamented; this dress is thin, very light, and pretty. The nobility have a peculiar costume to wear during passion week: the ladies have a black body to their gowns, ornamented with maroon and gold, on their heads they wear a lace veil, which becomes them extremely. The gentlemen's coats are black and maroon.

With respect to education, the great and the lower orders may be ranged in the same class; as all their learning consists in being able to play the guitar. Some of the former, indeed, speak a little French. Those who have received the best instructions are the class of *Ousis*, the councillors of Castille, lawyers, and the military.

The common people are very lazy and dirty. Here, a man will as soon give a blow with his pignard as in another country abuse; and an affront is never forgotten, and never pardoned without revenge. The Spaniard is sober, he lives on chocolate and *poudehero*, a sort of *bouilli*. The most disgraceful epithet you can fasten on a man is to call him a drunkard; it is also true that they are very rarely met with.

The most remarkable things to be seen at Madrid, are the palace, the churches, the manufactory of Mosaic work, the cabinet of natural history, the *prato*, and the bull-fight.

This palace is quite new and very handsome,

though not so large as that of Versailles: it is true that none but the King's household inhabit it, which are far from numerous. The apartments are commodious; an immense number of paintings and portraits are found there, and among them some *chefs d'œuvre* of the best masters, particularly Raphael. The chapel is fine, and the treasury very considerable. There exists still at Madrid an ancient palace, called the *Retiro*: the exterior of it is very ugly, but it contains many fine paintings. In the centre of the courtyard is seen the statue of Phillip IV. on horse-back; it is reckoned very fine, on account of the horse being represented on full gallop. People pretend that a bar of iron being fixed through the horse's tail makes it retain this position. The garden belonging to the *Retiro* is very extensive, but in bad order.

The churches in Spain are clean and much ornamented, particularly at Madrid; they are very magnificent, but there are no chairs, and one is compelled to sit upon hassocks on the ground.

The cabinet of natural history is carefully preserved and very curious. There is an immense number of agates, metals, and animals of every species. There is also a collection of all the various marble of the country. The animals are very badly stuffed, because the Spaniards are totally ignorant of the proper manner of doing this. There is a skeleton which was discovered forty feet under ground, is much larger than any elephant, and of quite a different form.

The *prato* (so called from its being originally a field), is the most pleasant as well as the most fashionable promenade in Madrid; it was made into a walk by the Count Aranda. It consists of several rows of trees, which form a delightful shade for pedestrians; there is a road in the centre which is every Sunday filled by two rows of splendid equipages. The King and the royal family often take the air here in their carriages. The *prato* is ornamented with eight fountains which add greatly to the beauty of this charming promenade. There is a botanical garden also which comes out upon the *prato*, and is reckoned very curious. There are several promenades in Madrid, but none that can vie with the one I have endeavoured to describe.

I also visited the manufactory of Mosaic work, which is certainly very worthy the attention of all strangers. To complete a table of Mosaic work is the employment of a whole year: the King has several of them of the most exquisite beauty.

During the eight months I passed at Madrid, I witnessed two bull-fights: the first in autumn, the other in spring; for there is none in winter. This spectacle is extremely cruel, and not at all

amusing; yet it excites a kind of attention produced by a mixture of fear and hope, which, when you have once entered a box, detains you almost against your will. From what I have seen I will endeavour to give an idea of it.

Figure to yourself an extensive circle perfectly round, and without any awning over it; in the centre is the place of combat, inclosed by a barrier of about six feet in height. About three feet farther there is a second barrier with ropes, to ensure the safety of the spectators. On a level with this commences the first row of seats, followed by seven or eight others, in the form of an amphitheatre; above these is a row of boxes. In one of these a priest always attends with the extreme unction, to administer to any of the combatants in case they should receive a mortal wound.

Four officers of justice enter the lists, and read aloud a paper which forbids any of the spectators from leaving their seats. Then two Alguasils on horseback appear, with whips in their hands, a little black mantle over their shoulders, and on their heads they wear either a white of egretty wig, and a hat mounted with feathers. The Alguasils oblige the people to take their seats, and then give order for the bull to enter. These men make the most ridiculous appearance that can be conceived, they also afford great entertainment to the lower order of spectators. They admit three or four Picadors, according to the number of bulls that are to be baited. As soon as these enter they are armed with a lance about eight or nine feet in length, with a small piece of iron at the end. Then the Alguasils open the door of the place where the animal is confined, and hastily gallop off; the bull rushes into the middle of the square. Immediately the connoisseurs form their opinion of him; if the beast be furious he is deemed excellent; but if, on the contrary, he be rather tame, he is thought good for nothing. The Picadors are not permitted to attack the bull, the animal must first approach them; then the instant the bull falls on their horse, the Picador stops him by plunging his lance into the beast's throat; but this wound only irritates him, without having the power to kill. If the Picador misses his aim he is thrown down, trampled upon, and very frequently dangerously wounded. I witnessed several tremendous falls; in one of these a Picador tumbled with his horse, the furious bull immediately began to tear the poor animal with his horns, while the people threw at him hats, mantles, and every thing they could procure, and the other combatants endeavoured to entice him towards them in order to extricate their companion, but to no purpose; at last, one more courageous than the rest, threw down the bull

with a blow from his lance, and gave the unfortunate man time to escape. Immediately this man, whom I thought lifeless, arose, sprang upon another horse, and was as well as before, with the exception of a slight wound on his forehead. Seldom a combat of this kind passes without several dreadful falls, and generally seven or eight horses are killed.

When the bull, weakened by the wounds he has received, will no longer attack the Picadors, they retire, and the Tchulos enter the lists. These are nine or ten men on foot, completely habited in the Spanish dress, each of them is armed with two *banderilles* (a kind of javelins), and running across the area, they stick their *banderilles* in the neck of the bull, who endeavours to rush upon them, but is disappointed by their leaping over the barrier, at the instant when one would suppose they were going to be torn to pieces by the enraged animal. These men appear to run the greatest danger, however, there are few instances of their being even wounded. It is thought that the *banderilles* torment the bull more than any thing; when the Tchulo leaps the barrier, the disappointed animal roars and foams with rage. After a while a trumpet is sounded, which is the signal of death. At this moment the one who kills, called a Matador, advances on foot, magnificently dressed, bearing a sword in one hand, and a red mantle in the other. There are but very few good Matadors. The same man kills in one day twelve bulls; he approaches the animal, speaks to him as to a dog, and plays with him for a few minutes; at last, seizing the moment when the bull springs on the mantle, the Matador plunges his sword between the animal's shoulders. The most skillful give but one blow; then the plaudits commence, and the expiring bull is dragged out by three mules well harnessed. In a few minutes the door opens, a new victim appears, and the same scene recommences.

When a bull is not a good one, that is to say, when he will not rush upon the horses, he is not considered worthy of fighting with men; he is first baited by dogs, and then a sword is plunged into his side.

During the summer there are every Monday two bull fights, twelve are killed in the morning and eighteen in the evening. The Spaniards would sell their last shirt to attend them. The nobility, who pique themselves upon their liberality, give a great deal of money to some of the Matadors. The Duchess of Albe, witnessing a combat, was so charmed with the dexterity of one of these men, that she tore a diamond buckle from her shoe, and threw it him.

There are at Madrid three theatres, two in which Spanish plays are performed, and the other an Italian Opera. An attempt was made to esta-

and the sick, accompanied by a surgeon, and a sister of the Hospital of Charity.

We know that Helvetius was persecuted for his book *De l'Esprit*. A person high in office wrote to his wife to engage her to obtain from the philosopher a disgraceful retraction. She rejected his proposal like a courageous woman, resolved to leave her country, if necessary, rather than persuade him to act against his conscience.

A lady of fashion said, speaking of Madame Helvetius and of her husband: "Those people do not pronounce the words—my husband, my wife, my children, as other people do."

After her husband's death, the estate which had been the scene of her benefactions passing into other hands, she removed to Auteuil, a little village near Paris, with an income of about a thousand pounds sterling. She then resolved to retire from the world, and to establish as agreeable a residence as her moderate revenue would allow. She was no longer rich enough to seek for pleasures from home, but she found she was more than rich enough to offer pleasures at home; she renounced a numerous acquaintance, and attached herself to her friends.

She bestowed her bounty very liberally on animals; to render a sensible being more happy was in her want; her house was become for the last ten years an assemblage of petty republics of animals, of which she was the Providence. On seeing her converse with her dogs, her cats, and her birds, one would have thought she had some particular kind of intellectual intercourse with them, as was really the case between her kindness and their gratitude. When she talked about their eagerness, their caresses, and their expressions of love for her, one might have fancied La Fontaine was speaking, perhaps with an additional charm; for he painted the character of animals, she painted whatever was good in their souls.

Whether from the abundance of her sentiments, or from the frankness natural to good people, she told every thing that came into her head; she was celebrated for her ingenuousness.

Although she knew nothing, and did not reflect upon any thing she said, she always pleased, and sometimes instructed; her house was always filled with distinguished men; Laroche, Cabanis, and Gallois, closed her eyes; Dr. Franklin came every day to see her; the Abbé Morellet, during ten years, passed three days in the week with her; M. Turgot loved her greatly; Champfort, one of the most celebrated modern men of genius, took extreme pleasure in her conversation. Frequently in the midst of profound discussions to which she appeared to pay no attention, she uttered exclamations and words from the heart, which shewed her own good principles, puzzled sophistry, and at once established the question on its true basis.

She was the happiest of women, for she was the woman who loved most; she felt her happiness, she was continually boasting of it, and even a few days before her death she exclaimed, "behold my friends."

Her last words were addressed to Cabanis, who was kissing and pressing her already cold hands, calling her his good mother. She answered, "I am always so."

She died in her eightieth year, at Auteuil, on the 12th of August, 1800.

She was buried in her garden.—"You do not know," said she one day when she was walking in it with Bonaparte, "how much happiness may be found on three acres of land."

Those who inherit this garden may say, on recollecting her who delighted in it, the friends who there so frequently conversed with her, and the great men who visited her,—"You do not know with how many sweet and melancholy memorials three acres may be peopled."

ON EPISTOLARY STYLE, AND ON MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

[Concluded from Page 123]

WE shall give a specimen of her epistolary talents, which may be understood by the English reader, by quoting some passages selected at random from her Letters.

After having given an account of the sudden death of M. de Louvois, she says:—"He is then no more; that powerful and haughty minister whose self occupied so much space, and was the centre of so many things! How many interests to disintricate, intrigues to follow, negotiations

to terminate! Oh! a little longer time! I want to humble the Duke of Savoy, to crush the Prince of Orange; another moment!—No, you shall not have a single moment more, not one."

"The liberty which Death takes to interrupt Fortune, ought to console one for not being of the number of the happy; death appears then less bitter."

"Long sickness wears out grief, and long continued hopes wear out joy."

"Leave the human mind to itself, it will soon find its little comforts; it has a fancy to become contented."

"The shadow is not taken for the body at the long run; we must be in order to appear. The world does not remain long unjust in its decisions."

"Death appears so terrible to me, that I hate life more for leading us to death, than for the thorns with which itself is filled."

"I find the conditions of life grievous enough; it appears as if we were dragged against our will to the fatal point of old age: we perceive it; there we are, and we would wish not to advance a step farther in this road to infirmities, pains, loss of memory, and disfigurements which are ready to assail us. But we hear a voice which calls to us,—ye must march on, or if ye will not ye must die; which is another extremity that is repugnant to our nature."

"I was observing a clock, and pleasing myself in thinking; thus we are when we wish the hand to advance; in the mean time it revolves without our seeing the motion, and every thing attains to its end."

To express the diminishing credit and power of a minister, she said:—"His star turns pale;" which is a happy and brilliant figure, without affectation.

Her style is seldom simple, but always natural; which appears from a pleasing negligence, and a striking rapidity. In one of her letters she says: "I could write till to-morrow; my thoughts, my pen, my ink, all fly."

"I have been received with open arms by Madame de G——, and with so much gladness, tenderness, and gratitude, that it appeared to me that I was not come soon enough, nor far enough off."

It may be looked upon as invidious to remark any defects in such an amiable woman, but the

truth must be told. • Madame de Sevigné, notwithstanding her wit and good sense, was liable to all the follies of her rank, and of the age in which she lived. She was enraptured and proud of her high birth even to puerility, and full of admiration at the genealogy of the house from which she descended; and she fancied all Europe would feel interested in the history of her family which was then compiling. She was, as almost all the French were, intoxicated with the grandeur of Lewis XIV. The King spoke to her one evening at St. Cyr, after the representation of Racine's play of *Esther*, by the young ladies who were educated there; her vanity on this occasion was shewn with a childish delight. The passage in her letter is curious:—"The King addressed himself to me, and said, 'Madam, I am sure you must have been satisfied.' I, without being alarmed, replied: 'Sire, I am charmed; what I feel cannot be expressed by words.' The King then said to me, 'Racine has much wit.' I answered, 'Sire, he has certainly a great deal, but truly those young ladies have likewise great talents; they enter into the subject as if they had never done any thing else.' 'Ah! as to that matter,' rejoined he, 'it is very true;' then his Majesty retired, and left me the object of envy. The Prince and Princess then spoke a few words to me, and Madame de Maintenon another word; I answered them all, for I was in luck."

Here the woman of sense and talent, is eclipsed for a moment by the gossip. One evening Lewis XIV. danced a minuett with Madame de Sevigne. After it was concluded she said to her cousin, Count de Bussy:—"It must be owned we have a great King." "Oh! without doubt, cousin," replied the Count, "what he has just been doing is really heroical!" It must be owned, that of all human follies, there are none more foolish than those of vanity.

THE CAPTAIN OF BANDITTI.

A TRUE STORY.

COUNT L——, a man of courage, genius, and fortune, was once travelling through a tract of the Spessart Forest in Germany. He had just reached the thickest and least frequented part of this lonely district. A single domestic was his only attendant; the season was cold, the day short and gloomy. Neither the Count nor his servant had ever been in this country before. It was therefore no wonder that, when it began to grow dark, they lost their road, and involved them-

selves more and more in the forest, notwithstanding all their endeavours to find their way out.

At length they beheld a distant, glimmering light. The Count considered this as a sign of a human habitation; his servant concluded it to be a ghost. The one expected to find a cottage where he might obtain shelter, the other was apprehensive lest they should the next moment be plunged into a bog. The one was pleased, the other was terrified. The servant proposed to

pass the night under the next tree; the Count laughed at him and made towards the light. The more courageous of the two was, as usual, in the night; for on their arrival they found it to be a public house. No sooner had they knocked, than the door was opened; they were promised every possible accommodation for the night, and the Count was shewn into an apartment more decent than could have been expected in such a situation.

The satisfaction of our traveller was not of long duration. He was walking to and fro in his room, waiting for his repast, when his servant entered. In his looks, in his erect hair, in the trembling of his limbs, in short, in his whole appearance, he was a living personification of terror.

The following dialogue succeeded:—

"Can any one overhear us, Sir?"

"How can I tell? But what is the matter with you?"

"Ah! Sir, we are children of death—venally and truly children of death."

"Like all the rest of mankind I should imagine."

"O! no, no!—Now, this very night we have got into a den of murderers."

"Are you romancing?" asked the Count, at the same time seizing with commendable precaution, a pistol which he had carelessly laid upon the table. "What have you got into your head? Some fancy I suppose like that which took you on the way hither!"

"Would to heaven it were! But I only tell what my own eyes have seen."

"Your eyes! Tell me then immediately what you have seen without any of your interruptions or foolish stories."

"They had given me too little hay for our horses. I looked about in every corner for more, and found another stable with a truss lying in it. I was going to take it away, when I perceived behind it a door that was not fastened. Where must this go to? and why is it concealed in this manner? thought I. I peeped in first, and at length crept into the place; but, good God! how my blood was chilled at the sight!"

"Of what?"

"Of weapons of all sorts, cutlasses, pistols and guns; great heaps of clothes, and blood upon almost all of them."

The Count was somewhat startled. "Blood?" he repeated within himself, taking a contemplative turn or two in the room, and again asked his servant, whether he was sure his eyes had not deceived him. He then ordered him to lead the horses as quickly and as softly as possible out of the stable.

"Ah! Sir," replied the man, "out of the stable they may be got easily enough, but not out

of the yard; the gate is locked. To see whether that was open was my first thought."

"But! and to leave me in the lurch, your second. Well, if nothing else can be done, I must take my precautions like a prudent man, and defend myself like a brave one. Adopt what measures you please, while I, for my part, shall consider what is to be done."

The servant was now obliged, though much against his will, to return to the stable. The Count placed his chair in the corner exactly opposite the door, a table before him prevented the too near approach of any person in front, and the wall covered him in the rear. Before him, on the table, he had two loaded pistols and beside him a drawn cutlass.

His supper was soon afterwards brought, but the Count had scarcely any appetite. Some surprise was expressed at the manner in which the table was placed and the appearance of the weapons, but the Count coldly replied, that was his way in houses of public entertainment. He was informed that his bed in the adjoining room was ready, but he answered that he was not going to bed just yet. At length he was left by himself.

It was not long, however, before the door of his apartment suddenly opened, and six or seven men entered. They were all dressed like gamekeepers with guns hanging at their backs, and large pouches by their sides;—fellows tall, robust, and of savage aspect. The Count grasped his pistols; but they saluted him with much civility, and seated then selves at a table in the other corner of the room, where they began to drink and sing. He who entered first, and who, from his dress and behaviour seemed to be their chief, instead of joining his companions, kept walking to and fro, sometimes approaching very near to the Count and looking steadily in his face.

The situation of our traveller was certainly not the most agreeable. He expected an attack every moment and was at a loss to conceive why it was so long deferred. Still his presence of mind did not forsake him. At length the man whom he took for the leader, coming closer and closer to his table and once appearing as though he would stoop over it, the Count plainly told him, he must request him not to come too near.

"And why so?"

"Because every thing does not seem to be quite right in this place. Any one therefore, who approaches too near me shall most certainly receive the contents of my pistol."

"Would that be of much use here? Are not my people provided with fire-arms? And what could one do against so many?"

"Sell his life dearly, at least."

"Do you take us then to be murderers or robbers?"

"That is not the question now. Every one has a right to think what he pleases. Suffice it that I declare this pistol shall dispatch the first that lifts a hand against me."

The stranger smiled, continued to walk about, and soon stooped again over the table.

"Upon my soul, Sir, I shall keep my word," exclaimed the Count, applying his finger to the cock of his pistol.

"And is it possible, Count," said the other abruptly laughing, and in a different tone,—"is it possible that you do not know me? At any rate I am glad to find that your heart is in the right place."

The astonishment of the traveller at this address is not to be described. He looked more attentively at the face of the adventurer, and recognized in him one of his most intimate college friends, who had afterwards been a Captain in the army, during the Bavarian succession war;—a man of tried courage and unspotted reputation, who, at the conclusion of the war, suddenly disappeared, so that nobody knew what had become of him.

"For God's sake!" exclaimed the Count, "how happens it that I find you in this condition? How could you——" The presence of the others, who had by this time surrounded the table, caused the Count to suppress the remainder of his question, the intent of which their leader was not at a loss to divine. He invited the Count to accompany him to an apartment which the landlord kept for his sole use in the most private corner of the house. Our traveller, who perceived that he was already completely in his power and had been inspired with additional confidence by the scene which had just occurred, passed through the midst of the robbers, but still armed with both his pistols, and followed his friend.

They went first up stairs, then down. At length they reached the above mentioned room, and the Captain in the most friendly manner shook hands with the Count. "Now," cried he, "now give vent to your surprise at finding me in this character. You are sure of not being overheard, and still less of receiving any injury. It is but too evident what kind of people you are among, and who is their leader. But rely upon it, I am still what I always was. And that they, who certainly violate the laws of society and honour with regard to many others, have behaved, and still conduct themselves better towards me, than what is called the honourable class of men, is equally certain."

"I burn with impatience to hear your history and to learn the occasion of your present course of life."

"O! the one is short, and the other, though not perfectly voluntary, is, however, natural

enough. You know what situation I was in during the last war; and you know also I hope, that I acquitted myself well in it. One thing only I could not do, and that was, to unite the courtier with the soldier. On this account my Colonel was never fond of me, though he employed me on every occasion that required courage and intelligence. Peace came, and our corps was disbanded. The treatment of the privates, who were compelled to become Colonists, in a country to which they were utter strangers, was severe, though necessary. The measures adopted with respect to the officers appeared more equitable, but were the very reverse. We were promised employment. This promise was kept with few, and with those few, God knows in what manner. My fate was particularly hard. My colonel, who had no farther occasion for me, now began to show in good earnest that he was my enemy. I never possessed any fortune, still less had I acquired one by plunder. To flatter and to cringe for promotion I was unable. I waited for some time, till I could wait no longer; for I had not more than a couple of friends whose purse supported me. They were by no means rich, and appeared in the sequel to suffer inconvenience from the advances they made me. I perceived it, and could no longer endure to be burdensome to them. I now applied to every one that was styled a war minister-general, counsellor of war, or by any title of a similar description. At the two first visits they gave me hopes,—the third time I was denied. Ah, Count! to what scoundrels of chamberlains have I often in vain given a good word, on what vile shoe-blacks have I spent my last shilling! Both, alas! in vain! I had no prospect of employment and my pay——. But I am silent on that subject.

"Under these circumstances my resolution was the resolution of despair. France, as you know, had already taken a part in the disturbances in the English Colonies. My intention was to go to Strasburg and there to seek employment.—Should I prove unsuccessful in this application, thought I, we will see whether the new world is more favourably inclined towards us than the old. It has sufficient of war, and of disorders but too many; in the one I will attempt to better my fortune, and should this last attempt fail, in the other will I terminate my misery. I sold all that I had, paid what debts I could, kept my place a profound secret and departed. The lightness of my purse obliged me to travel on foot. I came to this Spot at Forest, where I lost my way, as you probably have done. Five sturdy fellows suddenly rushed from behind a thicket; two of them clapped their pistols to my breast, and in a menacing tone, demanded my money. I felt calmly for it; but in the twinkling of an eye,

struck the pistol from the hand of one of the robbers; snatched the second from his companion, and fired. The foremost of my antagonists fell. I drew my cutlass and defended myself against the others. There were still four left; but probably I should have found employment for them all for a short time, had not a loud whistle from one of the robbers brought three others to the spot; farther resistance would in this case have been madness, accordingly when they called to me a second time to surrender, I complied; they promised to spare my life. I emptied my pockets, which contained but a mere trifle.

"Ha!" exclaimed one of my plunderers, "it was worth our while truly to give ourselves all this trouble and to have our leader badly wounded into the bargain! Upon my soul you deserve to have your skull split for your pains!"—He made a motion with his cutlass as though he was about to do what he mentioned, and I stood my ground. On your word, said I, have I surrendered my arms; give me them again and let me take my chance. What you think little is nothing less than all I possess in the world, and yet at one time I commanded a hundred such fellows as you.—My resolute tone and the equivocal nature of my address, produced an effect upon them. They conversed together in a gibberish which I did not understand, and looked at the wounded man who appeared to be in the agonies of death. "It is an unexampled favour," said one of them "for us to spare your life. But tell us who you are."—I saw no reason for concealment, and acquainted them with the circumstances which I have just related to you. Their gibberish again began, and continued for some minutes.

"You see yourself, at length," said the most violent of them, "what you have done and what you have to fear. Nothing but respect for your courage induced us to offer you quarter, and now you must shew yourself worthy of it. According to your own account you have not much to lose; you have now an opportunity by which much may be gained. We are fond of brave men; will you be our companion, or——" They brandished their cutlasses with a menacing air. No, replied I resolutely.

"Nor yet our Captain? Our number when we are all assembled amounts nearly to forty; Our posts are lucrative, and our magazines are full; you have headed frebooters in war; we are the same, only braver, to a certainty, than they, and are likewise at war with all the world, it is true, but what signifies that? You are little, or not at all, beholden to the world; resolve then quickly, or——"

"I was on the point of replying, in the negative, as I had done before, but I cannot deny that the sight of the drawn cutlass made a deeper im-

pression the nearer they approached. Contempt of life is powerfully felt only in the first moments of enthusiasm, and hatred, excited by the ingratitude of mankind, if it has once found a place in the heart, may easily be strengthened by the eloquence of a robber. In short, after insisting on some conditions with which they complied, I yielded to necessity, and became their Captain, which I still am, as you see. Now tell me, dear Count, with the same candour as I have related my history, what you think of all this, and what you would have done, had you been in my place."

"What I would have done in your place!" replied the Count, "probably the very same as you did. How deeply your fate has affected me my countenance must have informed you at different parts of your narrative. You remain my friend, I find, wherever you may be; and as fortune decreed that I should once fall into the hands of robbers, I have reason to rejoice, on my own account, that you are their Captain. But tell me, I conjure you, what is your plan for the future?"

"What you may easily guess"

"Not surely to continue in your present course?"

"No; but at least till I can not only escape unmolested from my comrades, but likewise with a tolerably full purse."

"But do you consider what fate awaits you in case you are discovered, attacked, and overpowered?"

"A severe one, to be sure; but after all, perhaps, not death. Compulsion excuses much, and another circumstance excuses me, at least to my own conscience."

"And what is that?"

"So extraordinary is the lot of man, that even among robbers he may do much good if he pleases; these wretches who are used to consider nothing as sacred, religiously keep their word with each other. To me they swore implicit obedience, and that prince who had only ten thousand subjects so faithful, would be nearly omnipotent on earth. When I came to them I found almost all their hands polluted with human blood. It was not in my power to wash out these horrid stains; but my efforts to prevent a repetition of such atrocities have hitherto been crowned with success, and shall still be exerted for the same purpose. I have already saved at least twenty human lives; my example has restrained them from the commission of many barbarities, and this house, which every week used to be the grave of some unfortunate person, has been for these six months only a rendezvous for dividing our plunder and our peaceful asylum."

The Count applauded his humanity, and intreated his former friend to abandon so dangerous a career as soon as possible. He even offered him his purse, nor would he take it back till the other appearing offended, he perceived him to be in earnest in the refusal of it.

It was very late before they parted. Notwithstanding the softness of his bed, the Count's mind was too busily employed to allow him to sleep; at the first dawn of day he prepared to depart. The Captain would not permit him to go till towards evening, and before he set off conducted him once more among his people.

"We have treated you, Count," said he, "as an intimate friend, now give us your word of honour, that you will never speak of this adventure, that you will never give a hint concerning our band, nor a description of the interior or exterior of this house, nor mention any circumstance that might excite suspicion, or occasion

a search for us, till I myself give you permission."

The Count readily gave his word of honour; a tremendous oath bound his servant to secrecy, and his master pledged himself for his observance of it. A voluntary present rewarded the courtesy of the inferior robbers; two of them, after sunset, conducted the stranger to the high road, put him into the way to the nearest town, and abruptly withdrew.

The Count kept his word. In six or seven months his friend informed him by letter, that his band was dispersed, that he had himself escaped with three of his most trusty people, and that he was then a Captain in the Spanish service. This happened shortly before the attack of Gibraltar by the celebrated floating batteries, and it is not improbable that our adventurer met his fate on that occasion, as his first letter was also his last.

BLIOMBERIS.

[Concluded from Page 136.]

This knight was the renowned Gauvain, one of the heroes of King Arthur's round table.—The youthful Clodion had that morning unhorsed him; and Gauvain, irritated by his defeat, fought with a rage that would have been fatal to any other than Blomberis, who made a shower of blows fall on his adversary, and parried Gauvain's with the utmost skill. The combat had lasted an hour; the knights' weapons were already dyed with their blood; their strength began to fail them, when, with mutual consent, they stopped for a few moments to take breath. Both seated on the turf which they had bathed with their blood, these brave warriors, without fear or suspicion, calmly conversed together, awaiting till their strength should allow them to renew the fight. Blomberis availed himself of this moment to relate to Gauvain the circumstance which had caused his error. The latter, whose wounds had rendered him more attentive, listened to Blomberis, and when he had ceased, expressed much sorrow for the unfortunate mistake, and entreated his pardon. The two enemies embraced, and that was the more wisely done, as the prize for which they fought no longer existed. Gauvain's horse had just breathed his last sigh. Blomberis continued his journey on foot as well as his brave antagonist; and, without leaving Blanchefleur and her knight, they arrived at Cramalore.

Our hero was presented to the great Arthur by his friend Percival. Having witnessed Blomberis's actions, he made him known to the knights of the round table, as a young hero worthy of one day becoming their brother.—Lancelot, Tristan, King Carados, and all the knights of the English court received him with friendship.—The monarch overpowered him with kindnesses, and vainly wished to detain him some time. Blomberis's first care was to enquire for his father; Gauvain was the only one who could give him any news respecting Palamede: he had met him on his way to Orcania; Blomberis would have departed immediately, but he was forced to wait for his dear Ebene; and he already repented having confided him to the care of the imprudent Clodion.

He had some cause to repent: the eight days expired, and Clodion did not appear. Blomberis, in despair, would have gone on foot to Brunor's castle; but the wish of seeing his father called him to Orcania. Percival made out hero's griefs known to the great Arthur, and this monarch, to satisfy the impatience of an affectionate son, gave him one of his fleetest coursers. Blomberis, after having thanked the king, immediately departed for Orcania, followed by Blanchefleur, and her beloved Percival.

After travelling for two days, they lost their way among the mountains, and went on for a

considerable time without meeting any one to direct them to the right road. When, suddenly, a woman, dishevelled, came and threw herself on her knees before them:—"Valiant knights," cried she, "for pity's sake, come and save the most miserable and most affectionate of women! my mistress will perish in the flames unless you fly to her deliverance. Our two heroes immediately consented to follow the lady, and they soon arrived before a castle, the drawbridge of which was raised. A thick smoke, accompanied by flames, was visible above the ramparts; and Blomberis and Percival feared they were too late. They blew a loud blast; the bridge was lowered, and the friends saw two knights approach, the one clothed in sable armour, the other in gilt.

"Strangers," said the black knight, "do not come to interfere in this act of justice, and allow me to punish the guilty."—"They may be so," rejoined the Cambrian, "in that case, my sword will wrongly assist my courage; but they may be innocent, and then it will punish the cruel."—Scarcely were these words uttered, when a combat commenced between Percival and the black knight, and Blomberis rushed on his companion.

They had just reached each other's body with their lances, when the horse of Blomberis's antagonist bounded on one side, and prevented his rider from touching our hero. In vain the enraged knight made him feel the spur; he still resisted, and at last raised himself on his hind legs, threw the knight to a considerable distance, and ran prancing towards Blomberis. The latter looked at the fine animal, who was centering and snorting around him, and uttered a scream of joy upon recognising Ebene; he quickly leaped on the ground, ran to the fine courser, warmly caressed him, and the affectionate animal appeared to share his joy. The knight in golden armour, took the advantage of this moment; he arose, and advanced sword in hand to strike Blomberis on the back. Ebene saw him, and, when the traitor came within his reach, he kicked him in the chest with all his strength, threw him down, trod upon him, and, notwithstanding Blomberis's cries, continued walking over him.

During this time Percival had got rid of his enemy. Blomberis, a conqueror without having fought, mounted Ebene, and ran, accompanied by his friend, to deliver the unfortunate victim. What was their surprize in recognizing Clodion and a beautiful lady chained, and just upon the point of falling into the flames! The lady was Celina, and these imprudent lovers had been surprized by Brunor and Danain, who had condemned them to this inhuman death. But Danain had been killed by Percival, and Brunor

so crushed by the charming Ebene, that he had scarcely breath remaining. Blomberis caused him to be carried into his castle, unchained the lovers, made Prince Clodion's armour be restored to him, and gave him the horse he had received from King Arthur. Clodion embraced his liberators a hundred times, swore never to forget their kindness; and, wishing to quit a country where he had met with so many misfortunes, with Celina immediately embarked, and after a pleasant and speedy voyage, arrived safely at Tournay.

Blomberis resumed his journey, and at length arrived in Orcania; but Palamede was no longer there; and his son sought him for a long time throughout England, but fate seemed to have determined that they should not meet.

During his travels our hero performed many deeds worthy of being recorded in the book of fame; he delivered numerous captive lovers, unhorsed knights, and defended the fair damsels that needed his protection. Percival, enchanted with his dauntless friend, loved him with the warmest fraternal affection; Blanchefleur would have given all she possessed, with the exception of her lover, to have witnessed the union of Blomberis with Felicia; and she knew the conditions on which the Princess was to be married, she had kept an exact journal of all our hero's actions, to enable her to relate them with correctness to Pharamond. She had already on her list forty-two castles taken, eleven knights vanquished, and sixty-three damsels rescued from the hands of their persecutors.

Yet the glorious name Blomberis had acquired did not compensate for his disappointment in not having met his father; and he was on his return to King Arthur's court, when crossing a forest, he arrived before the steps of Merlin's terrace, the spot where Blanchefleur had been pursued by Brehus. Near these steps our traveller perceived a tall knight, clothed in black armour, lying by the side of Merlin's fountain, and who appeared in a profound sleep. He had induced him to take off his helmet, and his countenance seemed to bespeak that grief had wrinkled it rather than age; his lance and his shield were by his side; on the latter there was painted a crown of cypress, with these words,—*I will have no other*. Percival did not recollect ever having seen this knight before; and wishing to become acquainted with him, made a noise to awake him. The unknown knight had scarcely opened his eyes when, removing his helmet, and grasping his lance and shield, he sprang on a proud courser that stood by his side, and without saying a word to Percival, galloped towards him in a menacing attitude. The haughty Cambrian ran to meet him; but notwithstanding the strength of

blows, they had not the effect of making the unknown move one step, while the hitherto magnanimous Percival was thrown from his saddle for the first time in his life. Blionberis wished to avenge his brother in arms, and judging of the strength of his antagonist by what he had just witnessed, he fixed himself steadily in the saddle, and grasping his lance, rushed on the unknown. Vain precautions! The tall knight received our hero's lance on his shield; and unhorsing the valiant Blionberis, threw him on the turf beside his companion in arms. After this double victory, the unknown pursued the two horses that had fled, led them back to their masters, and bowing gracefully to Blanchefleur, without uttering a word, rode off, and was soon out of sight. Our heroes, still lying on the ground, looked at each other, and knew not what to think. Never before during his life had this proud Cambrian been overthrown; it was also the first time Blionberis had endured such a mortification, and they thought it must have been some infernal spirit who had assumed the form of a knight to conquer them: consoled by this idea, our warriors continued their route towards Cramalot, where Percival wished to have his friend received a knight of the round table.

The relation he gave Arthur of Blionberis's actions, induced this monarch to comply with his request. The only adventure Percival passed over in silence, was the one which happened beside Merlin's fountain, and all the knights of the English court joyfully gave their votes to the new brother that was so favourably introduced to them. The lovely Genievre, and the gentle Yseult, were too much attached to Blanchefleur to withhold for a moment their suffrage from her defender. Blionberis was then unanimously admitted to the round table, the knights of which were so celebrated for their valour and gallantry. These honours, however, did not banish Felicia from his mind; her image continually haunted him, and he reflected with transport that the two years of trial would in a month be expired.

A few days previous to his departure for France, as King Arthur was seated at table, with his ladies and knights, a warrior entered, whose dignified appearance inspired respect. His visor was raised, and his shield without device, announced that he wished to remain unknown; he haughtily approached the king, and bowing gracefully, said, "Mighty king, the fame of thy renown has induced me to cross the sea. The desire of beholding thee and the lovely Genievre, has brought me from a far distant country, and I do not regret my journey; yet one wish still remains ungratified; which is, to engage the most valiant of your knights."

At these words, Launcelot, Tristan, Perceval,
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Ganvain, Blionberis, Arrodain, all arose, and casting side glances on the rash stranger, with one voice demanded the honour of trying their arms against his. Arthur, pleased with their impatience turning towards the unknown, said, "Sir knight, you have only to chuse among these warriors. The stranger asked for a helmet, and writing separately the name of each knight, threw them into it, and after having shaken it, drew out that of Blionberis. He immediately threw a scrutinizing look on our hero and seemed dissatisfied with his fate; he, however, began to prepare for the combat. Blionberis piqued at the contempt with which the unknown treated him, and proud of the honour of being a knight of the round table, embraced his dear Perceval, kissed the king's hand, and called for Ebene.

All the ladies and knights repaired to the place of combat, and Arthur gave himself the signal for the barrier to be opened.

On one side appeared the unknown knight, his bronzed armour formed a pleasing contrast with his milk-white steed. On the other side advanced Blionberis, mounted on the handsome Ebene: his air bespoke confidence, blended with modesty. The two knights rushed on each other; their lances were broken, but they remained unloved. The terrible scymeter, already glittered in their hands; repeated blows drew fire from their shields and helmets. Mutually surprised at meeting so much resistance, passion was combined with valour. Eager to terminate the fight, they grasped each other round the body. Each struggled violently to throw his rival to the ground; their horses escaped from under them; the same instant brought them both standing on the earth; but neither of the warriors let go his hold. Foot to foot, breast against breast: their armour clanged with the pressure of their efforts; but instead of weakening, each shock renewed their vigour; so equal was their strength, that whilst combating they seemed at rest, and their reciprocal resistance made them appear motionless.

Blionberis, while struggling with his antagonist, descried a *fleur-de-lys* engraven on his cuirass; this sign immediately told him who was his opponent.—"Mighty Pharamond," exclaimed he, "I acknowledge myself conquered! and if it be your pleasure, I will fall before you on the sand; but let me enjoy the honour of having resisted you. This is the most glorious day of my life, and my defeat is more prized by me than all my victories." Pharamond answered, by pressing his hand:—"All I shall exact from you," said he, "is secrecy, I wish to depart unknown; and contented with having proved my strength against that of Arthur's most valiant knight, I shall ever remember your bravery and courtesy;

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let us exchange swords." Blomberis bent one knee before the French monarch, who embraced him, presented him with his sword, and took our hero's, then mounted his white courser, quitted the lists, and disappeared.

Great was the astonishment of King Arthur and his Court, when they witnessed the termination of a combat, which had made them fear for the lives of the two knights! Blomberis, faithful to his word, confided to no one, save Perceval, the name of him he had engaged, but it was generally guessed, and the modest Blomberis was overwhelmed with the praises of all the court.

The two years of trial being nearly expired, our hero despairing of finding his father, took leave of the great Arthur, and set out to dispute the hand of Felicia with his rivals. The faithful Perceval, and the amiable Blanchefleur would not be separated from him: they all three crossed the sea, and took the road to Tournay.

Who could paint the feelings that agitated Blomberis. Each step he made brought him nearer to Felicia; each moment that fled hastened the one in which he should behold her. An hundred times a day his vivid imagination depicted the happy moment; he already enjoyed it in anticipation, and entirely wrapped in his pleasing reveries, he only spoke to Perceval and Blanchefleur to spur on their coursers. These two lovers respected his impatience; and the intelligent Ebene, who always seemed to divine the wishes of his master, never had before galloped with so much celerity.

Blomberis, however, said, he felt much uneasiness respecting his first meeting with the Princess; he feared lest he should not be able to conceal his emotions; and he continued, if Felicia should share them we shall be infallibly lost: Percival vainly endeavoured to devise some means to prevent this misfortune; all his suggestions were either hazardous or impracticable; Blanchefleur fortunately assisted them. The imagination of a tender female is more fertile than the genius of all the enchanters in Christendom. "You must," said she to the enamoured Blomberis, "write to Felicia; I will myself convey the letter to her, and you must repair to your favourite forest, and there await her answer." This advice was immediately followed; Blomberis wrote to the Princess; Blanchefleur and Percival entered Tournay, with the letter, and our hero gained the forest.

With what delight did he again view the spot where he had been wounded by the furious boar! Tears insensibly fell from his eyes at the tender remembrances it recalled. He found on several trees the words "for ever," that had been carved by his hand. "Nothing is changed," exclaimed he; "all is the same as I left it. Ah! Felicia,

are you also the same? Your heart.—" "It is not altered," said a voice; and the princess rushed into his arms. Scarcely had Blanchefleur delivered the letter, than Felicia flew on the wings of love to the forest. Words cannot paint the transports of our lovers—they embraced—they wept—and the intoxication of their happiness scarcely allowed them the faculty of feeling it.

When their emotions had a little subsided, Blomberis and Felicia began the relation of all that had happened since their separation, but it could not be concluded, as the Princess was obliged to return to the palace. To avoid suspicion, Blomberis agreed not to enter Tournay before the following day, and he spent the night on the very spot where he had formerly delivered the turtle dove from the merciless grasp of the hawk.

The earliest dawn brought knights from all parts to contend for the hand of the Princess.—So numerous were they that the town of Tournay could scarcely contain them. Blomberis went to the king's palace, and presented himself at the levee, with a crowd of other warriors. He had been careful not to forget the brilliant sword he had received from Pharamond. This monarch recognized it, and overwhelmed Blomberis with kindness. Our hero afterwards visited the queen, who gave him a very favourable reception; he then passed into Felicia's apartment, at the moment she was giving an audience to all the noblemen of the court. This Princess could not help blushing, when she told him he had not been seen for a long time.

All was ready for the tournament, the prize of which was to be Felicia. Already a magnificent throne was raised for Pharamond and his Queen. Clodion and the lovely Celina were seated at their feet. Felicia, blazing with all the diamonds of the crown, but whose beauty alone, more resplendent than her ornaments, was placed beside Rosamund; the seats of the amphitheatre, covered with rich carpets, were filled with the lords and ladies of the court, and beneath them was collected an immense crowd of people; and in the area were seen about thirty knights, who were competitors for the hand of the princess.

The King had ordered, that before the tournament commenced, the actions of each pretender should be examined; and that only those who had gloriously signalized themselves should be permitted to engage in the combat. Such was the candour of those happy times, that Pharamond asked no other guarantee for the valour of a knight than his own word; and these warriors would not have belied themselves even to obtain the Princess. Every one gave the King a modest and true account of his feats.

When Blomberis's turn arrived, he unfastened his sword, and presented it to the monarch:—"This," said he, "mighty prince, is the only title that renders me worthy of disputing for the Princess. This sword was given me by the most valiant knight of the universe, as a pledge of his esteem. My other deeds are nothing, and have been forgotten since the one that made me worthy of this sword." "I understand you," replied Pharamond, smiling, "fight, conquer, and my daughter shall be yours." These words filled the breast of Blomberis with the liveliest sensations of joy! He embraced the King's knees, kissed the hem of Rosamunda's robe, pressed Clodion and Percival to his breast; and, animated by a glance from the Princess's bright eyes, sprung on Ebene, with a look that seemed already to announce his victory.

Of thirty pretenders to the hand of the princess, eleven had been judged worthy of combatting: Blomberis was the twelfth. The conqueror must have unhorsed his eleven rivals, and contend with every knight who during the day would offer to fight with him. Nothing intimidated these intrepid warriors; they had already mounted their coursers, already their nervous arms brandished their polished lances: and they only awaited the signal for attack.

At length the trumpet was heard, Blomberis darted like an arrow, and in the centre of the arena overthrew the rival who was approaching him. Another presented himself, and was also thrown from his saddle. A third shared the same fate. Blomberis was like the god of war. The handsome Ebene, more proud, more spirited than ever, seemed to flash fire from his eyes and nostrils, and neighed at each victory. The trembling Felicia followed her lover with her eyes, and dared not breathe until the moment when Blomberis had unhorsed his adversary: she then gasped, and the deepest rosate hue overspread her lovely cheeks. Pharamond saw with pleasure that victory seemed inclined to crown our hero: Clodion applauded with all his might; Percival swore if his friend was conquered he would avenge him; and Blanchefleur, not heeding the remarks of those who surrounded her, each time exclaimed aloud, "Courage Blomberis!"

This valiant warrior surpassed himself, and had already vanquished his eleven rivals, without having spent his lance. The general acclamations proclaimed him victor. Pharamond took his hand, and led him to Felicia, who vainly endeavoured to suppress her joy. Blomberis was at her feet, and was just going to receive the reward of his valour, when an unknown knight arrived and challenged him to fight. Blomberis, irritated at having his happiness interrupted by an unexpected competitor, he let fall the Princess's

hand; and, grasping his lance anew, furiously exclaimed, "Let him appear, let him advance, this last rival!" He soon appeared; and what became of Blomberis, when he recognized the knight with the wreath of cypress on his shield, the same who had triumphed over him and Percival, beside Merlin's fountain! His courage nearly abandoned him, and a cold perspiration overspread his limbs. "Come," said he, "I must learn to die, even at the instant when I thought I had attained all my wishes."

The cypress knight bowed gracefully to the King, the Queen, and the Princess, and entered his steed, while the trembling Felicia's blood froze with horror and dismay.

Percival, who had recognized him, rushed into the lists, and offered to fight in the place of his friend; and pleaded that he had a secret injury which he longed to avenge: but the judges interfered, and the proud Cambrian, after menacing the unknown knight with his eyes, was obliged to resume his seat. The terrified princess dared not raise her looks on the combatants: a death-like silence reigned throughout the assembly, and the spectators shuddered at the dismal sound of the shrill trumpet. Blomberis again glanced at Felicia, invoked her, pressed Ebene, and flew to his enemy.

The meeting of two clouds charged with thunder, and impelled by adverse winds, could not be more violent than that of the two warriors: they both were thrown back on their horses, that fell to the earth; but hastily extricating themselves from their stirrups, they joined each other with their drawn scymiclers, and commenced a combat which made the most hardened spectators tremble. Poor Felicia felt every blow that was aimed at her lover; and her heart was not covered with mail, it was torn by each stroke Blomberis received on his armour. The furious Percival could no longer contain himself, and wished to take the place of his friend. Pharamond and Blanchefleur with difficulty restrained him, and made him remark that Blomberis had not received the smallest disadvantage, but defended himself with the same vigour with which he was attacked. Already the fatal wreath of cypress was effaced; each of our hero's blows made a piece of his adversary's armour fly; each stroke from his enemy shivered that of Blomberis's. Blood had not yet begun to flow, but it was every moment expected. Blomberis, the valiant Blomberis began to totter; a blow shattered his helmet, and his head remained disarmed. He covered it with his shield; but soon he was compelled to bend one knee to the earth, still he defended himself with intrepidity. Felicia had fainted, Blanchefleur threw piercing shrieks, and Percival, sword in hand, rushed between the comba-

gants. "Barbarian," said he to the unknown, "it is me on whom you must direct your blows; I am thy enemy, I defy, I abhor thee, I regard thee as the most cowardly of men, if you pursue the advantage which chance has given you over Blomberis."—"Blomberis!" cried the unknown: "O, Heavens! is it then my son I was going to slay?" With these words he threw away his sword and helmet, and extending his arm to our hero, "My son, my dear son! come and embrace thy father!" Blomberis flew to meet him; and Palamede, while pressing him to his heart, bathed him with tears. "Ah! my son," said he, "my child, my beloved child; is it thee my sword was going to pierce? thee, for

whose sake alone I support existence!"—"Warriors!" exclaimed he, addressing the spectators, "here is my conqueror, I yield to him; my son surpasses me, my son is a hero." These words were heard, and the area re-echoed with applause.

Palamede came and presented his son to Pharamond, whose pleasure it was to conclude this eventful day with the marriage of Felicia and Blomberis.

Palamede, Percival, and Blanche fleur would no more quit these tender lovers; and their union, in rendering them happy, spread joy throughout all Pharamond's court.

E. R.

THE REPRESENTATIONS OF LIFE,

CONTAINED IN WORKS OF FICTION:

NOT TO BE CONSIDERED AS HAVING ANY EXISTENCE IN NATURE.

[Concluded from Page 155.]

"You must," said Mademoiselle de Clairville to a young married woman, "live very comfortably, and be very happy in so charming a situation."

"I wonder," replied the woman, "how people, who know nothing of the world, can imbibe such romantic notions. What is situation to us? It is a livelihood we want, we have something else to think of than pleasant situation."

"But," said the young lady, "it must be agreeable to contemplate the beauties of nature, to view the distant prospects, or the waving corn in the fields opposite your doors."

"Of what use," said the woman, "is the prospect of corn fields at our doors, if we want bread in the house? You fine folks, who come hither for a pleasant ramble, little know how hardly poor people live, who must gain a livelihood in the country by their own endeavours."

The woman's husband then took upon himself to decide the matter, by an appeal to Mademoiselle de Clairville's understanding and sentiments.

"You seem," said he, "through want of experience or reflection, to have adopted very wrong notions. We work hard, we sweat and toil from morning till night, and seldom have an hour that we can call our own; and with all this we are hard enough put to it to earn a poor living in time of health; and if sickness come upon us, we must be miserable indeed. In that case, there would be nothing for us but parish allowance for our support, which would be but small, and

granted with many murmurs. An appeal to your own feelings, whether you would think it an agreeable business to apply to a magistrate, in order to induce him to oblige your neighbours to grant you an alms, and afford you that support which they seldom grant willingly, and often not without compulsion; and yet such, in all probability, must be our lot in old age, if our lives be prolonged to that period. If we be called from this world at an earlier time of life, our children will be put out as parish apprentices; and even now, if sickness or accident should render us unable to support them, that will be the case; and instead of seeing their tender years employed in acquiring such education as might hereafter be useful, we must have the mortification of seeing them spent in ignorance and drudgery. Put all those circumstances together, and then judge whether the happiness of us rural swains, as you are pleased to call us, be enviable, or our prospects such as can afford pleasure."

The gently swelling hills, which arose at the distance of a few miles from the hamlet, afforded pasture for numerous flocks of sheep, which were constantly attended by their respective shepherds. One day the young M. de Clairville proposed to his sister a ramble among the sheep-walks. "We shall see there," said he, "a specimen of the pastoral life, which we have yet only imperfectly observed." The young lady was charmed at the proposal; "I will," she returned, "gladly accompany you thither, and shall contemplate with rapture that delightful

state of life which has so often been held up as a pattern of human felicity."

One pleasant morning they set out at an early hour, being resolved to spend the whole day among the shepherds; and M. and Mad. de Clairville, together with M. de Palaise, joined in the party. At every step they were charmed with the melodious singing of the lark, the delightful serenity of the air, and the beautiful landscapes which the intermixture of hills and dales, corn fields and meadows, diversified and embellished with the most enchanting variety. On ascending the hills, they were surprised and enraptured at a view of the extensive prospects displayed all around, which were bounded only by the horizon, and terminated in the confusion of the distant azure. "Surely," said Mademoiselle de Clairville, as they approached the shepherds, these men enjoy all that can render life desirable, and all that nature, in the profusion of her bounties, can bestow. Here, undoubtedly, we shall find the originals from which pastoral poets have copied their paintings. Here, at last, we shall contemplate a state of leisure, tranquillity, contentment, and uninterrupted happiness."

Arrived among the shepherds, they accosted them, and were stared at with an air of stupid vacancy. "We have taken the liberty," said the elder Clairville, "to come hither to witness your happy state of life."

"Happy!" cried one of them with a vulgar sneer, "I wonder how such a fancy ever came into your head!"

"I wish," said one surly fellow, "you had as much of this kind of happiness as I have had, I think you would have had enough of it."—Another said, "you fine gentlemen and ladies should not come on such a day as this, if you wish to know how we shepherds get our living; you should come on a cold stormy day, and then you would see that we earn our bread in rain as well as in sunshine, and are as often wet and cold as dry and warm."

They held, for some time, a desultory conversation with those pastoral rustics, and perceived them to be extremely stupid and ignorant, and very little satisfied with their condition. At last, one of them, who had not yet joined in the conversation, came up and accosted the strangers in a manner that evinced a better education, and more knowledge of the world than the others possessed.

"You have, gentlemen, I perceive," said he, "drawn your ideas of a pastoral life from books; but you must allow that they who have derived theirs from experience, are more worthy of credit."

"You then," said M. de Clairville, "do not think your condition completely happy."

"I am," returned the shepherd, "perfectly resigned to the will of Providence, and therefore contented with my situation; but I cannot think it an agreeable one, nor can it, upon a fair estimate, be considered as a state of comfort and pleasure. Can you suppose that comfort consists in living sequestered from all human society, where we seldom enjoy any other company than that of our flocks, or hear any other language than the bleating of sheep? We remain from the rising to the setting sun, exposed to the summer's heat, and the winter's cold; our wages are small, and our living is poor. Do you call these things the constituents of happiness?"

They soon perceived they were conversing with a man very superior in knowledge to the rest of the shepherds, and who seemed by the style of his conversation to possess a more enlightened mind than most of the country people they had hitherto met with. To him, therefore, they directed their chief attention. He appeared to be not less communicative than intelligent, which induced them to consider him as a person well qualified to give them a just and impartial view of the pleasures and inconveniences of that state of life in which he was placed.

The shepherd conducted them to his hut, and kindly invited them to partake of his homely fare, which, indeed, was not much calculated to impress on their minds a very high opinion of their condition. They tasted, however, through complaisance, and then invited him to dine with them on the provisions which they had brought to regale themselves during their excursion.—Mutual civilities were productive of greater familiarity; and at length, at the request of his guests, he favoured them with some particulars of his past life.

"My father," said he, "was a wealthy farmer, at a village a few miles hence. He had two sons, of whom I was the youngest, and four daughters. One of the latter died young, and thus escaped the inconveniences and hardships of a troublesome world. Another married my father's servant. He was a well-looking man, and a good hand at country business; but his circumstances were low, and my father being adverse to the match, would not give him any portion.—He wrought hard, however, as a labourer, and they lived tolerably well till he happened to be killed by an accident. He left my sister, with six small children, who must have been put out parish apprentices, as soon as they were of a fit age, had not my father contributed liberally towards their support. My two other sisters married farmers; and although their farms are high-rented, yet, with great care and hard labour, they contrive to get a decent livelihood. My father's

intention was, that my brother should succeed him in the farm, and as I gave some indications of genius, and manifested a strong propensity to learning, I was kept at school till I had made some progress in classical literature. My brother dying, my father took me from school, as he designed to leave me in the occupation of the farm, which he thought would be more beneficial than any thing else I could apply myself to. Some years afterwards I married, took my wife into the house, and we all made one family. My mother was old and my wife was young: the former thought the latter dressed too gay, and wrought too little; and this produced continual altercations between them. My mother made frequent complaints to my father, as my wife did to me; and I must confess, that among them I had not a very agreeable time.

"Both my parents happening to die within a short time of each other, I was left in the entire occupation of the farm. But being obliged to pay two hundred and fifty pounds to each of my three sisters, which was left to them by my father's will, and being destitute of ready money to answer those demands, my wife and I adopted a plan of the most rigid economy, hoping that, as the farm was well stocked, and in an excellent state of cultivation, that we should by this means be soon enabled to clear off this incumbrance — We rose early, and went to rest late; and endeavoured, by labouring hard ourselves, to lessen the number of our servants, and consequently diminish our expences. During some time our exertions were attended with success; but in this world nothing is certain. Our landlord having made an advantageous purchase in another part of the country, sold the estate which he possessed in our village. It was purchased by a person who took the whole into his own hands, by which, both I and my next neighbour were up consequence discharged from our farms. We could not fall in for others that were likely to allow us to live; for you must know that farms are very difficult to procure, unless a person possess a property sufficiently great to enable him to take a large concern."

"But," interrupted Mademoiselle de Clairville, "did you not think it extremely hard to be turned out of your farm, when you had always been principal in the payment of your rent?"

"I did not see," returned the shepherd, "that I had any right to complain. I do not estimate things in an interested, but in an impartial manner. The person who purchased the land had an indisputable right to occupy it if he pleased; and I could not conscientiously think myself injured. I considered the matter, therefore, as one of these common disappointments which are incident to every condition of life."

"I perfectly comprehend your reasoning," said the young lady, "and approve your liberality of sentiment."

"When I had sold off my stock of cattle, of corn, and my farming utensils," continued the shepherd, "and paid the legacies to my sisters, my remaining property amounted to no very great sum, and I could not easily resolve upon a plan for the future support of my family. This is frequently the case, when a person in business, either commercial or agricultural, is thrown out of his accustomed track. His connections with the active world are then dissolved, and new ones must be formed. His channels of acquisition are stopped, and new ones must be explored and opened; and this, to a person whose means are limited, and whose efforts are checked by the narrowness of his circumstances, is generally a difficult, and often a hazardous enterprise. Had I remained in the situation in which I was fixed, my pecuniary circumstances were fully adequate to the management of my business; but I found them but small when I was launched into the world of speculation. After many searches and inquiries, however, I met with a small farm. It was highly rented, but, I believe, that with a great deal of labour and care, I could have made a living, had I not been so friendly, or rather so foolish, as to enter into a bond for my wife's brother, in order to save him from becoming a bankrupt. This event, however, took place in spite of my efforts to prevent it; he was more involved than I had imagined, and I was implicated in his fortune, and reduced to beggary."

"I had now no resource left but daily labour. Both I and my wife, however, were still in the vigorous age of life, and by our united endeavours we made a shift to provide for our family. In this situation we remained twenty years, and had six children, whom we supported and brought up with sweat and toil, till old age began to make its appearance, and I began to feel my strength inadequate to the labour and hardships I had cheerfully undergone while in the bloom of life."

"But," interrupted Madame de Clairville, "you ought not, in your declining years, to have wrought so hard as you did while in the vigour of your age; and I should not have supposed that any master could be so unreasonable as to expect or desire it."

"My dear Madame," replied the shepherd, "you are too little acquainted with the country to know the hardships suffered by the lower class of the people, or the manner in which agriculture is carried on. No farmer will employ a labourer unless he finds him capable of performing a sufficient day's work; or if he does, he will scarcely allow him wages enough to keep him

from starving. You may, perhaps, think this somewhat hard, but you must consider the expenses of managing a farm are great, and the success hazardous; and how could a farmer pay rent and wages if he did not take care that his work is got well forwarded? Thus you may see that one thing presses upon another, and keeps the whole system of working a farm continually upon the stretch. Besides this, in the business of husbandry, many kinds of work must be carried on by a number of hands acting in concert, and if any one be unable to perform his part, his deficiency is a hindrance to the rest, and retards the whole operation. I have many times, in such cases, been obliged to work among men much younger, and consequently stronger and more active than myself, and after straining every nerve, found myself totally inadequate to the task. The experience of this induced me to undertake the employment of a shepherd, which, although it be a languid scene of dull uniformity, requires a less degree of bodily exertion than many other branches of rural employment; it is only a poor occupation, but it furnishes the means of supporting life, and I am too far advanced in years to undertake any other."

"And yet," said Madame de Clairville, "this is the life of which the poets have delineated such enchanting pictures, and which moral writers have so often described as a scene of tranquillity and happiness."

"These poets and moralists," replied the shepherd, "if they had consulted experience, and not romantic speculation, would have exhibited very different representations; and I take the liberty to assure you, that I have now toiled too long to attach any importance to the vagaries of fancy; and they describe the ignorance, the virtue, and the happiness of rural nymphs and swains, in the same spirit of agreeable fiction as they invoke Apollo and the muses, or occasionally introduce the other gods and goddesses of the Pagan mythology."

The Clairvilles were highly gratified and entertained with the well-related story and sagacious reflections of this philosophical and eloquent shepherd, they listened with attention and interest to the plain and simple history of rustic life. They made the shepherd a handsome present, and returned to their lodgings enjoying the pleasure of a charming evening, indulging themselves in making remarks and reflections on the occurrences of the day, and highly satisfied with their agreeable excursion.

"I am," said M. de Clairville the next morning to his children, "inclined to imagine that your chimerical ideas of life are considerably altered, and reduced much nearer to the standard of reason and reality. Your own observations have now dissipated the ideal scenes which danced before your eyes, and experience has taught you that imagination may form pictures which have no originals in nature."

"I believe, indeed," said the younger Clairville, "that my sister and I shall return to town much less prejudiced in favour of a country life than we were at leaving it; and that our excursion will have taught us to ground our notions on reason and experience, and not on the vagaries of the imagination."

"For my own part," answered Mademoiselle de Clairville, "I am now convinced that the peasantry enjoy none of that superlative happiness which I had imagined."

"You have now," said M. de Palaise, "gratified your curiosity, satisfied your enquiries, and rectified your notions; you have tried your prepossessions by the touchstone of experience, you have discovered the difference between speculative prejudices and experimental knowledge."

"But permit me, Sir, to ask this question," said Mademoiselle de Clairville, "do the writers who delineate such fascinating pictures, suppose themselves that the originals exist? does the enthusiasm of imagination overpower the operation of reason so far as to make them believe the existence of the scenes and manners they describe?"

"Nothing of the kind," replied M. de Palaise, "they are no more than mere embellishments of composition, calculated to entertain and delight the imagination, not to inform the understanding or direct the judgment. Pastoral poets well know that the greater part of their brilliant scenery has, like the divinities of Paganism, no other existence than in their own fancy."

The youthful observers returned to the capital wholly cured of the romantic notions which had led them to quit it; and in perambulating its crowded streets, found a pleasure which seemed altogether new. They visited the different places of amusement; the active and animated appearance of the scene around them had an exhilarating effect on their spirit; they seemed to have emerged from the obscurity of solitude into the broad sunshine of life, and were experimentally convinced that variety gives a relish to pleasures, and charms to existence.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, 'ENCYCLOPÆDIA' OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 126.]

CHAP. X.

On the adoption of the Male Costume by Women.

THE object of dress is undoubtedly to please. To attain this end it is necessary that dress should dexterously set off the charms of a woman, that it should display to advantage her captivating form, and tend to develope her native graces. Those females who adopt the costume of the other sex, seem ignorant of what tends to enhance the effect of their charms.

The male costume destroys all the advantages which the fair sex has received from nature; and women, by adopting this costume, relinquish all the means of seduction with which nature has endowed them.

If women appear pleasing in the eyes of the other sex, it is because they are women; nobody, I presume, will dispute this principle. The attraction, therefore, consists, in the difference of sex; consequently, that must be the most voluptuous dress which displays this difference in the most striking manner. Establish a similarity of dress between the two sexes, confound their costume, and you destroy, in the eyes of the men, the charm which captivates them.

The dress of women should differ in every point from that of men. This difference ought even to extend to the choice of stuffs; for a woman habited in cloth is less feminine than if she were clothed in transparent gauze, in light muslin, or in soft and shining silk. What woman is there but would please us more in an elegant robe than in one of those massive riding dresses, which produce such a bad effect, especially on women who are not tall, and have rather too much *embonpoint*. Perhaps women have gained nothing by adopting shoes as flat as those of men, which give them a firm and bold step, not exactly adapted to their sex. God forbid that I should wish to revive those heels of such extravagant and ridiculous height; but were there a greater contrast between the women's shoes and ours, the former would appear the handsomer for it. An author has observed, that there is somewhat feminine in every thing that pleases. In my opinion the inverse of this proposition is equally true, and I would say,—in every thing that is feminine there is somewhat pleasing.

A female who relinquishes her proper dress to

assume that of men, loses all the graces of her sex, without obtaining any of the advantages of ours. Is she handsome? the male costume will very ill become her. Does the dress of our sex, on the contrary, become her well? this very circumstance accuses her of a form by no means adapted to her sex; she is no longer a handsome woman. Wherefore, then, do women assume a costume with which they can, at best, but make themselves look ridiculous!

It is true that it is not always the desire of pleasing that induces women to adopt a disguise which, under every circumstance, is so ill adapted to them. The love of change, of novelty, and still more the desire of unlimited liberty, these are the motives that lead them to sacrifice cheerfully the graces of their sex, in order to obtain a small portion of what they term the felicity of ours; for, it should be observed, by the way, that women think the enjoyment of perfect liberty the greatest of earthly blessings. Accordingly, they appear less beautiful in our eyes, for the purpose of appearing less amiable; they relinquish almost all their physical advantages, in order to give us a bad notion of their moral qualities! they consent to renounce the qualities of their own sex, to prove to us that they have the faults of ours!

I should imagine that when women assume the male habit, it proceeds either from injudicious coquetry, a propensity to change, or a love of liberty. These causes, in general, are but temporary, and the female who acts only from such frivolous motives, soon becomes disgusted with a disguise which affords so little compensation.

But there are females who adopt this costume from decided preference, who constantly wear it, whom it even suits extremely well, and who are awkward in female habiliments, to such we have nothing to say; nature missed her aim in creating them, she produced only mutilated men, and we are at present addressing ourselves to none but women.

Such was the celebrated native of Tonnerre, who has so long gone by the appellation of the Chevalier d'Eon; such is also the less famous but not less valiant female of thirty, who, being abandoned fifteen or sixteen years ago by her

lover, renounced her sex, and listening only to the dictates of despair, embraced the profession of arms. Unhappy as a votary of Cupid, she was the more fortunate in her devotions to Mars. From that period she has been continually engaged in the service, has endured with fortitude every kind of fatigue, has been present in various engagements, and her bosom, destined by nature for a gentler purpose, bears the honourable marks of several wounds received in battle. During the revolution, a decree directed all women who were with the army to be sent home. At the moment when our heroine was employed in carrying an order she was stopped by an officer, who informed her of the law putting an end to her service. Indignantly drawing her sabre, she threatened to dispatch the imprudent man, who avoided death by a precipitate retreat, and our female prosecuted her commission. An exception was demanded, and obtained, in her favour alone; she remained with the army, where she is still. I shall not mention her name; but she is known to the Generals under whom she served, to General Lannes and General Augereau; she

is esteemed by the officers, and respected by the common soldiers. For sixteen years she has exhibited proofs of all the qualities which constitute an excellent officer, and she is free from the suspicion of any intrigue, or any of the foibles of her sex.

Such, ladies, is the course you ought to pursue when you adopt the male habit; and as you renounce the amiable qualities of your sex, display at least the masculine virtues of ours. We will then acknowledge you to be useful men, and assign you a place in our ranks; otherwise the assumption of male attire is but a ridiculous masquerade, which should not be tolerated except at the time of the carnival.

I am perfectly aware that woman is not destined by nature to bear arms; but nature has her irregularities; and if we have women-warriors, so to make amends, we have also our men-milliners. But the man-milliner ought by all means to assume the female dress, that the metamorphosis might be complete, and that the plumage of this rare bird might correspond with his song. [To be continued.]

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

[Continued from Page 128.]

SCENE V.—Sabina at Breakfast; Myrrhina given in charge to the Philosopher.

Two Pages, the most beautiful of any in the household of the rich Sabina, dressed in the first Egyptian linen, and with their hair elegantly curled, this morning brought the Domina her breakfast earlier than she was accustomed to order it. In general Sabina did not take this repast till just before she went to the bath. But as she had resolved to go abroad at an earlier hour, that she might be present at the review, an alteration was made in this particular, and the pages were ordered to bring their mistress her breakfast while she was at her toilette. One of them carried a silver kettle from which issued the vapors of the hissing water. The other had in his hand an elegant basket in which eight of the finest figs, of the kind called *cullistrathis*, which were particularly esteemed on account of their rose-coloured seed were spread upon fresh vine-leaves. On a handsome water, of African citron-wood, he brought a small flask of Chios wine, and two silver goblets, one for hot water and the other for

wine, to be handed to the Domina, after she had eaten as many of the figs as she pleased. For in regard to the quality of her breakfast Sabina most implicitly observed the prescription, of her young physician, the Greek Archigeres; who was himself, at least in this point, a faithful follower of Heraclides of Tarentum, who had in the strongest manner recommended figs to be taken with hot wine.

This sight, however, would have been of little advantage to the wretched Latris had not the faithful domestic philosopher, the stoic Zenothemis, presented himself at the same time as the pages, in the most ludicrous habiliments that can possibly be conceived, before the whole assembly in the dressing room of the Domina. Let the reader figure to himself a man pretty far advanced in years, with a bald head, and a long bushy beard reaching almost down to the waist. Let him farther imagine the whole stock of the wardrobe of a philosopher of those days, the Grecian mantle

and one single under garment, or woollen shirt without sleeves, which scarcely descended to the knees, affording a full view of legs covered only by hair, and feet, the soles of which were protected only by a board; in a word, a philosopher in a mantle and beard, a *Græculus*, such as were then to be found by hundreds in the houses and retinue of the haughty Romans. They were, indeed, as essential a requisite in the household of a person of distinction as a Capuchin formerly was in the family of a Polish grandee, or a domestic Abbé in the houses of the French nobility before the revolution, for the amusement of a beautiful Marquise. This venerable gentleman from Zeno's gallery, half out of breath, and animated with duteous zeal, is now bringing in his mantle to the Domina the whole hopeful litter of the much beloved Myrrhina, of Sabina's Maltese bitch together with the lying-in lady herself. He therefore surprises the Domina with the most convincing proof that the charming, tender, lovely, intelligent Myrrhina, who barks only at her enemy or her husband, but otherwise is good-nature itself, has been delivered the preceding night on the same mantle in which he was now bringing them, of three most beautiful and enchanting young lion-dogs. Nothing, indeed, could be more ludicrous than to see how the diminutive mother, wrapped in a green cloth, peeped out from the mantle of the wise Zenothemis, and now yelped with her delicate voice, after the manner of her species, alternately licked the hairy chin of the grave philosopher, and her young ones, who already began to stretch forth their snouts, and yet continued to find something to clean in both. The fact was, that no inconsiderable relics of the supper of the preceding night still adhered to the bushy beard of the stoic.

That the reader may not be too much astonished at this description, we shall introduce an extract from Sabina's private journal, which gives the most satisfactory explanation on this subject. It is there related that Sabina did not return from her country seat, in Campania, till two days before, and had as usual brought back to town in her suite the domestic philosopher Zenothemis. Before their departure he had been brought into the most mortifying dilemma. Instead of accompanying the Domina in her comfortable and convenient carriage, he was obliged to resign his place to her cousin, Saturninus, and to put up with the company of Sabina's ugly dwarf, Thersites, in a two wheeled Gallic cabriolet. But this was far from being the worst. The Domina desired to speak with him before they set off. "Dear Zenothemis," said she, "I have a particular favour to ask of you; you have it in your power to oblige me exceedingly. It is, to be sure, taking a great liberty, but I know that you never refuse me any

thing, nor want many intreaties." It is natural to suppose that our Zenothemis could not make any other reply than that the Domina had only to signify her commands. "I would not ask it of you," continued the lady, throwing back her veil with a graceful air, and displaying all her charms, like the full moon which appears more brilliant when issuing from behind a cloud—"I would not ask it of you, did I not know that you possess the best heart in the world, and that you are a man on whose attention and good-nature I can place perfect reliance. Will you have the goodness to take my Myrrhina in the carriage with you, and to see that she may want for nothing? The poor thing is big and very near her time. I cannot trust her with my servants; the careless rascals pay no attention to myself; how then would they behave to the poor animal? You will confer an extraordinary favour by undertaking this commission. I should be inconsolable were any accident to befall the poor creature. Y— dear Zenothemis, I read compliance with my request in your eyes, and in fact the animal deserves as much for her attention to you. You know she made not the least noise, the day before yesterday, when I was bathing, and you read me the affecting essay on the perishable nature of our earthly bodies, and proved with such eloquence that this body is only an animated corpse, and no better than a leathern case."

How could Zenothemis, when intreated by such a lady in so moving a manner, and with all but tears, and at the same time reminded of one of the most interesting situations of his *Idylmatura*, act otherwise than promise to do every thing she wanted. The bitch, carefully wrapped up, was placed in the old gentleman's lap, and the group of the philosopher with the prodigious beard, and the little Maltese dog on his lap, and the big-headed dwarf by his side, was so unique in its kind, that as the carriage proceeded along the *Via Appia* towards Rome, there was no veterinarian, and no passenger either on horseback or on foot, but stopped and burst into a loud fit of laughter. On their arrival in Rome, the lady sent her trusty Clio to him, urgently requesting him to keep the poor animal, which had now grown acquainted with him, till she had pupped; adding, good care should be taken that the favorite should neither want for well-fed goose's livers, nor for sesamus cakes. Sabina knew that though he talked so loudly in praise of virtue, yet, notwithstanding all his animadversions on epicurism and the pleasures of the palate, he was nothing less than an obstinate contemner of good living. She had observed how much he had privately given in a napkin to the servant at his feet, at the last great entertainment, and was aware that he would not be able to resist the temptation of liv-

ing by dividing the above-mentioned delicacies with the lap-dog. Nor was she deceived; Zenothemis shared the inconveniences of his charge, and the pleasure of the messes prepared for her, and now came to give an account of the rich produce of the preceding night.

The muscles of the sternest Medusa-head must have relaxed at this spectacle, and have commanded silence to its hundred hissing snakes. Sabina herself, was obliged against her will to assume a gentler air and to suffer her female attendants to indulge their risibility unpunished. "The finest of these figs, dear Zenothemis shall be yours, if you, whose poetic talents are so well known to us, can recite a pretty little Greek poem on this most happy occurrence!"—Thus exclaimed Sabina to the philosopher, who had made his way into the midst of her attendants, holding up the largest of the figs that lay in the basket. Zenothemis, who, like almost all his industrious countrymen, could exercise a dozen other arts and sciences besides his proper profession, the stoic philosophy, immediately produced the following epigram, which has been introduced, by what accident we know not, into the Grecian garland, among the epigrams of a certain Adæus:—

"When the little Myrrhina was ready to drop with her heavy burden, Diana immediately sent her relief. The goddess does not appear only to thriving women; she likewise assists mothers of the canine race, which is under her especial protection as the goddess of the chase."

"What was it that Carmion whispered to you Clio, at which you laugh so immoderately?"—said Sabina. Clio, who was heartily vexed at the bearded philosopher, because he had with his awkwardness, a few days before in the country, broken a beautiful vase which Sabina had received as a present from one of her admirers at the bath, of Baïæ, and had directed it to be carefully preserved as a too perishable memento of love.—Clio replied aloud, and without reserve: "Carmion was only asking me, how long our stoic preacher of virtue had belonged to the *canine* sect, and had become a cynic (a dog-philosopher)?"

The officious Cypassis being directed by a motion of her mistress to relieve the philosopher from the burden of his charge and her litter, the saucy girl took this opportunity, under the pretext that poor Myrrhina had entangled herself in the old gentleman's bushy beard, to pull it handsomely, and at the same time to give the philosopher repeated slaps in the face, first with one hand and then with the other, and to play a hundred tricks under the appearance of shewing respect, but in fact to make sport. The most singular circumstance was, that a parrot which had been perched

the whole time in profound silence in his cage, adorned with gold, ivory, and silver, just at this moment, as though it had been preconcerted, began to cry out repeatedly: "Bravo! bravo!" screaming and making a most hideous noise.

This scene, not a little mortifying to our domestic philosopher, Sabina suddenly terminated by a single thunder-threatening contraction of her well-blacked eye-brows. The little Myrrhina was placed in a small basket, where she was accustomed to repose on pillows filled with soft feathers: and as she shewed signs of great thirst, she had given her a cup of the asses milk that remained after supplying the purposes of the Domina's toilette, and stood in a silver mug on a small table in a corner.

"Has Tryphon, the bookseller, yet published Aristippus's poem, addressed to Laïs on her looking-glass, dear Zenothemis?" A her stoic friend was unable to give a satisfactory answer to this question, because he had not stirred a step the preceding day, that Myrrhina might not be left unattended, Sabina requested him now to make the necessary inquiries concerning the above mentioned work, which she expected with the utmost impatience.

"And inquire also," said she, as he was just going to draw the curtain of the door behind him, "whether any new Milesian tale has appeared? Tutcia talked a great deal at Baïæ, about a new performance of one Xenophon of Ephesus. If I recollect right the title was, 'Amours of Anthias and Habrokom.' You would exceedingly oblige me, if you could bring it with you."

Thus spoke Sabina. But it did not escape her penetrating eye that Zenothemis was filled with great indignation against the looking-glass of the licentious Aristippus, and had muttered to himself something about "puppy" and "good for nothing fellow." For this disobedience it was necessary that the much mortified stoic should receive immediate punishment. He was therefore charged with the commission to enquire for Milesian tales, and to pander for the vitiated palate of his mistress, instead of Clio, who else was accustomed to select the most luscious, licentious works for the perusal of the Donna, and had only the day before brought her a new edition, with curious figures, of the noted *Matæotecnia* of Elephantis. Poor Zenothemis, what would thy glorious ancestors, Zeno and Cleanthes, have said to their degenerate descendant, who, spite of his philosopher's beard, was obliged to humiliate himself to the offices of a chamber-maid, or rather of a pimp! How low would thy skin have sold at the auction of philosophers.

[To be continued.]

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST yield to your request, and try to gratify your curiosity, regardless of the trouble it will occasion me; for in this instance the dictates of friendship are more powerful than those of reason, and I will cease to remonstrate against what you wish me to do. I am conscious, however, that in the minds of some people, I shall pass for a magician; others, a little more enlightened, will deem me an erring follower of philosophy; and the world in general will look upon me as a visionary being; for the wonders wrought by the perfect knowledge of physiognomy are sufficiently astonishing to justify these various opinions; yet, whatever judgment may be passed upon me, let your gratitude (for the sacrifice I am about to make, entitles me to it) think as favourably of me as before, and excuse the enthusiasm that will fire my soul, as I treat of such a subject, as being occasioned by the ardent desire I feel of pleasing you. Let the sweets of increasing friendship soothe the pangs of disappointment, in case I should fail in this bold attempt—I demand no higher reward.

It is customary for new writers to choose subjects which have never, at least very seldom, been explored by others; and that of physiognomy still offers a wide field to the attentive observer; yet, it is not its novelty that engages me to seize the pen. The most useful arts and the sciences, held in the greatest veneration, owe their existence to the bold inventive genius of some human beings; and many, who by their contemporaries were esteemed as enthusiastic madmen, are now honoured with the appellation of wise and courageous benefactors of mankind. But this reflection does not embolden me; for the hope of having my name venerated by posterity does not overbalance the wish of being reckoned, whilst I live, a man of sense. I prefer enjoying present glory, however small my share of it may be, to expecting that the most distinguishing respects should be paid to my ashes; and though my name be obscure, my ambition does not lead me to envy that of others. From all this it is plain that I can have no other motive in writing than that of pleasing my friend, and without any further assertions to prove that it is really my end, I will proceed to fulfil my promise.

I must inform you first that it is not my in-

tention to meddle in the least with divination; I never could conceive how it was possible for reasonable people to grant any confidence to vain predictions, founded on the features of the face and the hand, the supposed relations existing between new-born children and the constellations of heaven; and the resemblance they sometimes bear to animals. Your mind, as well as mine, is far from bestowing any credit upon these fallacious raving, which inflict sorrow upon those whom they threaten, and deceive those whom they flatter. I will carefully avoid everything that tends to the marvellous; and if I seem to lead you towards it, do not think that I wander from the path of nature, but that I merely unfold some of her productions, of which till then you were ignorant. What I shall tell you will be clear and natural, for a true physiognomist never reveals what a person will be, but what it ought to have been. It is beyond his reach to dive into future events, but he is able to discover how you would behave should you be placed in trying situations. He can only perceive what immediately proceeds from the being upon whom he bends the powers of his observation, but whatever is foreign to him remains concealed behind a veil. He will explore the true temper of a man, but never presume to form an opinion of the fate that awaits him; his glance will penetrate into the secret of his talents, but not into the use he may make of them, for he will only know what might have been done with them.

The most important point is to prove that the physiognomy of human beings is but the material image of the soul; that their external appearances enable us to judge of their internal passions, and that the various features of their face are sufficient, without extending our observations any farther, to unravel their inclinations, talents, and capacities. Will not every one allow that the science which thus opens to our view the mysteries of the heart, may become, should it ever be settled on a solid basis, most useful to society? could any other be then put in comparison with it? But it is useless, you will say, to wish to settle this interesting science on a solid basis, it is longing for a good which we never can obtain, and then you fix boundaries to this study which you fancy it is impossible to pass. You believe that speeches and actions are the only certain channels of information, and that I know how to adapt what I have heard of a person's character to his physiognomy, so as to pronounce

a just opinion whenever I am required to do so. Yet you are indulgent enough to grant that I may be unconsciously guilty of acting thus: this is dealing with me with more mildness than I am accustomed to; but from you I expect it, and demand that you should not rely upon mere promises, but not shut your eyes to conviction, when I am able to make good all I have advanced. At all events it will then be time enough to brand me with the epithet of mad, and to feel the sentiment of pity, which the sight of mental derangement always produces. Yet every one falls into some kind of folly, and if we were to scrutinize with impartiality into the generality of mankind, we should find that the follies of men are sometimes the most valuable part of their characters. Mine is that of studying physiognomies, but it is far from dangerous; it leans more in favour of the good than it turns against the bad; I become better acquainted with my fellow-creatures, and no more expect to meet with perfection among them; I compare their defects together, and excuse those which deserve forgiveness, for who can know better than a physiognomist those that are entitled to our pity and indulgence? He is entrusted with the secret of nature; she alone guides his judgment, and teaches him to require no more of every individual than the virtues which have fallen to his lot. He may succeed also in bringing those virtues to light, in inspiring their possessors with self-confidence, exalting their courage, and raising them to a pitch of elevation which they never had any hope to reach.

It is necessary to give you a description of what is called physiognomy, and this is the most difficult part of the task you have imposed upon me. It does not consist in the appearance, the face, the mein, or features; for I have seen people extremely like each other, while their physiognomies expressed different passions. If I were to recur to etymology, I should find in the two Greek words that compose the name of this science, a plain explanation of its meaning, *PHUSEOS NEMOS*, means *the law of nature*; and, according to my doctrine, physiognomy is nothing more than the law, the exact rule by which nature has enabled us to judge of human-kind. You will ask which is this rule, in what does it consist? I can only answer that it is written on the face of man, on its different features, and strikes my eyes whenever I behold a human being without its being in my power to unveil it easily to others. As we proceed, I hope to make discoveries which will assist me in unfolding what now may seem obscure; but as this letter is already so long, I will not anticipate the precepts which I am about to lay before you, and keep this store of instruction to fill up my next.

LETTER II.

I finished my last by remarking how difficult it was to give an exact definition of physiognomy, according to the ideal I have formed of it; I know that it is generally said, that whatever we understand perfectly we can easily explain; yet it is not now the case.—I see plainly the object I want to describe, but find no words to express myself. It often happens that a skilful artist describes in a work beauties and defects, which he strives in vain to expose to the view of others. It is necessary to be in some degree acquainted with an art before we can understand the language of those who are proficient in it; whilst we seize easily the meaning of any science of which we have already conceived an idea, and the study of which is the result of our own inclination.—Those who stand in the two situations I have last mentioned, will immediately dive into the mystery of a new discovery, and explain it without the assistance of others; while those who are totally deprived of information on that subject (and they form the largest part of the community) will deride physiognomy, because they do not comprehend the precepts given them, and are ashamed at their want of capacity.

To me it seems plain that every thing has its physiognomy, and this is my way of reasoning: every man who excels in any art is able to determine at the first glance the value, and the good and bad qualities of an object which falls within the reach of the profession to which he belongs, though he had never seen it before; and in this case it is habit, and his natural talent, that prevents him from erring. A skilful gardener, for instance, without opening the fruits that hang before him, will tell you whether they be sound and ripe; and if every thing have its physiognomy, why should men be deprived of it? If that of inanimate things never deceives our observations, why should that of men be more fallacious? and, to bring the weighty authority of Aristotle into the question, I will quote the comparison he employed: "If hunters can trace the qualities of dogs in their physiognomies, why should we not gather from the features of our fellow-creatures the knowledge of their virtues and vices?" If it be granted that a man possesses a physiognomy, it must be sensible; if so, it must be in our power to discover and explore it.

Nature, who never produces any useless object, would not have created it, to conceal it from our view; and even had such been her plan, she could not have put it into execution; for it is the external representation, or if you prefer this definition, the living and visible expression of all the principles, which constitute a human

being; it would have been as utterly impossible to hide this reflection of the mind as to appear tall when our stature is low. It is with the composition of man, as with that of those balsams which must be annihilated before the perfumes they exhale can lose their powers; you must crush a looking glass to atoms, else every particle will still reflect your visage; physiognomy is a looking-glass which will never present you with the vain illusions created by vanity, or other equally powerful passions; in it you will descry even the secret attempts made by men to conceal their emotions; it never mixes together what proceeds from nature with the productions of art; the most fleeting alteration, the slightest whim, or burst of ill-humour, will lie unfolded before you. The eyes of those who have studied this science cannot be deceived by the stratagems made use of by persons on their guard, and they perceive the difference that subsists between dissimulation and openness, as between the rouge that bedaubs the cheeks of a fashionable lady and the roses strewed by health on the face of youth. I am now almost persuaded, that the surest and only means of truly knowing men, is to observe their physiognomies; they are at liberty to alter their sentiments in conversation, and their conduct depends upon the circumstances in which they are involved, but their physiognomy alone reveals their real character. The changes apparent in their behaviour during the course of their existence are only external, they remain the same, and people wonder at their sudden metamorphoses, only because they had not examined their physiognomy, which would have represented them such as they were.

I should think I had committed some gross error in my observations, did I hear something I did not expect from a person whose features I had scrutinized; but this information does not inspire one with a greater share of esteem or contempt for individuals, for I do not require from them, or lay to their charge, what is not in their power to possess or avoid. I am sometimes amused with the situations in which my imagination places certain persons, and makes them perform actions suited to the expression of their features, and I have frequently had the pleasure of hearing them acknowledge, when I had informed them of what I had done, that in similar circumstances they would have probably followed the same line of conduct. Striking events have also confirmed the opinions I had formed, and experience having crowned my calculations with success, my habit of trusting in physiognomies is become so strong that it would prove useless to try to shake it off.

I never let the relations of others influence my judgment; they may waste their eloquence in

warm praises or satirical remarks, I never pass a sentence upon a man till I have seen his face. But what do you perceive in his face, you will say, features common to all men, and which only vary in their colour and their proportions? This is true; but you will soon allow that from this variety in the complexion and the proportions, an expression may proceed which belongs to one man in particular, for two human beings exactly alike have never been found, and which gives us an insight into the most hidden part of his character.

The talent of a physiognomist is a free gift from nature; those who are endowed with it, are sometimes unconscious of the treasure they possess till opportunities occur when it begins to unfold, and then, in a short time, they equal those who have tried to acquire it through the most indefatigable labours. Many also, though conscious of their talent, are too timid to make any use of it, being blinded by prejudice upon their own opinions, when even they are just. It was chance that has led me to believe I had been favoured with a small portion of it; and far from letting it slumber, I have cultivated, and I hope improved it. Though it be a free gift of nature, it may be improved by art and application, and it is sufficient to succeed in one instance to lay down a rule which seldom misleads us, but which every one must find out and compose for himself, as it is the fruit of a natural instinct, which it would be difficult not to understand and obey. The only advantage which art and application can produce, is a greater facility and quickness of judgment, which fills the vulgar with astonishment. This science is a fruitful source of never failing enjoyments, flowing from the abundant diversity of characters, which surpasses that of features; what attracts your observation to-day, will give place to other subjects fit to awaken the most interesting remarks to-morrow. Physical nature is inexhaustible, but considered under a moral point of view, no limits can be fixed to the immensity of her extent; and in the wide field of physiognomy, we do not only behold what passes continually before us, but what may in a future time follow. Recollect what pleasure you felt at —, when you asked my opinion of the persons who composed our company, most of whom I then saw for the first time in my life, and my answers coincided exactly with the reality. With a taste for this science it is impossible to become acquainted with ennui; and though now less eager after discoveries, I am still fond of being introduced to new persons, with the love of finding some food for my favourite passion; and I often return delighted with the instruction I have collected, without giving birth to any suspicion. I do not mean

those discoveries which relate only to accidental passions, and the distinctions which I create between the energy of the mind and that of the body, between those who have formed their wit and those whom wit has taught, but I mean those which serve to establish my doctrine on a firmer basis. But I did not perceive how far I had encroached upon your patience, and must plead my excuse, as the wish of kindling the same enthusiasm for physiognomy in your soul, has alone rendered me guilty.

E. R.

[To be continued.]

ON THE ART OF DRAWING.

[Continued from Page 149.]

AMONG the many who resort to the drawing school for instruction, it may be remarked that few, very few, carry with them the idea of acquiring a competent knowledge of any particular branch of the art; they go to learn to draw; their parents, relatives, or friends, wish them to learn, because it is an elegant accomplishment, and the youth must have a general notion of what all the world admire. The ladies especially are delivered to the master with the most indefinite and perplexing directions; they are to learn to draw the eye, the nose, the mouth, and the head; hands, feet, and whole figures, flowers, fruit, and landscapes; any thing, and every thing; to draw in pencil, chalks, red, black, and white, in India ink, and in colours; but is the whole of this possible? does it not require a very different turn of thought to study the human figure from what is requisite to acquire just ideas of proportion in animals, in edifices, in trees, or in flowers?

Often in vain the master enquires what the pupil is directed, or wishes to draw; the friends have given no particular direction, and the pupil is indifferent about it: and not less frequently he gives dissatisfaction, either to the scholar or to the friends, by setting before the youth what it may happen he does not really acquire, or what is not, when done, remarkably striking to the party principally to be pleased. This is mortifying to the instructor; and it is discouraging to the pupil when the labour perhaps of six months is taken home, and the whole is condemned in the lump. "What," says the old gentleman, "am I to pay so much for the boy to be able to make a barn, or an out-house? why did he not learn to do history, or something of caricature, that he might entertain himself or his friends? Ah! you will never make a Michael Angelo, or a Bunbury, if you do not draw something else besides pig-sties and dog-kennels." Well, the lad desires to copy the requisite subjects, to qualify him for making a figure. Examples from Raphael are, among artists, confessedly most excellent studies for the pupil, and even for the proficient. Six months

more are bestowed in drawing after the admired productions of this transcendental genius—and the satisfaction is often no greater!

The pupil has not been able to give the beautiful forms of these sublime, simple, and elegant figures, with becoming spirit; the masterly touch of the original appears coarse and uncouth from the juvenile hand; possibly the figures themselves are deemed antiquated, unnatural, or useless. "Why," says the matron, "don't you get to do something pretty, something fit to put behind a glass? who would go to the expence of framing that great head you call Flynas the Sorcerer, with those rough strokes, I suppose meant for a beard, all over his face."

This sketch will, it is hoped, shew the necessity of giving a discretionary authority to the master, as to the objects principally to be pursued by the pupil; to discover for what particular subjects the youth has an inclination, and promptitude; and to rely wholly on the master's judgment to find out and improve the bend, or bias, of his scholar's genius.

The objects of this art are inconceivably various; and surprisingly different are the several manners in which the different subjects may be treated with propriety; and this variety, it will rarely happen but that some subjects may be hit upon, or selected, in which every one may make a considerable proficiency; but general excellence is the happy lot of very few upon the long catalogue of artists of the highest reputation; it is the result of long experience and practice, or the peculiar distinction of an universal genius. We have but one; rarely we meet with one who handles subjects with equal facility, or in a style above mediocrity, and who attains to a decided pre-eminence in any branch of the art.

It is therefore highly important to the learner, that his master be duly apprised of the objects deemed necessary for him to study; and that the whole attention be unremittingly directed towards these objects only. The most beneficial advantages will speedily accrue from this, as it

were, concentrating the mental powers; they will penetrate to the theory on which practice is founded; and this farther satisfaction will result, the accurate investigation of any particular subject will delightfully facilitate improvement in whatever may afterwards come under consideration; while a superficial rambling over the extensive field of art, will leave few lasting impressions on the mind, will produce a knowledge scarce worth the trouble of collecting, because inadequate to any purpose beyond puerile amusement. The prevalent pursuit of the present day is landscape; but what other than puerile amusement for grown people, or absolute ridicule to an artist, can arise from looking over the hasty little sketches of gentlemen who never learned, who have totally forgot, or who never attend to the first rudiments of drawing?

Beautiful they are called, because the objects truly were beautiful; free, because made in a hurry, made in ten minutes, in a post chaise, possibly *en passant*, perhaps in a shower of rain; should an artist make a sketch in such haste as to be intelligible only to himself, he would put it into form before he exhibited it as a specimen of Gothic architecture, picturesque scenery, or

faithful portraiture of some interesting spot. If a gentleman artist should be an M.D. L.L.D. F.A.S. or F.R.S. or be any ways connected with the editor, printer, or publisher, of some periodical publication, his beautiful *little bits* infallibly fall into the hands of an engraver; who if, unfortunately for his own ease, he knows any thing of drawing, will be perfectly bewildered in the intricacy of delineation; or if, happily, he knows nothing about it except what he may have collected out of a sixpenny drawing book of perspective, the prints may possibly, even in this case, have an advantage of the drawing, by some two of the lines being parallel, and some three, if not more, being drawn to the same point somewhere or other; but the public unfortunately must, in either case, be presented with views of edifices, which the hand of time itself, assisted by the most barbarian ravages (which avowedly produce the most rude, rough, and picturesque effects), could not render as rude, irregular, and confused, as the beautiful original sketches. Hence to draw like a gentleman, has now ceased to be a recommendation.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH SYNONOMY.

THE impossibility of writing with accuracy and precision, without a due attention to the specific import of words, having been demonstrated in the lecture on "The Stricture of Language," a list of the principal reputed synonymies, may not be unacceptable to the generality of the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Sensibility, tenderness.—The first relates to sensation, the last to sentiment.

Tenderness is the natural state of the soul, sensibility is its disposition to receive impressions. One attaches by kindness the heart that is sensible; the heart that is tender attaches itself. Tenderness loses none of its force by being always in action; but the vivacity of sensibility is impaired by frequent excitement.

Demonstration of friendship, testimonies of friendship.—Demonstrations of friendship are frequent in society, the testimonies of it are rare. The first is confined to the exterior; professions, caresses, anomalous attentions are demonstrations of friendship. They indicate attachment, but do not prove it. The testimonies of friendship are so many irrefragable proofs of its existence; they are actions prompted by the unfeigned interest which the heart takes in the concerns of another, and which have the advantage and hap-

piness of the person in view. A perfidious friend may not be wanting in any of the demonstrations of friendship, but it is only the real one who furnishes testimonies of it.

Firmness, constancy.—Firmness is the steady resistance which a strong mind opposes to the temptations that assail it. Constancy is an uniform attachment to the same objects. He who is firm, can neither be seduced by pleasure, nor intimidated by danger; neither the allurements of glory or of riches; neither the fear of disgrace, of hardships, of torture, or even of death itself, can shake the resolution which his judgment and his conscience approve. The constant are not affected by variety; the same inclination draws them always, and equally, towards the same thing. In the time of difficulty and danger, the man of firmness is sustained by his courage, and determined by his reason: the man of constancy has no guide but his heart; he has always the same wants.

Realize, effect, execute.—These verbs agree in expressing the accomplishment of something which was intended, but they announce it under different circumstances. To realize, is to accomplish that which appearances have induced us to hope. To effect, is to accomplish that of which

the expectation was excited by some promise on which we relied. To execute, is to accomplish that of which a regular plan had been traced out. Thus we speak with propriety of realising hopes, of effecting arrangements, and of executing designs.

Forbidden, prohibited.—Both these words denote something which is contrary to an order, or to the law; they differ in this, that it is human laws which prohibit, but divine laws which forbid. Idolatry is forbidden, smuggling prohibited.

Discredit, decry.—The last attacks the reputation; the first the credit. One decries a woman in accusing her of indiscretions; one discredits a man of business, in reporting him to be ruined. One decries an ambassador, in saying that he is not entrusted with the usual powers; one discredits him, in saying that he is destitute of judgment or honour. The jealousy of some authors prompts them to decry others, in order to discredit their opinions.

Irresolution, indecision.—We are irresolute in cases where taste or sentiment is to determine; we are undecided when it is reason that should guide us. The irresolute are not sufficiently affected by any object to feel a decided preference for it. The undecided want a motive sufficiently powerful to determine their choice. Indecision proceeds from a want of judgment; irresolution from a deficiency of sensibility. We sometimes decide upon measures which we have not resolution enough to carry into effect; and we sometimes resolve to adopt those, on the policy of which we have not decided. The irresolute want a stimulus; the undecided require instruction. To determine the latter, we must have an authority over the mind; to determine the former, we must have an influence upon the soul.

Metaphor, simile, allegory.—A metaphor is a simile expressed in an abridged form. An allegory is a metaphor continued. A metaphor is a figure founded entirely on the resemblance which one object bears to another: thus we say of a minister, whose wisdom and talents have greatly benefited his country, that he is the *pillar* of the state. A simile or comparison requires more words: we employ a simile when, speaking of such a minister we say, that he upholds the state, like a pillar that supports the whole edifice; or, that he is a pillar to the state. The words *as* or *like*, are the signs of simile. An author who indulges himself much in the use of metaphor, sometimes carries it so far that it becomes an allegory.

To extol, to praise.—We extol a person in order to procure him the esteem of others, or to extend his reputation. We praise him to testify the esteem which we ourselves feel for him. To

extol, is to attribute to the object a great many qualities which it may, or may not possess. To praise, is to express our admiration of some excellence that is apparent. One extols a man's character; one praises his conduct.

Misfortune, accident, disaster.—These words all announce some distressing event; but misfortune applies particularly to the events which affect the interest. Accident regards what happens to the person. Disaster has a more extensive application. It is a misfortune for a man to lose his friend or his property. It is an accident for him to fall and be hurt. It is a disaster to be suddenly disgraced in the world. One says, a great misfortune, a cruel accident, a frightful disaster.

To invent, to discover.—One invents something new; by the force of imagination; one discovers, by research, something which has been concealed. The one marks the fecundity of the mind, the other its penetration. A physician and a philosopher trace effects till they discover their cause. A mechanic is continually exercising his invention. Sir Isaac Newton made many valuable discoveries; Sir Richard Arkwright has produced many useful inventions.

Indolence, supineness, laziness, negligence.—Indolence, proceeds from a deficiency of sensibility; supineness, from a deficiency of ardour; laziness, from a deficiency of activity; and negligence, from a deficiency of care. Nothing moves the indolent; they are without passions and without impulses. It is difficult to animate the supine; they proceed slowly and faintly with whatever they attempt. The love of inaction renders the lazy indifferent to all the advantages which they might reap from exertion. The negligent attend to nothing; they forget all that they are enjoined, and are incapable of doing any thing with exactness. Indolence enfeebles the powers of the mind. Supineness dreads fatigue. Laziness huns trouble. Negligence creates delays, and profits not by opportunities.

Coward, poltroon.—A coward recedes; a poltroon dare not advance. The first does not defend himself; he is deficient in valour. The second attacks not; he is deficient in courage. We must never recur upon the assistance of a coward, or the support of a poltroon.

Declare, discover, manifest, reveal, disclose.—All these words indicate the communication of something previously unknown; but the word declare, implies a communication made with a design; to discover, is to show, either from design or inadvertence, something which had been concealed; to manifest, is to render evident what was before doubtful; to reveal, is to make public what we are bound in honour to conceal; to disclose, is to mention the name of a person who

has done something of which he is unwilling to be thought the author. Criminals frequently declare their accomplices. Confidants sometimes discover the secrets with which they have been entrusted. Truth often manifests itself in defiance of the efforts which are made to suppress it. Confessors have been known to reveal the confessions of their penitents. We should be careful to have no witnesses of that which we are afraid to have disclosed.

Ability, capacity.—These words, though often confounded, in writing and discourse, are significant of two different powers of the mind. Ability, is the power which enables us to *act*, capacity, that which enables us to *receive*. The former may be strong or weak; the latter extensive or contracted, shallow or profound. We may perceive a great disparity in the capacity of girls at school, but it is not till they become women that we can form a proper estimate of their abilities.

To pray, to supplicate.—To pray any one to accord us what we ask, does not mark a desire so lively, or a want so urgent, as to supplicate. We pray a friend to render us any trifling service; we supplicate the King, or some one in authority, to redress our wrongs.

Weak, weakness.—A man of good understanding may have weaknesses, a man without any understanding is weak. Nature or education

may have made us weak, we want the power or the courage to be otherwise; but our weaknesses are voluntary, we will not resist them. A weak man continues so all his life; but the weaknesses of youth seldom adhere to old age.

Acquirement, acquisition, attainment.—These words agree in expressing something which has been obtained either by chance or labour; but in precise language they are appropriate to different objects. Thus we say, the acquirements of study, the acquisitions of fortune, the attainments of morality.

Malice, malignity.—These words are synonymous in expressing an evil quality of the mind, their difference is marked by the object at which they aim. Malice seeks less to injure than to give pain. Malignity delights in traducing characters and subverting happiness. Malice is cunning in devising ways to mortify its object. Malignity, more deep, more skilled in dissimulation, is active in projecting measures to ruin it. Malice attacks the vanity, malignity the happiness; and while the former seeks but to damp enjoyment, the latter aims at annihilating it. Malice, however, when it has long operated in the mind, loses every hour something of what distinguished it from its sister vice, and imperceptibly advances towards conversion into malignity.

[To be continued.]

ON HERALDRY.

[Continued from Page 142.]

As for arms, or coat-armour, they are so called because they are generally borne on arms, on the shield or buckler, on the coat of arms, in banners and persons; and because it is principally in war and tournaments (which are feats of arms), that they had their first rise.

The definition we have given of arms is made up of several branches, which shall be briefly explained.

In the first place, arms are marks of honour, that is, of nobility, or gentility and virtue; because they must owe their origin either to military valour, consummate ability and prudence in the management of public affairs, or to some eminent quality.

Secondly, arms are hereditary, and descend from father to son, down to the remotest posterity, which distinguish them from symbolical figures formerly borne by ancient heroes, generals of armies, and soldiers; and which, as we have said before, were only either rational or personal distinctions.

Thirdly, arms are made up of figures and tinctures, or colours, fixed, limited, and determined; which also distinguish them from symbols, hieroglyphics, emblems, and devices; and herein, properly, consists the very essence of the heraldic science.

Fourthly, It cannot be denied, that arms were at first taken up according to the fancy of the bearers.

But then, in the fifth place, since blazonry was methodically settled and confined within rules, arms have either been granted or confirmed by Sovereign Princes; that is, when Princes ennobled private persons, as a reward of their bravery or virtue, they either bestowed upon them arms, if they had none before, or preserved and confirmed to them, with some alteration and addition, those they already had. By these means, in the sixth place, arms are become the true marks of nobility, or gentility; because, in all civilized nations, the Sovereign is the fountain of honour.

Princes having wisely considered, that the illustrating those who had performed signal services to the state, either in peace or in war, was a powerful incentive to others to imitate them, rewarded the merit of the first by distinctions of honour, and at the same time restrained the wanton and unlimited use of arms. Herakls having, in all ages, as I have shewn before, had the superintendancy over all matters of honour, nobility, and chivalry; the framing of the rules or laws of blazonry, and of regulations for bearing of coat-armours, was committed to their care, in order to preserve them to those that had a just title to them, and to take them from those who wrongfully assumed them. But, notwithstanding these precautions, many abuses have been, and still are, committed and connived at, in this matter, in all nations—Lastly, arms serve to distinguish not only private families, but also states, empires, kingdoms, provinces, cities, communities, companies, societies, and dignities, ecclesiastical, civil, and military; for which reason, they are divided into several species.

To complete this concise system of heraldry, it is necessary to explain the numerous terms made use of in the science, as now settled and determined. We will begin with the points of the escutcheon.

These points, by armourists, are used to determine exactly the position of the bearings they are charged with, and the knowledge of these points ought to be well observed; for the same figure, in the same tincture, borne in different points of the escutcheon, renders those bearings as so many different arms; for it must be observed, that the use of these points is to mark the difference of coats exactly; for example, arms having a lion in chief differs from one having a lion in base. Next, distinctions of houses,

these inform us how the bearer of each is descended from the same family; they also denote the subordinate degrees in each house from the original ancestor, viz. first house, for the heir, or first son, the label; second son, the crescent; third son, the mullet; fourth son, the martlet; fifth son, the annulet; sixth son, the fleur-de-lis.

Second house—The crescent, with the label on it, for the first son of the second son; the crescent on the crescent for the second son of the second son of the first house, &c. By the tinctures or colours, is meant that variety of hue of arms common both to shields and their charges: the colours generally used, are red, blue, sable, vert, purple, yellow, and white, termed or and argent, are metals. These colours are represented, in engravings, by dots and lines, as represented in Debrett's Peerage. Or is expressed, as above, by dots; argent, is plain; gules, by perpendicular lines; azure, by horizontal lines; sable, by perpendicular and horizontal lines crossing each other; vert, by diagonal lines from the dexter chief to the sinister base point.

Furs are of different kinds, and represent the hairy skins of certain animals, prepared for the linings of robes of state, and anciently shields were covered with furred skins: they are used in coats of arms, viz. ermine, is black spots on a white field; ermeline, is a field black with white spots; ermineois, is a field gold with black spots; vair, is white and blue, represented by figures of small escutcheons arranged in a line, so that the base argent is opposite to the base. Potent counter—potent, is a field covered with figures, like crutch-heads, as in Debrett's plates.

[To be continued.]

POETRY.

ALL THE TALENTS!

The following extract is taken from this celebrated Pamphlet.

POLYPUS. Health to the King! the more I think, I give
This heart-felt utterance—*May our Monarch live!*

SCRIBLERUS. Now long live Sh-r-d-n! a nobler soul
Heav'n never form'd since worlds began to roll.

POLYPUS. Fix'd thoughts on Sh-r-d-n 'tis vain to seek,
Who from himself is varying every week;

And pict'ring, like a cloud at close of day,
Fantastic features never at a stay:
Where heads of asses or of hogs dispose,
The short-liv'd flip and evanescent nose;
Where on his throne at Ammon as we stare,
He turns a monkey and his throne a bear.
To grasp this Proteus, were to cork in jars
The fleeting rainbows and the falling stars.
Now calm he lives and careless to be gay
Now deep in plots and blustering in day,
Now drinking, rhiming, dicung, pass his day,
And now he plans a peace, and now to play.
The magic wand of eloquence assume:
Or sweeps up jests and brandishes his l

A giant sputt'ring pappy from the spoon,
 A mighty trifler and a sage buffoon.
 With too much wit to harbour common sense;
 With too much spirit ev'n to spare expence;
 To tradesman, Jockey, porter, Jack and Jill,
 He pays his court—but never p ys his bill.
 By fitful turns in sense and folly sunk,
 Divinely eloquent or beastly drunk;
 A splendid wreck of talents misapply'd,
 By sloth he loses what he gains by pride.
 Him mean, great, silly, wise, alike we call;
 The pride, the shame, the boast, the scorn of all!

SCRIBLERUS. Well, W-ndh-m, sure, on up-
 right aims is bent.

POLYPUS. So upright, that they hit him in
 descent.

O that the King wou'd dub him but a Lord,
 To sit like S-dm-th, silent in reward!
 For, spite of all his efforts and our pray'rs,
 Heav'n never meant the man for state affairs.
 Plan-mad, and am'rous of th' unfruitful moon,
 Give W-ndh-m *Wilkins'* wings—an air-balloon;
 Let him blow bubbles (Newton did the same),
 Or, like bland *Darwin*, winds and seasons tame;
 But thin-spun theories, a rushing mind,
 Imprudent, injudicious, o'er-refin'd,
 Are failings far unfit a realm to guide—
 Without sound reason, all is vain beside.
 A perfect juggler in his plans of state,
 He lays a system down, with solemn prate;
 Cries "*hocus pocus!* prithee mark—look on;"
 Then turns about, and *presto—whip—*'tis gone!
 Plan after plan the sad enthusiast moves,
 The patient House winks, smiles, and disap-
 proves.

In ill-pair'd tropes our Secretary talks;
 Mud and the milky way alike he walks;
 And fondly copying democratic aims,
 'Twixt high and low poetic banners proclaims;
 Now peas and pearls upon one chain compels;
 Now couples *Hercules* with cockle-shells;
 Adroit with gilded frippery to gloss,
 The brittle temper of his mental dross.
 Thus Irish D-yle, loquacious as a nurse,
 Tells ten bad stories to bring round a worse;
 His studied jests from merry *Miller* draws,
 Entraps a laugh and poaches for applause.

Smooth to perplex and candid to deceive;
 Alike expert to wed a cause and leave;
 A slave to method, yet the fool of whim,
 Good sense itself seems emptiness in him.
 In pompous jargon or low wit it hides,
 And very gravely makes us split our sides.
 Dull when he ponders, lucky in a hit,
 The very *Sal Volatile* of wit;
 Thro' the dark night to find the day he gropes;
 He thinks in theories, and talks in fropes.

SCRIBLERUS. Cou'd Wh-tbr-d catch a spark
 of W-ndh-m's fire—

POLYPUS. To deeds more dang'rous Wh for-d
 might aspire.

But as it stands, our *Brewer* has not *Nous*,
 To lead the mob, or to mislead the House.
 See how the happy soul himself admires!
 A hazy vapour thro' his head expires;
 His curls ambrosial, hop and poppy shade,
 Fit emblems of his talent and his trade.
 Slow, yet not cautious; cunning yet not wise;
 We hate him first, then pity, then despise.
 The plodding dunce, a simular of wit,
 Lays up his store of repartee and bit;
 His brain bedeck'd with many a nice conceit,
 As bills of Op'ra hang on butcher's meat.
 The pains he takes to seem a wit, forgive.
 It is the Dunce's sad prerogative.
 For fit is he th' affairs of state to move,
 As C——y, who licks his toothless love.
 Puft with the Pride that loves her name in print,
 And knock-kneed Vanity with inward squint;
 Laborious, heavy, slow, to catch a cause,
 Bills at long sight upon his wits he draws,
 And with a solemn smartness in his mien,
 Lights up his eyes and offers to look keen.

LINES,

*Upon seeing a beautiful Infant sleeping on the
 bosom of its Mother.*

UPON its native pillow dear,
 The little slumb'rer finds repose,
 His fragrant breath eludes the ear,
 As zephyr passing o'er a rose.

Yet soon from that pure spot of rest,
 Love's little throne! shall you be torn;
 Time hivers o'er thy downy rest,
 To crown the ruby brow with thorn.

Oh! thoughtless! couldst thou now but see
 On what a world thou soon must move,
 Or taste the cup prepar'd for thee
 Of grief, lost hopes, or widow'd love.

Ne'er from that breast thoud'st raise thine head,
 But thou would'st breathe to heav'n a pray'r
 To let thee in thy blossom fade,
 And in a kiss to perish there.

ON BLINDNESS.

Ah! think, if June's delicious rays
 The eye of sorrow can illumine,
 Or wild December's beamless days
 Can fling o'er all a transient gloom:

Ah! think, if skies, obscure or bright,
Can thus depress or cheer the mind;
Ah! think, 'midst clouds of utter night,
What mournful moments wait the Blind.

And who shall tell his cause for woe,
To love the wise he ne'er shall see;
To be a sike, and not to know
The silent babe that climbs his knee;
To have his feeling daily torn,
With pain, the passing meal to find;
To live distressed, and die forlorn,
Are ills that oft await the Blind.
When to the breezy uplands led,
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
He hears the red-breast o'er his head,
While round him breathes the scented thorn;
But oh! instead of Nature's face,
Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combin'd;
Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the Blind.
If rosy youth, bereft of sight,
'Midst countless thousands, pines unblest,
As the gay flower withdrawn from light,
Bows to the earth where all must rest;
Ah! think, when life's declining hours
To chilling penury are consign'd,
And pain has palsied all his powers,
Ah! think what woes await the Blind!

TO CLARINDA.

To me, sweet Clarinda, delightful and dear
Were the home grac'd by thee, though unlovely
and drear

The prospects that hemm'd in the dwelling;
Though Winter approach with his mantle of
snows,

And cold is the north wind around us that blows,
Yet glad is the heart, with thy presence that
glows,

And that love's warmest impulse is swelling.

Though vagrant my mind when Clarinda's away,
And these eyes when thou'rt absent in idleness
stray,

Deem me not of the infidel number:

Love shall pilot each wandering fancy to rest,
And 'mid night's drearest solitude steal to thy
breast;

And these eyes, which not bent on Clarinda, not
blest,

Seal soft in a heaven of slumber.

The pleasure in dreaming of thee can surpass
The frail fair's pleading charms, and the friend
toasting glass,

'Mid the jollity Bacchus assembles;

But when present, love reaps its reward in those
eyes,

Where are seen both the colour and hope of the
skies,
And reclin'd on thy bosom the world away flies,
There happiness triumphs and trembles.

Then his day-beams of fire, Sol from Cancer may
dart;

Not less ardent the Summer that reigns in this
heave,

And this truth pray Clarinda remember—

If we'd husband the bliss from our Summer that
streams,

Recollect we can only have sunshine by gleams,
And then, though less ardent, still brilliant the
beams

That shall shine on our age of December.

Q.

SONG.

From *Mr. CAREY'S Amatory Poems*, just published.

WHEN Colin first spoke of his amorous smart,
And told me that kissing could cure,
And hugg'd me, and called me the girl of his heart,
Why, I thought he was joking, for sure, for sure,
I thought he was joking, for sure.

When he woo'd me with sighs to consent to his
bliss,

Where the pink and the jasmine allure,

I thought, to myself, while he stole a soft kiss,
Was it that that he wanted, for sure, for sure?

Was it that that he wanted, for sure?

When with tears, at my feet, for compassion he
pray'd,

His anguish I could not endure;

Yet I laugh'd at the comical figure he made,

And cried, 'You are joking, for sure, for sure!'

And cried, 'You are joking, for sure!'

But, oh! when he found that I pitied his case,

And needs must consent to his cure;

He lock'd me so fast in a tender embrace,

That I thought I was dying, for sure, for sure;

I thought I was dying, for sure.

THE BARD.

On Irling's smooth and verdant plains,

A Bard, infirm and poor,

Pathetic tun'd his warbling harp:—

Alas! to tute no more!

"Flow on thou sweet and purling stream—

"Some future bard may stray

"Upon thy beauteous flow'ry banks

"And pour the mournful lay.

"Here genius first inspir'd my breast

"The tuneful harp to play;

"And oft the echo, sorrow's note,

"On Zephyrs bore away.



" Misfortune's sons are ev'ry where
 " Disper'd in ev'ry clime;
 " And pen'ry's offspring fills the earth,
 " Attendants on the Nine.
 " These often pierc'd my youthful heart
 " With sad affliction's throes;
 " And cheerless press'd my weary thoughts
 " Beneath a weight of woe.
 " Now steal away ye trembling notes!
 " And glide in melting strains:
 " The sun of life is setting fast—
 " A feeble ray remains.
 " Farewell ye gay and pleasant scenes,
 " Farewell thou murm'ring wave,
 " Adieu ye bonny daisies white,
 " I hasten to the grave!"
 Reclin'd upon the dewy grass,
 His arms asunder spread;
 He clos'd his wild and flashing eye
 Among the silent dead.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE.

In this sequester'd calm, 'tis sweet
 To hear the sky-lark's earliest song,
 The purple light of morn to greet,
 These dewy paths of health among;
 To mark the slanting sun-beams gleam
 On groves and haunts, spires and trees;
 Dimly to trace the winding stream,
 And catch the music of the breeze.
 When from the sun's meridian rays
 The sick'ning herds to shelter fly,
 These moss grown seats and winding ways
 A shade congenial shall supply.
 Here let me wander, when at night
 Dead silence holds her awful reign,
 When the red beam of evening light
 Slumbers upon the peaceful plain;
 Or when the wether's tinkling bell
 Swells on the ear, from distance borne,
 The owl sails by, and through the dell
 The beetle winds his tuneful horn.
 Sounds such as these inspire the soul
 With rapturous visions, swift and fair,
 The woe-fraught scenes of life control,
 And soothe the anguish of despair.
 Oh ———! oft may Spring renew
 These scenes thy presence makes so dear!
 Autumn oft steep thy flowers in dew,
 And Summer love to linger here.
 Though Winter frown, 'tis but a day
 Till laughing Spring resumed her reign,
 So joys and griefs our b'oms sway,
 And heartfelt pleasures banish pain.

TO ELIZA.

Let lighter bards in sportive numbers play,
 Weave the gay wreath, and join the choraklay;
 Round Pleasure's altar fading chaplets twine,
 And deck their temples with the madd'ning vine;
 My chaster Muse selects for Fancy's dream,
 A dearer object, and a worthier theme.
 For thee, Eliza, mistress of my soul,
 The artless lines, untaught, spontaneous roll;
 For thee, that yet in mem'ry's pious lay,
 Its long forgotten vows my soul may pay.
 Oh! form'd to please (if Beauty's self can please),
 Oh! fraught with candour, elegance, and ease!
 If yet thy breast its pristine warmth retain,
 If yet thy footsteps tread my native plain;
 Oh! while thy friend, thy more than lover strays,
 Remote from thee, in folly's dubious maze:
 Shall not remembrance, to his wounded heart,
 Her balms disperse, her magic art impart?
 Oh! while the scoff, the proud contemptuous
 sneer,
 Distress his feelings and assail his ear;
 While bigot pride, the friend of schoolmen hoar,
 And ignorance attack with barb'rous lore;
 Oh! say, my fairest, shall not hope display
 Her orient star to cheer my weary way,
 My soul revolts, it sickens at the sight,
 And turns to other realms its hasty flight:
 To thee it turns, now more than doubly dear;
 Thy voice shall soothe me, and thy smile shall
 cheer;
 For yet, methinks I see, with pleasure warm,
 Thy face benignant, thy enchanting form.
 And oft as mem'ry charms the tedious hour,
 Oft as fair hope exerts her genial pow'r,
 Once more I strike with renovated fire,
 Obedient to thy call, the patriot lyre.
 That lyre so long at careless distance flung,
 Its notes forgotten, and its chords unstrung,
 With songs of other times again shall cheer,
 Though far from thee, its master's captiv'd ear;
 Once more in Cumbria's vales, unheard so long,
 The hayad blythe shall hail the plaintive song.

SONG.

Hence Jealousy, Discord, and Sorrow;
 But welcome Worth, Friendship, and Love!
 Let grey-beards and fools dread to-morrow,
 We then ev'ry torment may prove:
 To-day let us push round the glasses,
 That quench every spark of keen woe;
 And drink to true Friends and good Lasses,
 To them ev'ry pleasure we owe.
 Since joys in this wide world of madness,
 Are mingl'd with troubles and fears,
 Poor mortals should never court sadness;
 Man's life is but shorten'd by tears.
 Long, long may we push round, &c.

For me, while life's purple stream 's flowing,
 No cage shall e'er furrow my brow;
 The fickle blind goddess well knowing,
 To Worth, but not Wealth, will I bow;
 And merrily push round, &c.

Since thinking creates but vexation,
 And partly leads only to strife,
 Contentment, whatever my station,
 Be thou my companion thro' life:
 Then cheerful I'll pass round the glasses,
 That quench ev'ry spark of keen woe;
 And drink to true Friends and good Lasses,
 To them ev'ry pleasure we owe.

VERSES.

*Written by a Gentleman, on seeing the last flower
 in the drawing-book of his Daughter, who sud-
 denly lost her sight by an injury received in the
 optic nerves.*

HERE, hapless maid, here end thy playful pains;
 Nature hath shut her book—thy task is done.
 Of all her varying charms, what now remains?
 To smell the violet, and to feel the sun.

In liberal arts thy youthful hands did grow,
 Quick moving at thy better sense's call;
 That better sense is gone—their task is now
 To twist the yarn, or grope the friendly wall.

O! fate severe! earth's lesson early taught,
 That all is vain, save Virtue, Love, and Truth;
 We own it all that through life's days have
 wrought—

But thou hast learnt it in thy morn of youth.
 Pupil of Heav'n thou art; compute thy gain
 When dullness loads thee, or regret assails;
 All is not gone, for Faith and Hope remain,
 And gentle Chastity which never fails.

Love now shall glow where Envy might have
 burn'd,

And every eye and every hand be thine;
 Each human form, each object undiscern'd,
 From borrow'd organs thou may'st still divine.

But thy great Maker's own transcendent form,
 His love ineffable, his ways of old,
 His perfect wisdom, and his presence bright,
 "Thine eyes, and not another's shall behold,"

L. B.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR APRIL.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

As every thing which relates to the theatrical art cannot fail to entertain a British reader, we have thought proper to present to the public a translation of a new play, which was received with great applause on one of the Paris stages. It is composed by L. B. Picard who has already distinguished himself by the pieces which his muse has produced, as well as by his talents in acting, which, in the comic line, without ever descending to low buffoonery, have left him few rivals. The title of the play is, *Maids to be Married*; and the scene in the house of Mr. Jaquemin.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JAQUEMIN, an opulent country gentleman,
 father to Louise and Therese,
 and the guardian of Agathe
 and Pauline.

SAINVILLE, his guest.

CORSIGNAC, Sainville's friend.

LEDoux, an elderly gentleman to whom
 Agathe is promised.

AGATHE DE PERMONT, twenty-six years old.

PAULINE, her sister, twenty-one ditto.

URSULE ROUVIGNY, a neighbour, twenty-
 three years old.

LOUISE JAQUEMIN, eighteen ditto.

THERESE, her sister, sixteen ditto.

ACT I.

Therese. Great news my friends, I have an important secret to reveal.

All. What is it? tell us quick.

Therese. A bachelor is to day expected here.

All. A bachelor!

Therese. A young handsome man from Paris, with five hundred a year and an only son!

Agathe. Indeed!

Louise. But how could you learn—

Therese. You know my curiosity, my father is not very prudent, as he owns it, anger or joy make him betray himself. Just now he received a letter, which filled him with pleasure, a few words escaped from his lips, which made me wish to know more; by degrees my cunning made him speak more than he meant, and I guessed the rest. He has ordered the apartment in the little pavilion to be got ready, and to-day the young man comes.

Ursule. He is going to be your father's guest, I perceive.

Therese. To be sure he is.

Ursule. 'Tis plain he comes on your account.

Louise. Why not on that of his wards? Since Agathe and Pauline had the misfortune of losing their parents, my father, who was appointed their guardian, has acted by them with the same affection as by his children. Is it not true Agathe? He has accustomed us to love you as a sister; has he not Pauline?

Pauline. Yes; our guardian is the best man in existence. It is not his fault if my sister has been a maid these five-and-twenty years. How many excellent matches has he not proposed to her, which she has all refused to finish, by listening to Mr. Ledoux, quite an old man!

Agathe. Five-and-twenty did you say, Pauline, I am scarcely twenty-four; but take care you do not follow my example! I was too proud, you are too romantic; I wanted a faultless being, and you are waiting for a stroke of sympathy. But as to my marriage with Ledoux, it is, not yet over.

Therese. I understand you; this new comer changes your projects, and as for our handsome neighbour, she is sorry that we should have such a guest, as there is no doubt that he is intended for one of us.

Ursule. I sorry! no my friends be just; our relations esteem each other, and live together as good neighbours ought to do; we are all born in the same place, I have been educated in a boarding school in town, Agathe and Pauline by their mother, till her death; when they became your companions, and lived beneath your roof; during three years I have never ceased to visit you, and it is hard you should now doubt of the sincerity of my friendship!

Therese. Yes, yes, it can never hurt a maid to frequent a house which contains four young ladies, for it is always filled with suitors.

Louise. You are too severe, Therese.

Therese. And you too good; Louise, you do not dive into the secret intentions of other people. I do not mean, however, to call it a crime in her to think of matrimony; it is very natural, for all our conversations dwell upon it; the word matrimony itself is so charming, that it is impossible to hear it pronounced without emotion.

Ursule. True; but I never would think of it at the expense of my friends. It is I who have engaged Agathe not to reject the addresses of Mr. Ledoux, though he be far from deserving her. Like Pauline, I am fond of reading, and if I prefer serious works to her novels, still I have as great a wish of inspiring also a strong passion in the bosom of a man. My mother who looks upon me as a little girl, will not permit me to meddle with the affairs of the house, like you my dear Louise, and yet I should like very much to command and rule in my turn; but lord bless

me, I am so good natured, so, little addicted to slander, and such a foe to noise and peevishness that certain young ladies took advantage of it, to lay their own scandalous observations upon my account. No, no, my friends, when a person is fortunate enough to have studied literature and philosophy—be happy, my dear companions, get good husbands, and I will share your felicity, I live for friendship alone.

Agathe. Excellent girl!

Pauline. She is a model of sensibility.

Therese (aside). Treacherous flatterer!

Ursule. And thus say little Therese—

Therese. Little! do not treat me as a child, I beg! at the age of seventeen!

Louise. Seventeen, my sister, you are not yet sixteen.

Agathe. It is strange how young people wish to make themselves appear older.

Louise. But we have lost sight of the main object. You say then, Therese, that my father expects to day a young visitor.

Agathe. From Paris?

Pauline. Handsome?

Ursule. Rich, and an only son?

Therese. It is a pleasure to give you any information, you do not forget it; but hark! my father comes, try to make him speak in your turn.

Enter JAQUEMIN.

Jaquemin. Good morning to you all; has Therese imparted the news to you? The son of an old friend of mine, Mr. Sainville, is on the way to my house.

Ursule. Sainville! his father was also acquainted with my parents.

Jaquemin. He was; I saw a good deal of the young man when I was at Paris last.

Therese. He comes to get a wife?

Jaquemin. What is it you say? your fancy has already taken its flight.

Therese. Be not angry, dear father, you are so fiery, but then you are so easily appeased.

Jaquemin. To get a wife! he comes to buy an estate in this province.

Therese. Ah! you wish to keep your secret; but I am sure you told him you had four young girls in your house.

Jaquemin. Well, what then?

Therese. He wants to make a choice.

Jaquemin. He has not thought about it—there is no such thing in contemplation—I approve of matrimony; Sainville is a very good fellow, and far from throwing any obstacle in the way—I should be delighted with—but as to making a choice—At last, my dear Agathe, your marriage is nearly settled with Mr. Ledoux, a respectable notary; he is a man of fifty, but blessed with a robust state of health; his fortune is not

only with that Work.

was at the hour when night re -

pp

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'was at the hour when night re -'. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment for the vocal line, starting with a piano (*pp*) dynamic marking. The bottom staff is a separate piano accompaniment line.

slow were fleet - ing, Morning

This musical system continues the piece with three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'slow were fleet - ing, Morning'. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment lines.

considerable, but he possesses an economical mind. You refused the young man, and it is not my fault if —

Agathe. You know very well, that at any time I am sure of having Mr. Ledoux.

Jaquemin. I believe it will be more wisely done to rest contented with him. As to Pauline, would such a match suit her taste, when settled beforehand, with equal fortunes, no strange adventures, no obstacles to conquer; she requires something more uncommon, more romantic, some sudden burst of sympathy, and a handsome but penniless youth to raise him to affluence.

Pauline. A single moment may suffice to awaken that powerful sympathy.

Jaquemin. Yes; but I am a strange sort of a guardian, exactly the contrary of what you see in plays and romances; I think myself too old to fall in love with my ward, am too honest to keep her fortune, and too good natured not to obey her will; as to Ursule, I have no right over her, and Therese is too young.

Therese. Never mind me, dear father, I am more open than you, you conceal your secret, and I will reveal mine, my choice is made.

Jaquemin. Indeed! and who is the happy object.

Therese. You are well acquainted with him, and favour him with your love, though you scolded him pretty well and often enough when he was here. Before he returned to college we vowed eternal love.

Jaquemin. Oh! my nephew; I should be very sorry to oppose such a reasonable passion; it is lucky we have time enough to think of it!

Therese. Provide for my eldest, I will wait.

Jaquemin. Louise is the only one whom in my opinion, he would suit. She is eighteen, good, handsome, and like her mother, who watched over her education, not too learned nor too ignorant; it is she who instructed her sister, and directs the internal concerns of my house with economy and prudence; and I am sure the praises I bestow upon her are too just not to be re-echoed by every one present.

Ursule. You are very right, Mr. Jaquemin.

Therese. Yes, my dear father, because she is neither envious, wicked, nor a coquette, my sister fancies such characters are not in existence; and whilst I exercise my talents for raillery upon others, she advises them without flattering or deriding their weaknesses. With me alone she is sometimes severe, but it is quite natural, I am like her own daughter.

Jaquemin. How happy I should be to settle her according to her deserts.

Louise. Since my most tender infancy I have been so accustomed to love and obey you, that I have no other will than yours. Whatever hus-

band you will present to me I will accept, fully persuaded that your choice will be calculated to promote my happiness.

Jaquemin. My dear girl—but I know nothing of Sainville's intentions, except that he wishes to marry, and that it is possible that finding himself in the company of four young ladies — for though I no longer reckon Therese, since she has vowed eternal love to her cousin, I must not count our neighbour.

Ursule. I beg your pardon, I must give up all pretensions.

Jaquemin. Why so? if he should suit you, and fix his choice upon you, I should have no objection to employ my influence to further the match. But the only motive of my coming here was to ask you to treat the son of my friend as you ought.

Therese. You need not fear, father.

Jaquemin. All his acquaintance were very respectable, and his most intimate one was a young gentleman from Bordeaux, a Mr. Consignac, who though he has lost the accent of his country, still preserves all its liveliness and humour.

Therese. Mr. Consignac?

Jaquemin. Will you not fancy now, that he is also destined for one of you. I hope that new connexions will not have altered Sainville's amiable disposition, but above all things do not let him see that you think he is come to look for a wife.

Therese. Oh, certainly not.

Jaquemin. You need not laugh, I repeat it again — his only intention is to buy an estate.

Therese. Very well.

Jaquemin. I am going to meet him, and shall soon see you again: make my compliments to your cousin, Therese, in your next letter, for I doubt not that you correspond with him. It is strange that out of five girls, the youngest alone should have a lover. *[Exit.]*

Therese. Excellent! He meant to say nothing, and has disclosed the whole.

Agathe. It is plain, that buying an estate is no more than a false pretence.

Ursule. His intention is to marry.

Pauline. It is; and my guardian leaves him a free choice amongst us.

Louise. Yet it seems that he wishes Mr. Sainville should fix upon me.

Pauline. Very natural in him; he prefers his daughter —

Ursule. And yet he does not put me off of the question, I who am neither his daughter nor ward.

Therese. But you are too nice not to refuse willingly to enter in competition.

Ursule. Why so?—Oh! you are right, when the happiness of my friends is interested in —

E c

You may be sure that he must pay the most marked attentions before I —. But hear me patiently; we may say, without being vain, that we are all handsome enough, it is probable that more than one will fall in love with him; as for me, I will avoid it; but, at all events, let not love destroy the friendship which till now has joined us together. Let us always be frank and open; and if it be the will of fate to make us rivals, let us still remain faithful friends.

Pauline. Admirable! thy words, Ursule, fill my soul with enthusiasm; it seems as though Miss Howe was herself addressing me.

Agathe. I heartily agree with you; and am determined to turn my old suitor, Mr. Ledoux, off this day.

Louise. Beware not to act too rashly, my dear Agathe, you know not this Sainville; he is, perhaps, have the same defects as those whom you have refused.

Agathe (aside). I repent severely not having passed over the defects of men before these little girls grew up to womanhood.

Therese. You have taken a fine resolution, provided you could keep it; I depend upon Louise, but there are very few women capable of such self-denial.

Ursule. As for me, I am sure I shall keep my word, and promise to give my companions a true account of the state of my heart.

Agathe. I promise the same.

Pauline. I swear I will unfold all my thoughts.

Therese. Permit me not to enter this confederacy; but first, according to my father's determination, Louise has more right to Mr. Sainville than either of you.

Ursule. Very true.

Agathe (low to Ursule). What do you say now?

Ursule (low to Agathe). Never mind; it is only to flatter her.

Pauline (low to Ursule). What! do you espouse her cause?

Ursule (low to Pauline.) Can you think I would hesitate between you both? (aloud) Yonder comes Mr. Ledoux, Agathe's favoured lover.

Enter Mr. LEDOUX, with a nosegay in his hand.

Ledoux. Ladies, I wish you a good morning. (To Agathe.) Will you permit me to present you these flowers?

Agathe. Lillies and narcissus! Oh, what a strong smell! I cannot bear it. Give them to Ursule.

Ursule. I am not fond of flowers, Sir; but Pauline likes them very much.

Therese (aside). Poor man! how he is bowled about!

Ledoux (to Pauline). Shall I?

Pauline. I, Sir, do not deserve so great an honour: Louise will accept them with pleasure.

Therese. I expect him soon.

Ledoux (to Louise). Will you be so good —

Louise. With a great deal of pleasure Sir; and I am much obliged to you.

Ledoux. Will you add to your kindness, by telling me how I have offended Miss de Permont?

Agathe. Sir?

Ledoux. Yesterday I still flattered myself you would not disclaim my addresses.

Agathe. There is nothing that can authorize your address, Sir.

Corsignac (behind the scenes). Mr. Jaquemin is gone out, you say, but the ladies are at home, that is the most important point; the ladies alone have brought me hither.

Louise. What do I hear?

Therese. A young man! quick, quick, ladies, or you posit is he!

Agathe. He probably followed the winding path.

Louise. My heart palpitates.

Pauline. So does mine.

Agathe. And mine.

Ursule. And mine.

Ledoux. What can be the meaning of all this?

Enter CORSIGNAC.

Corsignac (to servant). Stay behind, I will introduce myself. You behold, amiable ladies, a young man, whom the fame of your beauty has attracted here, and who leaves for you, without the least want of the pleasure of the metropolis.

Ursule. He seems very lively.

Agathe (aside). He is young, at least.

Pauline (aside). Is the decisive moment come, the burst of sympathy?

Therese (esp.). Is that he?

Louise. You are welcome, Sir; my father is gone to meet you.

Corsignac. To meet me—I thought I should have reached this place before my letter; but, what increase of happiness! I expected only four beauties, and there are five.

Therese (pointing to Ursule). This is a neighbour of ours.

Corsignac. Who would not shame the family. You, fair maid, who welcomed me so kindly, are Mr. Jaquemin's daughter.

Louise. And this is my sister, Sir.

Corsignac. Here are therefore the two charming wards; this gentleman is probably an uncle; perhaps the father of the handsome neighbour.

Ledoux. Her father, Sir.

Therese. You are mistaken, he is a young man of this country.

Corsignac. Indeed! a young man!

Ledoux. No, Sir; I have no pretensions to youth.

Corsignac. I saw Mr. Jaquemin very often during his abode at Paris; a very pleasant man, a good father, and a kind guardian; we often walked together, and he spoke of his four girls with such warmth, that I, who in general believe that praise is exaggerated, wished to ascertain with my own eyes the truth of his assertions.—I come, behold, and admire you, and find already that his most enthusiastic descriptions were far from equalling the reality. *(To Louise.)* What innocence, what modesty in her looks! *(To Therese.)* What archness in her smile! *(To Pauline.)* What a sentimental and romantic countenance! *(To Agathe.)* What noble pride in these right eyes!

Ledoux. This man will delay my marriage, I am afraid.

Corsignac. And, as though this hour were not dangerous enough for the tender-hearted knights, who seek for hospitality beneath its roof, a young and lovely neighbour joins her charms with those of the other enchantresses of this abode.

Therese. He does not forget any one.

Ledoux. What bombast!

Pauline. What choice of expressions!

Louise. I wish he was more modest, and less affected.

Corsignac. What do you say, amiable ladies?

Therese. I say, Sir, that my father is coming with another young man.

Ursule. Another!

Louise. I am glad this is Mr. Saintville.

Ledoux. I am not fond of so many young men here.

Pauline. Heavens! I thought I began to feel something stirring in my heart in his favour.

Therese (to Corsignac). I guess you are.

Corsignac. Indeed!

E. R.

(To be continued.)

DRURY-LANE.

On Thursday, April 9th, a new Comedy, the production of Mr. CHERRY, of his Theatre, was performed for the first time, and since repeated, entitled, "*A Day in London*;" in which were employed the principal comic strength of the house.

DRAMA-TIS PERSONÆ.

Jack Melange, Mr. BANNISTER.

Captain Import, Mr. DE CAMP.

Sir George Dapple, .. Mr. RUSSEL.

Mr. Bouvere, Mr. H. SIDDONS.

Sir Sampson Import, .. Mr. CHERRY.

Briers, Mr. RAYMOND.

Issachar, Mr. WEWITZER.

Ponder, Mr. MADDOCKS.

Jones, Mr. PALMER.

Serjeant O'Sullivan, .. Mr. JOHNSTONE.

Farmer Pickle, Mr. DOWTON.

Willow, Mr. BARTLEY.

Lady Mary Import, ... Miss DUNCAN.

Mrs. Sickle, Miss MELLON.

Janet, Miss BOYCE.

Maria, Mrs. RAY.

Dora, Mrs. SCOTT.

Barmaid, Miss TIDSWELL.

FABLE.

On the opening of the piece, *Mr. Sickle*, a rich Gloucestershire farmer, arrives in London, and at the inn encounters an old friend, *Mr. Briers*, a hop-merchant in the Borough, to whom he recounts the motive of his visit to the metropolis, from which he learns that he has married a second wife, a young woman, whose vanity and ill-temper have banished his son and daughter, and in search of whom he has undertaken his present journey. The farmer conceives he has some clue to the retreat of his daughter, as she was brought up with her foster-sister *Lady Mary Import*, who is now married and resides in London. *Briers* promises to assist him in his search, and offers every friendly interference. *Mrs. Sickle*, who is of a romantic turn, supposing her husband to have journeyed into Westmoreland, takes this opportunity of visiting London, under the protection of young *Willow*, a platonic Cicerone; but arriving at the same inn, she is surprised by her husband, and left fainting in the arms of her pretended friend, while the farmer flies the scene, doubtful of the evidence of sight. The farmer's son, *Ridgway*, has found an asylum in the service of *Sir George Dapple*, an extravagant young man of fashion, whose affairs are in the hands of Jews, brokers, and money-lenders; while *June*, his daughter, meets the protection of her generous foster-sister. *Sir Sampson Import*, a banker and a city knight, has entered into a second marriage with the daughter of a ruined peer, without a portion—a woman of benevolent mind and polished manners. The old knight, proud of his choice, wishes her to be the object of universal admiration, and, by opening his doors to men of fashionable levity, gives frequent opportunity for calumniating report. The farmer's wife is removed by young *Willow*, from the inn to a private lodging, where he throws off the mask of friendship, and assumes the professed lover. Deceived in the confidence she had placed in him, and indignant at his advances, she flies the house, and rushes into the street, imploring protection, which she receives from the very step-son whom

her conduct had driven from his father's habitation. In this dilemma she is encountered by an Irish Serjeant, who had just returned from the house of *Sir Sampson*, whither he was dispatched on the business of his Captain's nephew to the knight. *Jack Melange*, a generous eccentric, offers pecuniary assistance, which is rejected by *Mrs. Sickie*; in which he is surprised by *Briers*, of whose daughter *Melange* is a professed admirer. *Briers* misconstrues the motives of *Melange*, and enters the house in search of *Willow*, determined to demand satisfaction for the injuries of the farmer. *Mrs. Sickie*, here accepts the good offices of the Serjeant, who conducts her to the house of *Sir Sampson*, where she is most honourably secreted and protected by *Lady Mary*; from which circumstance several embarrassments arise, to the injury of this generous woman's fame, which ultimately involves *Captain Import* in a duel with *Melange* and *Sir Willow*; but chance placing the two latter parties in the power of *Lady Mary*, she prevents their meeting until proper explanation restores them to their former friendly intercourse. *Mr. Bourer*, the partner of *Sir Sampson*, proves to be the younger brother of *Lady Mary*, who, on his return from the Indies, had adopted that mode of observing his sister's conduct, on which (the affinity unknown to her) he often ventured to comment with an asperity displeasing to her feelings. The piece concludes with the rescue of *Sir George's* estate by the generous interference of *Melange*, with a conviction of the purity and honour of *Lady Mary*; the marriage of *Jane* and *Captain Import*, of *Melange* and *Maria*; and the reconciliation of the Farmer and his Wife. Throughout the play there are several episodic characters and situations. The general design of the piece is to shew the inconvenience and distress that often arises from matches of unequal years; and that the best actions cannot insure us the good opinion of the world, if accompanied by a careless levity of conduct.

It is with sincere regret that we cannot speak so favourably of this play as we could have wished. It is, in truth, not worthy of the talents and reputation of *Mr. Cherry*.

The general contrivance of this play is extremely defective; the fable does not subsist in any unity or singleness of action, but is composed

of a variety of incidents, heaped together without much grace or order,—and which, while they keep the fable perpetually on the move, have no tendency to confine it within the due and orderly stages of a regular action; like a ship in a calm, there is plenty of motion, but no progress.

Mr. Cherry seems to have fallen upon a wrong idea with respect to fable. It is not made by an abundance of incidents, but by a few, strictly belonging to, and supporting it, in some main, and (as often as can be) single action. The vehicle being once well started, by due stages and proper speed, should not be hurried beyond it. After a certain degree of velocity has been obtained, it is not by clapping two supernumerary horses to a carriage, that you accelerate its progress.

The characters are much too numerous in this play. There is quite a mob of dramatic personæ, without discrimination of character, or nicety of selection. The language, however, is occasionally entitled to great praise; and is better than what we expect to meet with in most modern plays.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Thursday the 16th, was presented a new Ballet, entitled *The Ogre and Little Thumb*. It is from the common Storehouse of our modern dramatists, the "*Tales of Mother Bunch*," and is chiefly founded on the old fable of the Seven League Boots. Puerilities of this kind have no other merit, than that they become the vehicles of splendid scenes, and ingenious machinery. The Public for some time past, have been contented to be pleased with them, and the Managers have found their justification in the profits attending these spectacles. Unfortunately, however, the caprice of the town is not always lasting; and on Thursday night this little Ballet encountered a severe opposition, and, in the theatrical phrase, was next door to damnation. Some alterations have been made since, and it is now performed with more success.





LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

FASHIONS

For MAY, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No 1.—AN EVENING, OR BALL DRESS.

A round dress of soft white satin, with short train, slashed sleeve, and square bosom, made to sit close to the form; embroidered round the bottom and bosom with a delicate border in silver. The shawl drapery, formed of a large square of pink patent net, embroidered in correspondent border of silver; which, by crossing the back, and being confined with a brooch on the left shoulder, forms the tunic drapery (now so much in esteem) by the aid of a single pin only. Silver cord and tassels, suspended from each side of the figure. Large diamond brooch in the centre of the bosom, continued in a chain to the bottom of the waist. Drawn tucker of Mechlin lace. Hair in dishevelled curls on the crown of the head, flowing in ringlets towards the left ear. Bandeau of diamonds finished in the centre in the form of a cockle-shell. Earrings of a similar form; armlets and bracelets of blended pearl and hair. Pink satin shoes, trimmed with silver fringe. White kid gloves, rucked.

No. 2.—WALKING, OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

A French coat of imperial satin, or twill sarsnet, of a lavender-blossom, or light lilac colour; bordered at the wrist, and entirely round the coat, with a brocade ribband of the shaded jonquille colour. A plain walking dress of the finest French cambac, or jaconet muslin, scoloped at the feet in the form of shells; two rows of open hems, or warts, at regular distances, immediately above it. Habit shirt of similar material, with rich point lace in front; with double high collars of lace and embroidery. A

small brooch of bright amber confines the shirt at the throat, and one of a larger size ornaments the gown in the centre of the bosom. A sash, the colour of the coat, tied immediately in front. Indian turban cap, or bonnet of correspondent materials, worn generally with a veil of Brussels lace. Hair cropt behind, and in simple curls in front. White sarsnet parasol, with Vandyke floss fringe. York tan gloves, and kid shoes, the colour of the coat.

A FASHIONABLE PARTY,

AT THE FRESCATI IN PARIS.

FIRST LADY.

In a round dress of Italian crape, of a bright lemon colour, over a white sarsnet slip. A short full sleeve, and round bosom, cut low, with a tucker of French net. Conversation bonnet of chip, ornamented with lilac ribband. Hair curled on the forehead; and in ringlets on the shoulders.

SECOND LADY.

A round dress of plain India mull muslin; with long waist, full sleeve, and frock back. A deep fall of Mechlin lace quite round the bosom. A short sash, of bright morone tied behind. A turban hat, of morone, satin, shaded in checks, and ornamented with field flowers in front. Necklace and earrings of mocho-stone linked with gold. Hair cropt close behind, and in dishevelled curls in front. Long Angola shawl, of a bright amber colour, with a rich and variegated border. White kid gloves, and shoes of morone kid.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE
OF THE
MOST ELEGANT SPRING FASHIONS.

Selected from the most tasteful public and private sources.

Ours be the task each varying grace to show,
When Fashion's magic art with taste combine.
Tis ours to paint the source from whence they
flow;
While all the magic, British fair, is thine.

WHILE the unfolding beauties of reviving nature awake to new life the vegetable kingdom, and usher in progressive loveliness the blooming children of Spring; while the budding fragrance of each bursting blossom steals with soothing softness over the senses, and lights anew our hopes, "flushed by the spirit of the genial year," the more animated part of the creation step forth in rival loveliness, to welcome the season of love and pleasure. The brilliant assemblage of beauty, rank, and elegance, is not now confined to theatres, concerts, routs, and balls; but in the Park and Gardens, in drives through Bond-street, Pall-Mall, and St. James's, the eye is dazzled by the gay and splendid throng; while taste, fashion, and variety, appear as the handmaids of beauty, fascination, and grace. The cold-repelling wraps of velvet, and kerseymere, are no longer congenial to our feelings; these are now laid aside for the gentle and pliant sarsnet, or the yielding and adhesive folds of imperial satin, of gossamer softness. Of these appropriate and elegant articles are formed the Curacao cloak, and French coat and vest, now the distinguishing ornament of our fashionable belles. As at this season of tonnish celebrity and public display, the outdoor habiliment is of equal importance with that of the evening, or full dress, we shall dwell with more than customary precision on this style of costume; but our fair correspondents will remember, that we are not in the habit of describing those articles of which they can have ocular demonstration from the passing multitude; but such as are evidently select, and elegant, from being adopted by females of taste and distinction. We shall, however, attend to that intermediate style of decoration which properly belongs to those females to whom fortune has limited her bounty, and who, placed in a state of happy mediocrity, should adopt that neat and unobtrusive elegance of attire which interests rather than attracts, and which is perhaps the most difficult in combination of any other style of costume. On this subject we purpose saying some-

thing in our subsequent Numbers; at present the intelligent and descriptive have claims on our time, to which our fair readers are entitled, and we exult in becoming their faithful harbingers. The Curacao cloak is formed of coloured sarsnet, is cut like a short pelisse behind, reaching about half a yard below the waist, and continued to a point on each side, nearly to reach the bottom of the petticoat; in front it flows open, with a narrow falling cape, or lappel, on the shoulder; it is considered most elegant to trim this article all round with a broad Vandyke lace; but many adopt the variegated cord, or shaded brocade ribband.

We have seldom witnessed an article more tasteful than the French coat and vest; this habiliment is also formed of coloured sarsnet, or imperial satin. The one which attracted us in particular, was composed of a celestial blue twill sarsnet, and is formed nearly like the last new Opera coat, not a single gather being seen to unite the waist to the skirt, which sits close to the form behind, and flows open in front, discovering the graceful vest, which is composed of a width of the sarsnet near three yards long, is passed through the left shoulder-seam, crosses the back, and is brought through the bottom of the waist on the opposite side, where it meets the adverse end, and is simply tied so as to resemble a military sash. The coat and vest are trimmed entirely round with a brocade ribband of shaded purple, which has a novel and attractive contrast with the pale blue of which this elegant habit is composed. Spencers are formed in similar style, except that the lappel is much smaller, and approaches but little on the vest, which completely finishes the spencer in front. With these articles are chiefly worn the chip or straw Gipsy hat, with correspondent trimming; or the porcupine hat, of straw, with deep tiara front. Several cloaks are seen of the cottage form, with deep pointed capes, finished with a cone, or barrel tassel; these are formed also of sarsnets. Indeed the season is not yet so far advanced as to admit of a slight covering. The Woodman's hat, of figured sarsnet, in celestial blue, olive, dove-colour, or lilac, is an ornament where much taste and whim is united; on the youthful countenance it has a becoming and unstudied effect; for walking, however, we recommend the Cottage bonnet, or Gipsy hat of imperial straw, tied across the crown with a silk or patent-net handkerchief. There is in these articles a sort of retired elegance at once appropriate and distinguishing. Dress gowns are worn much ornamented: chiefly with lace or needle-work; and for occasions of public display we have witnessed coloured bians on crape, or India muslin; either in painting, embroidery, or

foil; we have seen a border of ivy, of liburnium, and of the geranium leaves, have a most attractive effect. White satin jackets, trimmed with chenille, with short Spanish sleeve, and two rows of Vandyke lace plaited thick, and continued round the back, finishing at each shoulder, and terminated in front with a long white satin sash, are much worn with a round train dress of Moravian muslin; this is one of those intermediate habiliments which attracts by its simplicity and elegance. The general style of forming dresses is very high in the bosom, so as to preclude the necessity of the neckerchief; plain fronts, uniting in the centre with a clasp, and a demi wrap over it, finished on the left side, where the dress closes, are uncommonly elegant. We observed a dress of this formation at the Duchess of G—'s assembly, let in all round, and up the left side, with the most delicate Mechlin lace, and tied with tassels of cut steel; the back is a little advanced of late. The short sleeve is almost universal in full dress; and the evening short dress is confined to the ball costume. Morning dresses are formed with the large full sleeve, high collar, with a single fall of French lace, or a double plaiting of Vandyke; they are laced, or buttoned down the back, and so constituted as to sit close to the bosom. The Parisian chemise is trimmed round with plain French net; and the Turkish wrap is formed like the flowing pelisse, and composed chiefly of striped coloured muslin, plain jaconet, French cambric, or Indian long-cloth. The Spanish hood, the Parisian night-cap, the Curaçao turban, the long lace veil, forming both cloak and head-dress, are variously adopted. The hair is chiefly worn in dishevelled curls, exhibiting a flush of the forehead. Bangs of diamonds, garnets, of emeralds, are considered elegant; and the rainbow coronet, formed of diverse precious stones, worn by the Marchioness of E— on a late splendid occasion, excited universal admiration, from its singularity, brilliancy, and beauty.

It should be remembered that the morning costume, according to the present standard of fashion, is considered vulgarly deficient without a cap. Shirts, as an intermediate article, are as much in esteem as ever; they are often made without a collar, and worn with a double frill of Vandyke lace, sometimes with a fall of Mechlin lace; and those who cover the throat in public, have adopted (instead of the collar) a buffooned net, which is gathered into a large brooch of various compositions, in the centre.

An entire new trinket has made its appearance since our last communication; it is a composition representing the diversified shades of the cockleshell, set in gold; it is worn as a brooch, as a necklace, linked with gold, as a sort of coronet

for the head, and though we have seen inventions of superior interest and attraction, yet its novelty, and neatness recommend it as worthy of adoption. Garnets are now very much worn by females of the first distinction; and to a fair complexion, their contrasted hue is particularly advantageous. The bracelet and armlet of hair, linked curiously with steel, pearl, or dead and bright gold, is the most select of this species of ornament; in other respects the style of trinkets differs not from our last communication. For general wear, the kid shoe prevails over the jean; for dress, white and black satin, or painted kid, are invariably chosen. The fashionable colours for the season are, the olive, or tea-leaf, celestial blue, apple blossom, lavender ditto, jonquille, lilac, and dove-brown.

• LETTER ON DRESS.

• ILLUSTRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

If you would permit me for once to break through my agreement with you, dear Julia, in my present communication, I would gladly substitute persons for things; and instead of delineating the costume, give you a sketch of characters. Our house is at this period the very centre of gaiety, and mart of fashion; and while Mary appears the magnet that attracts the men, cousin John is the loadstone which collects the women. Oh! what a history could I give you of *beaux* that flutter round the one, and *belles* that flirt (nothing loath) with the other.—Of fawning sycophants in the shape of humble interlopers. Of selfish flatterers, who at once aid the vices they expose, with a long train of *et ceteras* too numerous for insertion. After all, my dear friend, there is something strangely enigmatical in your people of *haut ton*; and I am not yet able to fathom them. They are like a set of pleasing puzzlers, which entangle you in a maze of enchantment, and amuse while they perplex you. Thanks to the precepts of the dear Vicarage, though moving within their circles, I am not bound by their spells; for while surrounded by the great and the gay, I still retain a venerated resolution for all that I learnt amidst the humble and the good. But away with sentiment! A style which cousin John assures me is considered by the fashionable world, as completely gothic and *canailleish*. At first, dear Julia, his assertion surprised me. "And how is this, dear cousin?" I replied. "False sentiment is, I allow, both dangerous and ridiculous; but a purity of thought and expression, arising from a just sense of right and wrong, is so blended with correct principles, that if we sink into the ridicule of one, we shake the fabric of the other."

"But, my pretty moralizer," he returned, "have you not yet found out that we people of fashion have very delicate nerves? Our refined feelings cannot stand the shock of vulgar truths! And you must allow it would appear rather incongruous to hear a fair nymph, with arms highly exposed, and bosom courageously displayed, moralizing on the degeneracy of the times, and haranguing on the captivating grasp of modesty." You may suppose, dear Julia, that I readily gathered from this irony of my cousin's, what were his opinions on the present too general exposure of the person; and although I followed, in a very moderate degree, a fashion which my early notions of delicacy led me to condemn, yet, since this conversation, I have been more careful to preserve that chastity of attire which we are told should be one of the distinguishing qualities of our sex. But to the main purport of my letter!

My dear Julia, all the elegance and beauty of England seem now collected in this charming city; it were impossible to give you an idea of the innumerable attractions which claim one's attention, and conspire to cheat us of our time. The Opera's brilliancy, the Drawing-room splendour, the Assembly's agile grace, the taste and beauty of the fashionable throng, which meet the eye in quick succession in our morning drives, the ingenuity and decoration exhibited at public parties, &c. &c. absolutely bewilder the mind, and leave it a chaos of pleasurable emotion, while the eye and the ear reign despotically over the other senses. But I know, dear friend, you wish me to hint my intelligence to personal decoration. I hasten therefore to give you a few choice delineations; for were I to descend to particulars, my task would be (like Penelope's web) without end. First, as to style, there is little variation since my last communication; and the quick transitions of the present changeable season, from Spring's mild warmth, to Winter's chilling cold, render it difficult to report what may (on the arrival of my packet in Cornwall) be deemed a faithful transcript. Last week Mary and myself were engaged a whole morning in selecting our Spring costume; but scarce had their beauties met the partial rays of an April sun, before Winter, in savage malignity, encroached on her mild dominion, and obliged us to pay a willing homage to her invidious usurpation. Velvets, nay, even coats of keiseymere, and seal-wool cloth, are now dragged forth from the recesses of the wardrobe. But as it is possible that before this packet is lodged in your fair hands,—"Another May new buds and sweets may bring," I will disregard the present monopoly of the sombre god, and no longer "Snatch my rays of brightness from the storm." To

Spring then, dear Julia, with all her beauteous sylvan train, I pay the willing tribute! Oh! how shall I paint her pure and spotless loveliness? whose influence extends to things seen and remote, who warms the opening blossom to maturity, who lights anew the thought of genius, and gives talent force to perpetuate her various beauties. Though amidst our groves no primrose blooms, nor gentle violet exhales its sweets, yet are their varied tints and beauties owned even at a distance from their shades.

Mary's French coat rivals the primrose hue, while my Curacao cloak the violet's shade assumes. Our Gipsy hats, of chip, are decked with wreaths, in imitation of these beauteous offspring of the season. We have also hats of satin-straw, for half-dress, with the high tiara front, and globe crown, the most novel and elegant article of the kind I have witnessed for many seasons. Would you 'one to astonish the natives of your island, together with a military sash and spencer of celestial blue, a colour selected by our first rates; and which, you know, I always thought associated most advantageously with the delicacy of your complexion. Mary was at the last Drawing-room, and wore a most splendid dress of fine silvonnet, over white satin, with an entire new set of hair ornaments and trinkets, of the finest garnets. I never saw her look half so beautiful, or attired with more chastity and elegance. Time will not permit me to say much of court-dresses; but I will just steal a few moments to give you a description of a dress prepared for the Princess Amelia:—It is composed of black net lace, quite plain; and round the neck and drapery, is seen the most elegant, rich, and beautiful border of the oak-leaf and its fruit. The leaves and acorns are formed of satin, shaded to nature, with chenille, in tambour. This dress (whose ground-work is of most transparent texture) is worn over an under-dress of highly-polished white satin; and has the most novel, beautiful, and splendid effect I ever witnessed. The head-dress worn with it consists of a bandeau of diamonds, set in the form of an oak-leaf, and an *aigrette* of acorns in front, over which waves a military plume of white ostrich feathers.

Ball-dresses, dear Julia, were never more attractive than this spring. Frocks of French net, over white satin, painted in natural flowers. Dresses of white Imperial satin, with a silver brocade ribband at the bottom, and French aprons of net or lace, bordered all round, and ornamented at the pocket-holes with Chinese roses. Round train-dresses of Moravian muslin, let in all round with fine floating lace, and fastened up the side with clasps of embossed gold or steel. These dresses, amidst many others, are

conspicuous for their taste and elegance. I no longer remark the long sleeve in full-dress, except on women who have passed their maturity. I hope, Julia, you have never worn the backs of your dresses immoderately low, a correct taste must ever condemn a fashion so disgusting. I am happy to tell you, that at the last Opera, and at the Marchioness of D—'s grand assembly, the most elegant women wore the backs of their dresses much advanced, or shaded with gentle folds of muslin or lace.

Do not be displeased that I fulfil not your commission for the long stay. Believe, Julia, your slender form, gently and simply rounded by nature, needs not this unnatural compression; they can only be requisite for such females as exceed the *embonpoint*, to others they give a most ungraceful stiffness; and, I should think, must be as uneasy as they are inelegant and unnatural. Besides, dear Julia, if we consult the painter and the sculpturist, we shall find that the natural beauty of a form consists in a moderate roundness, not in contracted flatness. I positively will not allow of your destroying the symmetry of nature, by the distortions of art. We are justified, my fair friend, in obviating her defects, but not in abusing her gifts. Continue, therefore, your simple corset; and do not, with your plump cheek, and round arms, exhibit the body of a caged skeleton. Thus much, dear Julia, on this subject; but not a letter too much, if it prevents your thinking more of an article never designed for you.

You must wear your morning dresses very high in the neck, laced or buttoned behind, and work let in in three separate divisions, round the bottom, and in the form of a triangle on the bosom and sleeves; or otherwise your morning-dresses may be formed, with little variation, like the lapped opera-coat. The hair is still turned up tight behind, flowing in irregular curls on the crown of the head; sometimes in a plain band on one side, with ringlets falling in various directions on the other. The half-handkerchief is still prevalent; but bandeaus, entirely round the head, are considered more genteel. Your watch must ever be worn on the outside, both in the morning and evening costume.

A contrast of colours is now exceedingly fashionable, but it requires much taste to unite them with effect. The celestial blue and purple is one of the most striking and novel unions; but the primrose and lilac, the pink and dove-brown, are mixtures far more pleasing.

Good night, dear Julia!—A thundering rap at the door warns me of Mary's return.—The dial points at half past one. I run to my chamber, after signing myself—Yours,

ELIZA.

PRESENT STATE OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

DEAR SIR,

THE promising buds of an early spring begin already to unfold, and the mild weather has rendered the country so pleasant, that many people have already quitted the noisy town in order to watch the opening beauties of the year. As I am forced by my present situation to remain here, I will amuse my leisure hours by sending you as much information as I can gather; but you must expect none of a political nature.

The Stage being one of the most interesting objects that can fall under my glance, I will begin by passing in review the numerous theatres that continue to allure the Parisians, but not always for the purpose of amusement.

Les Français announce every night new *debuts*; but these votaries of the tragic muse appear on the stage for the single end of bidding an eternal adieu to the public, as after the curtain has dropped they are never heard of any more.

The Opera is still the same; crowded with indifferent singers and excellent dancers. Ladies repair to this place, with the wish of spreading their charms and elegance to public admiration; and gentlemen to enjoy the prospect of the boxes and the stage. *Ennui* is all that can be gathered here, and when the spectators withdraw, they look like school-boys that have been compelled to listen to a long sermon.

At the *Opera-Comique* you see a crowded stage, and an empty house.

Louvois presents nothing but gloomy characters, and here, even gascoons breathe melancholy.

The *Vandeville* was formerly consecrated to light, satirical, and at the same time moral pieces, but now it has launched forth into pathetic plays.

Montansier will soon, it is reported, be the only theatre where taste will preside, as none but old plays will, it is said, be acted there.

I have not yet spoken of the theatres on the *Boulevards*; there we find so many good dramas, and distinguished actors, such a variety of new and original spectacles, that the crowd forsakes other places of amusement to fill these; and if any one want to see performance he must hire a box at least eight days before-hand.

This is the shortest account I am able to give you of the present state of the French stage, which is by no means flourishing. Now I will relate to you what I saw in my last visit to the museum, during the exhibition of pictures. I had ill chosen the day, for it was Sunday, and I found it impossible to be a close observer of talent

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and genius in a crowd of curious and noisy *badants*. As soon as I arrived, I attempted, but in vain, to draw near the pictures; a group of five or six people plied their elbows with success, and threw me farther than ever from the object of my observations. Pushed to and fro, I could see nothing, when at last perceiving that the former group knew how to force their way through surrounding crowds, I resolved no more to contend with them, but to join them, and following step by step their progress, succeeded in catching partial glances of the pictures at a distance. I had not long joined their party when I was struck by their conversation, of which I will send you as much as I am able to recollect.

"Do you see yonder mother," said the one, "she kneels with her son before the tomb of her husband. She must be a good woman, but her dress bespeaks her a foreigner. I look at her hair, you will see no plaits, no curls, no diadem after the antique, and the little boy is clothed in silk, and wears a girille, just as in the year 1789: if he were a Frenchman he should be dressed like a hussar."

"And what do you think of this picture, does it seem good?"—"That it is, I am sure," exclaimed the other; "for, without looking any further, examine this pair of boots, I swear that Colmant, who invented boots without seams, could not have done them better."

"Oh! look at that young man, how handsome he is."—"Which, he that is in a full dress?"—"He that is playing with his sister!" "No, that young man who is listening to his father with an air of submission and respect, while the father gives him a lesson."—"What, that one who receives a lesson from his father; pho! it is not at all fashionable, I tell you, I understand these sort of things; I am not an artist for nothing."

"Oh! Gentlemen, do look at those beautiful horses! they are by M. Vernet, how well they are shaped; I have been at *Longchamp*, at the *Bois de Boulogne*, at *Ranelagh*, and at *Franconi's Circus*, and, upon my word, there were none to be compared to these."—"Pho, he only pays attention to horses, and the men, and the landscape, and the order of battle? What do you say to these?"—"Gently, gently, why, it is only a sketch."—"Oh! what then will the picture be when it is completed."

"You may be in extacy, gentlemen, but look before you, there is effect, colouring, and design; it is so dazzling that it makes my eyes ache."—"Oh! the fine Egyptian costumes! what, drapery! what shades!—Why, looking at this picture, can but improve the artists; here are at least twenty *urbans* that may be copied for the

next new theatrical representation, and ten new ways of placing the shawl round the head, or disposing of it about the shoulders."

"How much fashion there is in that corner; courage gentlemen, let us make use of our elbows, come then."—"Impossible, we shall not be able to approach, it is Isabey's drawing, that corner is always crowded; I should, however, like to take a peep; they say there is a very graceful and majestic female figure."—"But we don't get on at all; I am disappointed to see it; I will come some day and view it at my ease."

"Look at that old ewe, dressed lamb fashion."—"Where?—Oh, horrid! horrid!" I raised my head, and could not help exclaiming with them, horrid!

"Lord bless me, it is twelve o'clock," exclaimed one of them; "and Monsieur Floridor is waiting for me, I was to have taken him home a pair of new shoes."—"You make me remember," said another, "that I promised Madame Lucival her gown."

They immediately ran out; and I mentally exclaimed,—Gentlemen artists, you are then shoemakers and tailors! yet your judgment is not always erroneous, and would be more favourable perhaps to painters than that of men of their own profession.

[To be continued.]

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES, INTO THE ORIGIN AND DIVERSITIES OF COSTUME.

[Continued from p. 165.]

CHARLES II.

THE ladies' hair was curled and frizzled with the nicest art, and they frequently set it off with heart-breakers (artificial curls). Sometimes a string of pearls, or an ornament of ribband, was worn on the head; and in the latter part of this reign, hoods of various kinds were in fashion. Patching and painting the face, than which nothing was more common in France, was also too common in England; but what was much worse, they affected a mean betwixt dress and nakedness, which occasioned the publication of a book entitled, "A just and seasonable Reprehension of naked Breasts and Shoulders, with a Preface, by Richard Baxter."

It appears from the "*Memoires de Grammont*," that green stockings were worn by one of the greatest beauties of the English court; it is also generally believed, that beaver hats were first worn by old women in this reign.

WILLIAM III.

The ladies wore their dresses long and flowing, and were then servile copyists of the French, but not so much so as they have been since; they flounced their coats, a fashion probably borrowed from Albert Drurer, who represented an angel in a flounced petticoat, driving Adam and Eve from Paradise. The ruffles were long and double; and the hair much frizzled and curled; jewels, pearls, and amber, were much worn in the hair; earrings, necklaces, bracelets, ornaments on the stomacher and the shoulders.

The head-dress was more like a veil than a cap, thrown back, the sides of which hung below the bosom; from this the head-dress gradually shrunk to a caul with two lappets, known by the name of mob. The shoes had raised heels, square toes, were high on the instep, and worked with gold, and were, always of the most costly material. The gloves of both sexes were of white leather, worked, but not so extravagantly as in Charles the Fifth's reign.

Happy, thrice happy ladies of modern days, who can go and purchase a profusion of costly toys from India, in almost every street in London, the great mart of traffic, when Mary, luckless Mary, was obliged by stealth to obtain from a woman who dealt in such forbidden articles, fans and other female paraphernalia; and yet, being discovered, though she wore a crown, was soundly rated for her extravagance or gossiping, or both, by her austere husband.

Hoops did not encumber the fair sex at this time, but not to be without something more than a gentle swell, they had their *corsette*, which set out their hinder part, and gave additional grace, it was thought, to the evening train.

[To be continued.]

PARIS SPECTACLES.

WE may judge of the gaiety of Paris from the following account of the revival of the ballet of Paris, by Gardel.

Académie Impériale de Musique.—This ballet was performed some months ago, with retrenchments and suppressions, in order to lull into silence the clamours of the squeamish. But taste sighed for the original, and M. Gardel had the singular felicity of hearing that his work could not be amended by alteration. He hastened to obey the public voice: and success proves that the first edition was better than the second. This fame belongs only to a classic in his art. He had, for the sake of the scrupulous, suppressed the whole act of the baths and toilette of Venus, a picture full of grace and voluptuousness, in which, though there is nothing to wound the eye, the imagination may form to itself the most

riant exposures; and this cannot be difficult when we are to behold the most beautiful of all that is beautiful, Miss Victoire Saulnier, who personates Venus, floating in a bath of transparent gauze. This was the picture which the sedate and critical formerly objected to, but spectators of this cast are now no more. It was applauded with unanimity. The performance of this ballet left nothing for taste or judgment to desire. Vestris was as elegant as elastic, as graceful and brilliant as when he first executed the part, and all the world knows that this was the triumph of his art. Miss Chevigny, in the part of Enone, gave a new proof of her fine talent for pantomime. It is impossible for acting to give more warmth and energy than she did to the separation in the second act. Miss V. Saulnier, as Venus, would, in the time of the Heathen Mythology, have deceived even the gods themselves. We have no picture handed down to us from antiquity, comparable to her form; and besides the merit of graceful symmetry, and the charm of a face in which all the loves revel, she performed the part with the most piquant seduction. Madame Gardel danced a *pas seul* to the violin *obligato* of Kreutzer. These two artists rivalled each other in precision and delicacy. One of the *tours de force* of that incomparable creature, Catalani, was to mount and descend the gamut by semi-tones. Madame Gardel appeared eager to console us for the loss of Catalani, by renewing this prodigy, and by the exquisite finishing and tenuity of her steps, to follow all the gradations of sound so rapturously executed by Kreutzer on his instrument. The *chef d'œuvre* was, crowned with acclamations.

BIRTHS.

At his Lordship's house in Spring-gardens, Viscountess Fitz-Harris, of a son.

The Right Hon. Lady Knnauld, of a son and heir.

At Kenyon House, the Lady of Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, of a son.

In Portland-place, the Lady of John Dennison, Esq. of a son.

At Ayr, in Scotland, the Hon. Mrs. Rollo, of a son.

At his house in Upper Harley street, the Lady of Lee Steere, Esq. of a son.

At Exmouth, the Lady of C. M'Kenzie, Esq. of a son.

At Frome, a young woman after being married only ten months, of four children; and another, after she had been married only eleven months, of five.

MARRIED.

Sir Thomas Strange, Chief Justice of Madras, to Miss Burroughs, daughter of Sir Wm. Burroughs.

At Barbadoes, the Hon. Robert Augustus Hyndman, of Dominica, to Miss Eliz. Christian Beckles, second daughter of the Hon. John Beckles, Attorney-General and Speaker of the House of Assembly of Barbadoes.

At Guernsey, B. Child, Esq. son of Vice-Admiral Child, to Miss Catharine Ford.

In Dublin, the Hon. George Ponsonby, son of the late Lord Ponsonby, to Miss Glaston.

At Bath, John Curwen, Esq. (eldest son of John Christian Curwen, Esq. M. P.) to Miss Allen, only daughter of Lewis Robert Allen, Esq. of Bath.

DIED:

At his house, in Berners-street, Oxford-road, John Opie, Esq. R. A. The disease which terminated his life had its origin in a cold, caught in returning from a visit to his friend, Mr. Tresham. This cold produced, at first, but a slight indisposition, attended with a fever; the symptoms, however, increased in a very alarming manner, and an inflammation in the brain, which deprived him of his senses, was the result of a few days' illness. As a Painter Mr. Opie was undoubtedly in the first rank of his profession, and, in losing him, a gap has been made in the Art, which will not speedily be filled.

Lately, at St. Petersburg, the Lady of the Russian Prince Bariatsky. She was the second daughter of Lord Sherborne. About three months after her marriage, she accompanied the Prince to Russia.

At St. James's Palace, in the 94th year of her age, the Hon. Frances Tracy, First Bed chamber Woman to her Majesty, and only surviving sister of the late Viscount Tracy, of Toddington, in the county of Gloucester.

At Maldonado, Captain Rundell of the 54th regiment, in consequence of the wound he received on the 4th January, by a party of Spanish cavalry, while commanding a foraging party a few miles from Maldonado.

At his seat at Santon Downham, Suffolk, aged 79, Charles Sloane, Earl Cadogan, Viscount Chelsea, and a Trustee of the British Museum.

After a long and painful illness, Colonel Fare M. P. for Lyme Regis, at his house in Wimpole-street, in the 55th year of his age.

After a short illness, Mr. Mark Supple, a gentleman of very considerable literary talents.

At Bruges, in Flanders, Mrs. Mary Austin Moore, Superioress of the Convent of English Nuns at that place. She was the last lineal descendant of the celebrated Sir Thomas Moore, of the 15th century.

At Chichester, in the 75th year of her age, Lady Viscountess Lifford, relict of Lord Chancellor Lifford, of Ireland, and mother of Lieut.-General Hewitt.

In Glasgow, Malcolm White, in the 102d year of his age. He retained all his faculties to the last, and was able, on the morning of his death, to rise from his bed, and do some things about the house; he used to go about the town and country selling religious books; he was a native of Cowall, Argyleshire.

Amelia Butcher, of the Castle Foregate Shrewsbury, aged 104: she declared that she broke her heart for the loss of her husband, who died about seven weeks ago.

At Birchcliffe, near Huddersfield, Mr. David Haigh, aged 80 years, and on the following day Frances, his wife, aged 70. They were both interred at Huddersfield, in one grave. They had been married upwards of 60 years. It is very remarkable that from a presentiment of their approaching death, the husband was heard to say on the Friday preceding, he believed they would both be carried out of the house together; which accordingly came to pass.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1807.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. A Portrait of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.
2. FOUR WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAITS in the Fashionable Costume of the Month, two of which are finely coloured.
3. AN ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Dr. CALCOTT.
4. A new and elegant PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

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*On the first day of July, with the next Number of this Magazine (being the Eighteenth),
will be published the*

SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER,

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

Which will conclude the Second Volume of this Work, with the expiration of the
Half-Year.

THIS Number will proceed upon the Plan of that which was published on the first of January last, and which gave such universal satisfaction; but the CRITICAL PART will be much improved in arrangement, copiousness, and extent; a greater variety of Books will be introduced,—indeed, none of any public notoriety, or pretensions to literary fame will be omitted. The classification, moreover, will be more perfect and comprehensive, and the Proprietors trust that, in every sense, it will form a material improvement on the last.

THE EMBELLISHMENTS.

THE Proprietors having resolved to exert themselves to their utmost power, in order to make their SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER the greatest desideratum of their Work, have at length the satisfaction to announce that they have succeeded to the extent of their wishes, and are prepared to present, with their SUPPLEMENT, an Embellishment of a rarity, value, and interest, which has never been attempted in any similar Work.

The Embellishment prefixed to the SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER is

AN HISTORICAL PICTURE,

COMPOSED OF PORTRAITS.

The subject is the “Memorable introduction of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER of RUSSIA to the QUEEN of PRUSSIA at BERLIN”. It consists of SIX WHOLE LENGTH PORTRAITS; and has been Engraven from the celebrated Picture now at BERLIN. The Portraits are the most finished and accurate Likenesses of these distinguished Personages; and few of them (indeed none as whole lengths) have as yet been made public in this country. They are as follow:—

1. THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA,—A Whole Length.
2. A DISTINGUISHED LADY OF THE PRUSSIAN COURT,—Ditto.
3. THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA,—Ditto.
4. THE KING OF PRUSSIA,—Ditto.
5. PRINCE LOUIS OF PRUSSIA, who was killed in the battle of JENA,—Ditto.
6. PRINCE FERDINAND, his Brother,—Ditto.

This Print has been Engraven in a most beautiful manner, by BURKE, and would sell singly in the Print Shops for *Fifteen Shillings or a Guinea*.

The Subscribers are requested to give orders for the SUPPLEMENT to those who supply them with the regular Work. The earlier the Order the better impression will be obtained.



Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,

For MAY, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Seventeenth Number.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF NAPLES AND THE SICILIES.

MARIA CAROLINA, the present Queen of Naples, was born in the year 1758, at Vienna. She is the daughter of the illustrious Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany, a Queen celebrated, at one period, in every quarter of the globe, for the heroic intrepidity with which she supported a contested succession to her crown and paternal dominions, and at length triumphed over such of her own subjects as revolted, and reduced the most powerful states of Germany to sue for, and receive peace at her hands.

In the reign of Maria Theresa, a species of policy first received its birth in the Court of Vienna, of which the object was to embrace, in one grand family association, all the crowns and kingdoms of Europe; and, by superadding the obligations of marriage and the sanctity of blood to the treaties that were formed between them, to endeavour to establish a reciprocity of common interest, and the necessity of a permanent and mutual faith.

The Court of Maria Theresa was filled with Jesuits; she was a Romanist, in the most bitter sense of the term; and though, but for the assistance of many of the Protestant Princes and Communities of Germany, she would never have been established in her hereditary dominions, she, nevertheless, continued to look upon them all with an invincible dislike, and meditated a persecution against them, whenever she should possess the power.

It was with this view, principally, that she assiduously laboured to form alliances with the most powerful Catholic Princes of Europe, and the objects of her ambition were fully crowned with success.

She had lived to behold her daughter, Maria Antoinette, Queen of France. Her son became Grand Duke of Tuscany, and King of the Romans, elect, in her life time; and her daughter, Maria Carolina, was married to Ferdinand, King of Naples, in the year 1768, many years before the death of the Empress Theresa.

The elder sister of the Queen of Naples had been originally betrothed to Ferdinand; but she died before the marriage took place. A singular incident, previous to her being contracted to the King of Naples, is related of this Princess, which is worth preserving.

One night she was summoned by her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, to attend her to the Royal Chapel contiguous to the palace. Ignorant of what was intended by this solemn appointment, the young Princess obeyed her mother's summons, and was conducted by her into the family vault of the Emperors of Germany. It had been splendidly illuminated on the occasion. The Queen was habited in deep mourning, and surrounded by a cluster of Jesuits. She took the young Princess by the hand, and leading her round the vault, pointed out to her the various coffins and tombs, in which were interred the remains of her ancestors:—"You here, my child," exclaimed she, "behold the ashes of those illustrious Princes, who have supported by their courage, and the wisdom of their government, the fame and honour of the House of Austria. They were Princes who have kept up the succession of the Roman name and glory untainted and undiminished to the present period; and whilst the influence of their example shall remain, the star of the House of Austria will never set. They owed their reputation and success to their regard for our holy religion, and their pious cares of the priesthood."

The Jesuits here nodded assent, and, as the Empress was somewhat fatigued by her exertions, they took up the oration, which they continued much in the same strain.

The young Princess remained silent; her Majesty at length revived. She now turned to the various sepulchres and niches in the vault, in which were deposited the remains of the female branches of the Austrian House—"And here, my child," she continued, "are the female ancestors of our family; emulate their virtue, their dignity, the unblemished chastity of their lives, and the prudence of their domestic conduct. As the example they left was not lost upon me, let it make the same impression upon you; and add to it, the

constant recollection that you are the daughter of Maria Theresa—consider what you owe to such a mother, and that the world will expect from you no less virtue than discretion."—After continuing some time longer in a style of similar exhortation, her Majesty closed the scene, and the procession marched back to the palace.

If this adventure of mock grandeur and solemnity had thus terminated, all would have been well. Maria Theresa had only acted her part, and the young Princess had received her lesson; but unfortunately a cold, caught from the dampness of the vault, threw the young lady into a violent fever, a few days before she purposed to commence her journey, in order to join her destined husband, the King of Naples. Her death was the result of this illness, and the alliance, for the present, was put an end to. The grand object of the Empress's ambition was not thus to be frustrated: she had another daughter; Ferdinand had seen neither; and was, of course, alike indifferent to both.—Maria Carolina, therefore, stepped into the place of her deceased sister, and, though only in the fifteenth year of her age, was immediately contracted to the King of Naples. Ferdinand himself had scarcely exceeded his sixteenth year, of the Bourbon family, brother to the King of Spain, and cousin to the King of France, his descent was the most illustrious of any of the Princes of Europe. His education had been greatly neglected; but his natural understanding was good, and his heart uncorrupted. In an age, therefore, when learning, by the example of a Frederick of Prussia, was abused to the worst of purposes, in sapping the foundations of religion and morals, and, under the affectation of philosophy, spreading a general unbelief in the doctrine of Christianity amongst the nations of Europe, it was perhaps better for this Prince that he escaped the tutelage of those who would, doubtless, have replaced ignorance by infidelity.

When the contract of marriage was definitively settled between the two Courts, it seemed to follow next in course that the parties should be brought together. Accordingly, in the spring of the year

1768, her Royal Highness Maria Carolina left Vienna for the kingdom of Naples, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold, and his wife, the Grand Duchess. Ferdinand met the royal party at Casserta, where he had a palace to receive them. Casserta is about sixteen miles from Naples.

The young Princess had been instructed by her mother in the manner in which it would be decorous for her to receive her husband. The King of Naples, therefore, no sooner advanced to salute his destined bride, than she immediately fell on her knees, and, in a kind of Oriental supplication of a husband's love, bowed her face to the ground. The King was confounded; he raised her up, but the embarrassment of both parties was not speedily got over. The marriage was immediately celebrated, and Casserta was, for some time, a scene of gaiety and hospitality.

It is necessary that we should here pass over a considerable interval. The King and Queen had begun married four years without having any family. His Majesty, and all the priests in the kingdom, put up their prayers, night and morning, to Heaven, for an heir to the throne of Naples. Ferdinand was so desirous of posterity, that he would frequently break out into a kind of angry expostulation upon this subject; and one day, in conversation with Sir William Hamilton, he observed, that there were three miracles which seemed to occur in his reign. Upon being interrogated what they were, he replied,—"I am young, and have no children." This is the first.—The second is, "The Jesuits are dissolved, and there is no finding where they have concealed their hordes." And my last and greatest prodigy yet remains,—"Tanucci, my minister, is old, and will never die."

The Queen of Naples had been extremely well educated, and had imbibed a deal of the harmless levity and cheerfulness of the French manners, in the Austrian Court. The Neapolitans are naturally solemn and austere even in their

libertinism. "They are a people," says a celebrated writer, "who indulge more in the luxuries and forbidden pleasures of life, than any other nation in Europe; and yet," he adds, "they will sin with the moroseness of a hermit, and the gravity of a philosopher. Pleasure they have reduced to a business; and, like every other employment, they conceive it must be followed with a steady and serious temperament of mind, or its objects can never be obtained."

The Queen, undoubtedly, very much improved the general manners of the Neapolitan Court. She made Naples, particularly, pleasant to all strangers; the slightest introduction was sufficient, and the reception was always in proportion to the merits of the individual. A constant intercourse was kept up with France, in which kingdom, her sister, the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, was adored as a divinity.

She had been married four years, when she was brought to bed of a daughter.—From that period her Majesty's family increased yearly, and she at length produced sixteen children to the King of Naples. She had four daughters before she had one son. Her eldest daughter was married to the present Emperor of Germany; she died, in child-bed, a few weeks since.

In the delightful climate of Naples, one of the chief pleasures of the Court was in short expeditions to the surrounding country, in which they were generally accompanied by the nobility and foreign ministers resident at Naples. The year was mostly divided in the following manner:—On the fourth of November the King and Queen usually came to Naples, where they continued during the Carnival, in the months of January and February. In the spring they removed to Casserta. The summer was again passed at Naples, on account of the fine air of the sea; and the autumn was always spent at Portici.

[To be continued.]

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE GENLIS.

STEPHANIE FELICITE DUCREST, sister of the Marquis Ducrest, chancellor of the late Duke of Orleans, was born in the province of Burgundy, about the year 1744, and was married before she had attained the age of fifteen to Brulart, Count de Genlis and Marquis de Sillery. From her entrance into the world, she was distinguished by an agreeable person, pleasing accomplishments, and a shrewd observation of mankind. It was these qualifications that procured her the acquaintance and the friendship of some of the most distinguished geniuses, who, thirty years ago, like brilliant constellations illumined the horizon of France. From the virtuous Buffon, in particular, she experienced an affection that might almost be denominated parental.

Notwithstanding her rank and her talents, which so well qualified her to shine in the sphere of fashionable life, her love of study induced her to shun the courtly circle and the haunts of dissipation, that she might devote her self entirely to the cultivation of the arts and sciences. One who was so well acquainted with the value of mental acquirements, could not be indifferent on that subject, with regard to her offspring. Accordingly, at the age of thirty years, an age at which most females of her rank and pretensions are desirous only of figuring in the fashionable world, Madame (then the Countess) de Genlis shut herself up in the convent of Bellechasse, that she might complete the education of her daughters, and initiate in the rudiments of science, infants who were still in their cradles.

These were the children of the late Duke of Orleans, who had committed to her the superintendence of their education. "How well qualified she was for the office, her numerous works on that subject sufficiently attest. It was during the period of her retirement at Bellechasse, a period of fifteen years, that she gave to the world those works which have placed her in the rank of the most distinguished modern writers. 'The Theatre of Education;' 'Adelaide and Theodore;' 'Annals of Virtue;' 'The Tales of the Castle;' and other works, amounting in the whole to twenty two volumes, successively issued from her indefatigable pen. The object of all these publications was the same. To instruct the minds and at the same time to improve the hearts of youth, by works calculated to interest and amuse, was the laudable aim of Madame de Genlis; and to this she devoted every moment of leisure left her by the important duties of an office which she conscientiously discharged.

Such were the occupations of Madame de Genlis, till the commencement of a revolution, so pregnant with horror, not only to her native land but to a great portion of the civilized world. On the convocation of the States-General, in 1789, foreseeing that the circumstances of the times were likely to be productive of terrible convulsions in the state, she was anxious to withdraw from the scene of action, and formed the resolution of removing with her pupils to Nice. From this measure, sanctioned by their relatives, she was diverted by the representation, that it would weaken the interest of the house of Orleans, and she was so strongly attached to her pupils, that no consideration of personal advantage or security could induce her to abandon them. "I had educated the young princes," says she, "without any pecuniary reward, or receiving any appointment on that account; and having been in possession of a considerable hereditary fortune for two years, I might have been perfectly independent had I wished it; but I loved the children as if they had been my own. I could not prevail upon myself to quit them; the eldest had yet two years to spend with me; to have left him at this period, would have been at once to sacrifice his education, and the work of so many years.— I remained."

She, however obtained a promise, that she should be allowed to visit England, when the constitution should be settled.

Accordingly, in October, 1791, she set out with Mademoiselle d'Orleans and two other children, and arrived without accident in England. Having first spent three months in Bath, they repaired to Bury, and there resided three quarters of a year. From this place they made several excursions to different parts of England, during the summer of 1792. On their return from Derbyshire, in the beginning of September, she found a letter waiting for her from M. d'Orleans, containing a positive injunction to return immediately to Paris, on account of the decrees at that moment passing against emigrants. No sooner had Madame de Genlis reached Paris than she delivered her charge into the hands of their father, and immediately resigned her place; but the day after their arrival they were all declared emigrants, and received orders to leave Paris in less than forty-eight hours, and repair to a foreign country.

"While we were thus treated," says Madame de Genlis, "the Convention received intelligence of the taking of Namur by my son-in-law, M. de

Valence; a few days before they had applauded those relations which gave an account of the behaviour of my pupils, the two sons of M. d'Orleans, who distinguished themselves in the army by their valour. My unfortunate husband, after much useless labour, successfully executed an important mission with his usual ability. On his return from this mission, he was to have waited for me at Calais, and we were to have returned together. Having been absent from Paris two months, he was imperfectly acquainted with the last decrees concerning emigrants; but he knew that a terrible change had taken place in the general spirit of the Convention. O that he had yielded to my earnest intreaties! He was, however, determined to remain at his post, and he defended to the last moment the rights of humanity and justice!"

As she was denied repose in her own country, Madame de Genlis wished to return to England; but M. d'Orleans would not allow his daughter to go thither. He begged her to accompany her pupil into Flanders, which was not then under the dominion of France. He added, that he only wished her to conduct his daughter to Tournay, there to remain with her three weeks or a month, till he could find a person to supply her place. On these conditions, Madame de Genlis consented to accompany the young lady, not as a governess, but as a friend.

On her arrival at Tournay, she prepared for her departure for England. Three weeks afterwards, she gave in marriage her pupil, and adopted daughter, Pamela, to Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but as the person promised by M. d'Orleans had not yet arrived, she was prevented from proceeding with them to England as she had intended.

About a month after their departure, Madame de Genlis was apprized of the dreadful catastrophe which terminated the life of Louis XVI. and on this occasion she received a letter from her husband, M. de Sillery, which began, in these words:—"I send you my opinion in print; you will see, that in voting for the confinement of the king during the war, I frankly say that he merits not death, and that we have no right to judge him. I have followed the dictates of my conscience, and I know well that this opinion, announced so freely, is in fact the decree of my own death." In answer to this letter, she wrote by a trusty messenger, again entreating him to leave France; but he repeated his former declaration, that he would never desert it; adding, that every thing he saw made him more and more indifferent about a life which the misfortunes of his country rendered odious to him. He therefore remained, though he might have fled; and though he could easily have concealed him-

self, when he knew that he was included in the proscription of the sanguinary Robespierre, yet he voluntarily delivered himself up to prison, whence he was very soon conducted to the scaffold.

On the day of the King's death, M. de Sillery wrote to his wife, desiring her to take care of herself, to leave Flanders, and to retire either to Ireland or Switzerland. With this advice she could not immediately comply, on account of the illness of Mademoiselle d'Orleans.

From Tournay, Madame de Genlis went to Bremgarten, where, through the interest of M. Montesquieu, she obtained an asylum for herself, her niece, and Mademoiselle d'Orleans, in the Convent of St. Clare; here they passed for an Irish family, whom the dangers of war deterred from going home to their native country.

At Bremgarten Madame de Genlis passed a year in the greatest retirement, paying the same attention as ever to the education and the happiness of her beloved pupil, from whom she concealed the tragical fate of her father, which happened during this period.

Having come to the resolution of quitting Bremgarten, her first care was to provide another asylum for Mademoiselle d'Orleans. She prevailed on that young lady to write to her uncle, the Duke of Modena, to entreat that he would receive her in his territories; but he replied, that he was prevented by political reasons from complying with her request. She learned soon afterwards, that the aunt of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, the Princess of Conti, resided in Switzerland, and was then at Friburg. To her she then persuaded her pupil to apply, and the princess promised at the end of a month to take her niece under her protection.

The moment at length arrived at which she was to part with her beloved pupil, for whose sake she had subjected herself to so many difficulties and dangers. The manner in which this separation is related by Madame de Genlis, is too honorable to the feelings of her heart to be omitted in this account. "The Countess of Pons St. Maurice, now arrived from the Princess of Conti, to carry away Mademoiselle d'Orleans. I knew the day before her arrival, that she would be with us the following morning, but I had concealed it from Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who thought she had yet a fortnight to pass with me. When she went to bed, I embraced her in the anguish of my heart, as I was determined to avoid bidding her adieu, and consequently this would be the last time I should see her. I kept her half an hour upon my knees, and I never felt before how much I loved her. Next day, which was the 14th of May, a day I shall never forget, I did not

open the shutters, but dressed myself without any noise, and found Madame de Pons waiting for me in the parlour. I gave her every necessary direction for the treatment of Mademoiselle d'Orleans. She already knew that the unfortunate young lady was ignorant of her father's death, and I convinced her of the impropriety of acquainting her with it for some time to come. After this conversation I shut myself up in my chamber, and sent my niece to tell Mademoiselle d'Orleans, that as I knew Madame de Pons would arrive in the morning, I had set out at break of day and had gone to the fir-wood, about a mile from Bremgarten, with only one servant. The grief of Mademoiselle d'Orleans was inexpressible. Mine was excessive; it is impossible for me to describe it. In about an hour I heard her come down stairs; she stopped at my door, the key of which she was told I had carried with me. I heard her sobbing violently. Certain that she was going to leave me for ever, I was ten times tempted to open my door that I might see her once more, that I might clasp her in my arms, and mingle my tears with hers. But she could not have supported such a scene. She went from my door—she departed. I heard the carriage set off—none but a mother can conceive my feelings at that moment.—Beloved child! who was entrusted to my care at the age of eleven months, and during sixteen years and a half, had scarcely ever been out of my sight but twice; on one occasion for a month, and on another for a fortnight; who never would quit me during so many years; who, notwithstanding her youth, was in truth my friend; from whom I kept nothing secret, and who has given me so many proofs of her gratitude and of her love! I shall ever cherish towards her the sentiments of the tenderest of mothers; the cares of which office I have already had, and the feelings of which I shall ever retain."

Notwithstanding the sincere attachment, which Madame de Genlis had conceived for the nuns of Bremgarten, the departure of her pupil, which she so pathetically describes, rendered the convent completely odious to her. She accordingly made preparations for leaving it with her niece, the only one of her pupils who now remained. They set out on the 19th of May, 1794, and first repaired to Holland, where she left her niece in safe and virtuous hands, and then proceeded to Altona.

After a residence of nine months at Altona, where she was perfectly unknown, Madame de Genlis left that place, and at Hamburg joined her niece and her son-in-law, M. de Valence. With them she settled in the duchy of Holstein, at the village of Silk, about fifteen miles from

Hamburg, in a farm, of which M. de Valence undertook the management. Here she led a life of the utmost tranquillity and retirement, and resumed those literary pursuits which had experienced such a long interruption. In this retreat she composed or completed several works, principally novels; amongst which may be enumerated, *Rash Vows*, *The Rival Mothers*, *The Little Emigrants*, and *The Knights of the Swan*. Here, likewise, she published an account of her conduct since the revolution, in answer to the calumnies which had been circulated against her.

Madame de Genlis continued to enjoy the sweets of retirement at Silk, till, in the year 1800, she was permitted by the French Government to return to her native country, to which she was still bound by the ties of maternal affection. She flew to the embraces of her daughter, her grand-children, and the friends who still remained true to her; and since that period she has resided at Paris. Having lost the whole of her ample property by the revolution, she now subsists by the honourable exercise of those talents, which it has been one of the principal objects of her life to cultivate and to improve.

Many attempts have been made by anonymous libellers, probably jealous of her fame, to blacken the moral character of Madame de Genlis.—Whatever may be her failings—and what mortal is without them?—this we may, at least venture to assert, that her total want of ambition; her disregard of private interest; the goodness of her heart, of which many striking traits may be adduced; her exemplary attention to the duties of the important office confided to her; the maternal attachment she manifested to her pupils; and her invariable solicitude for the promotion of virtue and consequently of human happiness, are qualities which would do honour to any character, and establish a powerful claim to universal admiration and respect.

As a writer, Madame de Genlis has undoubtedly displayed abilities of the very first order, in those departments which she has particularly chosen. Her works for youth are alike fascinating and instructive; they inculcate the principles of the purest morality; they breathe the sentiments of the most rational piety, and lead the juvenile mind, in a manner that is irresistibly attractive, to the love and practice of every social virtue. It cannot then be surprising, that they should be read and admired in every country to which the knowledge of letters has penetrated; and that their author should be placed in the rank of those writers who, by their talents, have conferred the most signal benefits on mankind.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN :

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[Continued from Page 118]

THE morality of thy—how is he called? is an excellent morality, said the Sultan to Danishmende; I have slept so soundly at it! But now I should esteem it a favour if, as I have no inclination to sleep, thou would bring thy story to a conclusion, without any more morality.

Danishmende answered as became an humble slave, and thus proceeded with his narrative:—

“These, said the old man, putting up his tablets are the maxims by which we live; we imbibe them, as it were, with our mother's milk, and by example and habit they would be a second nature to us of themselves, even if they were not so perfectly conformable to nature as they are. Can you any longer be astonished that, at the age of fourscore, I am still capable of partaking in the pleasures of life? that my heart and my senses are still open to every gentle emotion; that my eyes still love to dwell on beautiful forms; and that, though nature has denied to my age some particular gratifications, which I neither despise nor miss, I am satisfied with the enjoyment of those which she has left me; in short, that the last stage of my life is like the evening of a fine day, and at least in this particular I resemble the sage, who (to repeat the expression of our lawgiver) drinks of the cup of pleasure to the dregs: and I swear by this enlightening eye of nature, our common parent, that to my latest breath, if I have but the strength for it, I will drain the last drop from the dregs themselves!

“The old man said this with such an agreeable vivacity, that the emir was obliged to smile; but there was too much dissatisfaction and envy lurking under this smile to be of any advantage to his countenance in the sight of a daughter of nature.

“The remainder of our system of legislation, added the old man, which concerns our police, I had better reduce to your comprehension by a description of our habits of life and our manners. Our little nation, which consists of about five hundred families, lives in a perfect equality, as we need no other distinction than what nature

herself, who loves variety, has made among mankind. The attachment to our constitution, and reverence towards the aged, whom we regard as the preservers of it, are sufficient for the maintenance of tranquillity and order among us, the fruit of harmonious principles and inclinations. We consider ourselves all as one sole family, and the petty misunderstandings that may arise among us are the quarrels of lovers; or like the transient differences of affectionate children. Our festivals are the only assembles we know; our whole nation then assembles before the temple of the Graces, and under their eyes all causes are decided by our elders, and all common covenants made.

“We feed and clothe ourselves with our own products, and the few things we want we receive from the neighbouring bedouins in exchange for our superfluities. The care of the flocks and herds is consigned to our youth; from the twelfth to the eighteenth year all our lads are shepherds, and all our maidens shepherdesses; for this seemed to the wise Psammis to be the natural employment of the age of passion and nicer sensibility. Agriculture employs the men from the eighteenth to the sixtieth year; and gardening is left to the aged, who are relieved of its toilsome labours by the youths. The culture of silk, the weaving of that and cotton, the nurture of flowers, and the whole business of housekeeping belong to our wives and daughters. Each family lives together so long as the common dwelling is capacious enough to hold them, and the paternal estate sufficient to maintain them; when these will no longer suffice, a young colony is instituted, which settles in a neighbouring vale. For the Arabs (whose protection we purchase by a moderate tribute, and who seem to respect nature the more in us as it would be of little benefit to theft to exterminate us) have made over to us a larger parcel of land than we can people in several centuries to come. Our lawgiver judged, with good reason, that it was

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necessary to the preservation of our constitution always to remain a small nation; he therefore enjoined us to hold from time to time a trial of our youth; and to send those who evinced uncommon capacities, a restless spirit, a propensity to ambition, or even only a desire to see the world, to some city of Egypt, of Syria, of Yemen, or Persia, where they would easily find an opportunity to produce their talents and to make their fortune, according to the way of speaking among those nations. By this method we lose every ten years a considerable number of young people; but it likewise often happens, that, at least in age, they return, in order to end their lives in the only city of refuge possessed by beautiful nature perhaps in the whole earth; and when they have undergone a very severe kind of quarantine, and we are certified that the health of our souls and bodies has nothing to apprehend from them, they are admitted with pleasure. Several of them have brought back with them considerable riches, which are laid up in a place continually open, and known to our whole nation, for such public exigencies as may arise, without ever exciting a thought in any one of appropriating a part to himself of what belongs to all. Our children, from the third to the eighth year, are generally left to themselves, that is, to the education of nature; from the eighth to the twelfth they receive as much instruction as is necessary for being happy as members of our society. When their perceptions and judgments are sufficiently regulated for conceiving our constitution to be the best of all possible institutes, they are learned enough; every higher degree of refinement would be useless to them. On entering his fourteenth year, every qualified youth receives the laws of the wise Psammis; he makes a vow, before the statues of the Graces, to observe them faithfully; which vow he repeats in his eighteenth, when he is married to the girl he loved in his condition of a shepherd; for love alone is the basis of our marriages. In his thirtieth year every one is obliged, in addition to his first wife, to take a second, and in his fortieth a third, unless he can produce sufficient reasons against it, of which we have no instance. This precaution is necessary, because the natural proportion between the number of youths and maidens is considerably diminished by the sending away a part of the former. We have slaves, both male and female, but more for pleasure than from any other views of utility. We purchase them in their infancy from the bedouins; an unblemished form is all that we look for in them. We educate them as our own children; they have the same enjoyment of life with ourselves; their children are free, and they themselves are so from the moment they are desirous to leave

us. They differ from us in nothing but their dress, which is more ornamental than ours, and the only prerogative which we reserve to ourselves over them is, that they wait upon us when we indulge in repose, and their principal business is to give us satisfaction.

“All our amusements are natural and artless; and all our accommodations bear the marks of simplicity and moderation. We enjoy the blessing of perpetual peace, and a liberty which perhaps is an advantage for us alone, as we know not its abuse. We enjoy the pleasure which nature has connected with the satisfying of the wants of life, with love, with rest after toil, and with all the social instincts, probably in a higher degree than other mortals; we rejoice longer and more completely in existence; we know but few of the infinite multitude of their plagues and vexations, and even those hardly more than by name. Accordingly, we willingly resign to them their real or imaginary prerogatives, their pomp, their debauchery, their insipid pastimes, their industry in being troublesome to each other, their discontents, their vices, and their diseases. Why should we envy them the arts, by the boundless refinement whereof they render their feelings so delicate that they no longer feel; or the sciences, without which we are comfortable enough for raising the secret envy of the most learned of them all, if he were to know us? We are so far from entertaining such an envy, that every attempt that any of us should make to improve our constitution, or to enrich ourselves with new arts and new wants, would be punished with perpetual banishment. I myself, added the old man, have passed several years of my life in travelling over a great part of the earth; I have seen, observed, and compared; when I was weary of it, with what transports did I thank heaven that I knew of a little corner of the world where it was possible to be happy without molestation! With what ardour did I fly back to the abodes of innocence, and peace! It is true, our nation is, in comparison of all others, a tribe of decided voluptuaries; but so much the better for us. Are we to blame for not resisting all the powers of nature in her intentions to make us happy?

“Here the old man ended his discourse. The sun being now very high, he conducted his guest into a covered saloon, shaded by the thick interwoven branches of lofty chesnut trees. Scarcely had they seated themselves here on a sofa which went round the walls, than the old man was surrounded by a numerous offspring of children, who, like clustering bees, swarmed about him, to welcome his return, and to share in his caresses; the youngest of them were brought by amiable mothers, among whom there

was not one who, in her simple and charming negligence of ornament, with the wide sleeves thrown back from her snow-white arms, and her playful boy leaning on her slightly covered bosom, did not present a beautiful picture of the goddess of love. The emir, at this moving spectacle, forgot a number of questions which had occurred to him during the narrative of his host, who had resigned himself entirely to the pleasure of amusing himself with the children of his children. The contrast of advanced age with infancy, mitigated by the rejuvenescence of the one, and the caressing tenderness of the other, and by a great number of smaller shadings, which are better felt than described; the healthy and cheerful looks of this old man, the brightening of his venerable brow, the silent raptures which sparkled through all his features at the sight of so many happy beings in whom he beheld himself multiplied; the affectionate complacency with which he bore their restless vivacity, and with which he let the least of them, in the arms of their lovely mothers, play with his hoary beard; all together formed an animated picture, the sight whereof was a better proof of the goodness of the morality of the wise Psammis, than the most ingenious arguments could have done. The emir himself, much as the impetuous sway of gross sensuality had suppressed the nobler sentiments of nature, felt at this scene his hardened heart grow tender, and a transient gleam of pleasure sparkled in his visage; a pleasure like the flashes of celestial fires, which, suddenly striking on the dark abyss, give the condemned spirits a transient view into the everlasting abodes of love and bliss, to make the torment of their despair complete."

"The original from whence I have taken this narrative, continued Danishmende, here breaks off abruptly, without giving any farther account of the emir's sojourn amongst these happy people. Some scholiasts say, that, in a burst of rage at the distressing comparison of their condition with his own, he threw himself headlong from the summit of a rock; but another, whose authority has incomparably more weight, affirms, that immediately on his departure from the children of nature, he entered into the order of dervises, and, in the sequel, under the name of Sheik Kuban, acquired the reputation of being one of the greatest moralists in Yemen. He distinguished himself, it is said, chiefly by the lively pictures he used to make of the deplorable consequences of an unbridled sensuality; the force and truth of his delineations were greatly admired, and none, or but very few, who had the talent of guessing what sort of a visage was hid behind

the mask, could comprehend how he was able to paint so well. He might have been useful if he had stuck to this; but from disgust and despair he was unable to confine himself within the bounds of discretion. He stood forth as the declared enemy of all the joys and satisfactions of life; without distinguishing the natural and prudent use, from the self-punishing abuse of them, he described voluptuousness and joy as fatal syrens, decoying the poor traveller by the sweetness of their voice, in order to suck the marrow from his bones, to gnaw the flesh from his carcass, and when they can get nothing more from him, to throw away the remains for worms' meat. He described the love of pleasure as an insatiable passion; to hope to set bounds to it, said he, would be just as wise as for a man to nurse a hyæna in his bosom, in hopes to make him tame and good natured. Under this pretext he enjoined the necessity of eradicating the sensual appetites. Even the pleasures of the imagination he pronounced to be dangerous snares, and the refined gratification of the heart and mind, an artfully prepared poison, the compounder whereof deserved to be punished in everlasting flames. This senseless morality, the fruit of his corrupted juices, of his exsiccated brain, and the perpetual remorse which possessed his gloomy soul, he preached so long, took so much pains, by numberless sophistical arguments to make evident to himself, that at last he succeeded in bringing himself to think that he was fully convinced of it. He now imagined it to be pure charity, which prompted him to endeavour to render all men as unhappy as himself; and when his disease had attained to its highest pitch, he finished by arraigning the supreme Being of the derangement of his imagination and reason, and depicting the creator of good, whose immensely extended energy is life and bliss, as a cruel demon, who was offended at the joy of his creatures, and whose wrath could only be appeased by a total abstinence from pleasure, by sighs and tears, and voluntary mortifications.

"Many other memorable things are related concerning the consequences of this misanthropical morality, and of the artful use which the dervises, fakirs, talapoins, bonzes and lamas, in all parts of Asia and India made of it; but I should, after all, only relate things which have been long known to the Sultan, my lord, and to the whole world (though the world is apparently not a whit the better for it), and there is a time to begin, and a time to leave off, says the wise Zoroaster."

[To be continued.]

AN ESTIMATE OF THE GENIUS AND LITERARY CHARACTER OF VOLTAIRE.

THE following singular conversation took place some years since, at M. Duclos's, on the genius and writings of Voltaire.

Several learned men having met at the house of the late M. Duclos, Secretary to the *Academie Française*, the universal genius of Voltaire was praised. A celebrated German jurist entered at the moment when several were exclaiming aloud on the unbounded extent of Voltaire's genius. The German joined his voice to theirs; a small scruple, however, arose in his mind.—“Yes,” said he, “Voltaire was a man universally learned: poetry, moral and natural history, mathematics, medicine, and criticism, every thing fell within his grasp. It is a pity he should have been so deficient in the code of jurisprudence. Whenever he begins to speak of legislature, politics, or justice, I do not know how it happens, but his pen is bewildered, and his genius seems suddenly to abandon him. I will not believe that it is on this account he has so often spoken ill of our Grotius, Puffendorff, and your Montesquieu, who were a little better skilled in these matters than himself. But this observation is a mere trifle, and Voltaire is an universal genius.”

“Yes,” cried a celebrated mathematician, “nothing escaped him, and posterity will not be able to credit that so many productions can have flowed from one pen. Our descendants will imagine that there have been several men of that name, and, thanks to him, the intellectual world, like the fabulous one, will have its mental Hercules. What a pity it is that he ever wished to meddle with mathematics! for, between ourselves, I entreat you will not repeat it, he is but a schoolboy in geometry, witness his “*Elements of Philosophy according to Newton*.” Notwithstanding this, every one must allow that Voltaire never was equalled; no, a more extensive or universal genius never existed.”

M. de Miran, one of the company, then said, “Voltaire's enemies may do what they will, they can never succeed in wresting from him the palm of universal merit. What a man! how delightful is his pleasantry! I am indebted to his writings for the happiest moments of my life; they amuse, they enchant me, whenever I read them. He treats every subject with equal wit and grace. The collection of his works is a real *Encyclopædia*. What a pity it is that he should not be as successful in natural history as he is in light subjects! for it must be allowed that he knew

little of this, and you must own that I am a pretty competent judge, having made it my particular study. With this exception, our author certainly is a prodigy. Never did any man succeed in so many different styles; and he is with the greatest truth acknowledged as universal genius.”

An English historian who had not yet spoken, and who had been deeply reflecting, replied, “I agree with you, that Voltaire is a man who never had his fellow. Our country has not yet produced so great, so universal a genius. Pope cannot be compared to him. He unites the merit of Otway, Swift, Addison, and Bolingbroke. But why would he write history! his style is indeed charming, but I am forced to say that he has not adopted the right manner. Epigrams, reflections, and alterations of facts.—Oh! we write history quite differently from him. Our authors never sacrifice truth to beauty. Voltaire was wrong in cultivating that kind of literature; but in other respects he is truly superior, indeed, almost divine. You will never have a wiser philosopher, a more acute critic, or agreeable reasoner. He is, indeed, truly charming!—In a word, he is an universal genius.”

“I am enchanted,” exclaimed M. Burden, a physician, renowned for his profound knowledge and talents, “I am truly enchanted to hear an Englishman render justice to Voltaire, in a manner so honourable for our nation; but, Sir, will you permit me to observe to you, that our author is not so unequal and frivolous in history as you seem to believe. I have verified the greatest part of the facts he relates without proof or quoting the sources from which they are derived, and I assure you I have succeeded in discovering the truth of them; that is to say, I have found authorities capable of supporting them, which prove at least that Voltaire has not invented them. It is my opinion that if he be weak in any thing it is not in history, but in medicine, the formation of man, and the animal constitution of our species; for he is almost always wrong when he wishes to reason on this subject. But is he obliged to know as much as those who are physiologists by profession? Such a reproach would be invidious, as he excels in so many other sciences, I conclude that my observation will not detract from Voltaire's being considered an universal genius.”

“What, gentlemen, while each of you are celebrating the mutes' favoured child, shall I observe a guilty silence,” cried an Abbé, who was

a theologian, and aspired to become a member of the French Academy!—"I ought, and will also give him my tribute of admiration. It is my opinion that Voltaire unites in himself the talents which have immortalized Aristotle, Plutarch, Cicero, Tacitus, Sophocles, Anacreon, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, and the two Plinys. Thanks to his works, our language will become classical, like that of the Greeks and Romans. He has one merit which distinguishes him from the philosophers that have preceded him, which is to have had the skill and courage to take the veil from the eyes of prejudiced bigots. Lucian on this subject is but a school-boy when compared with him. No one has ever handled the weapon of ridicule with more address than he; and you will allow this to be the most efficacious remedy against errors. Happy would it have been if he had remained silent on the subject of religion! When he wished to practice reasoning, he has unfortunately fallen into mistakes which have not been overlooked by our learned theologians; they have even made him many bitter reproaches, and after having made a particular study of the ancient tongues, I am compelled to agree with them that Voltaire has not the smallest knowledge of Hebrew, that he does not understand Greek, and that he has not derived his critical observations on Abraham, David, Moses,

Solomon, the prophets, the laws and the morals of the Hebrews, from their original source: I even doubt whether he had read the works of the fathers of the church whom he so often quotes. But how was it possible that so sublime a genius could descend to these dry and barren studies! His enemies will say that he should not reason on what he did not perfectly understand, or that he ought, however, to have better chosen his extracts; but I would answer them, that Jupiter had his weak moments, and that transforming himself into a bull, did not make him cease being master of the gods. Voltaire, though sometimes he forgot himself, did not cease to be Voltaire; that is to say, the model of wits, learned men, philosophers, poets, historians, and, in short, of all kinds of literature."

A comic poet, a lyric poet, and an erudite, who were also present, were going to speak in their turn, when some of the listeners looked at each other, and burst into a loud laugh. It was time, or else the universal genius would soon have dwindled into nothing.

M. Duclos, who out of politeness had allowed them to speak, broke up the meeting, saying, he hoped the company would never repeat the conversation they had just heard, or that he had joined in the laugh.

E. R.

HIUMOURS OF ELECTIONS.

A HINT FOR THE PRESENT DAY.

"HEY DAY! What is the matter? Behold all the marks of invasion, or a civil war! Windows broken, doors demolished, sign-posts pulled down! Here stands a man with a broken arm, and yonder go two or three more with bruised faces and black eyes! Prithce, what have you been about?"

"*Lectioneer*ing, Sir," answers an elderly man, to whom I addressed my inquiry.

"*Lectioneer*ing—what do you mean by that, good man?"

"Why, its going about to be made a *Parliament man* on; and he that gets the most votes carries the day."

"But I do not see the connexion, my honest friend, between choosing Mr. A. or Mr. B. for your representative, and demolishing your town, or knocking one another on the head."

"Don't you? Why then I can tell you, *Meister*," says the old gentleman, with a smile of contempt aimed at my ignorance, "these great fokes makes up little fokes drunk, and

when we are drunk we fight, and when we fight we do mischief, that's all."

"The greater fools you to make yourselves such beasts."

"Nay, as to the matter of that, I think you great fokes, ought to know better than to set us together by the ears, to serve their own turns."

"And I think you ought to know better than to be set together by the ears by them."

"Lord, Sir, if you could get your belly full of vittels and drink for nothing, and money given you into the bargain, you would now, I'll warrant you. There is the *White Lion*, and *Greyhound*, and *Blackamore's Head*, has been open for these three weeks *successfully*. Ale was given away by pails full. You might go in and eat and drink till you burst again, at any time, and nobody would take no notice like."

"So then you are fond of the diversion, I find."

"A lack-a-day, Sir! I have lived in the town, and paid scot and lot thirty-one years and three

quaffers, come Christmas next: I've polled for eleven *Parliament men*, and have had my swill of ale and a broken pate every time, thank God."

"So I see these worthy gentlefolks first make beasts of you, and then claim the honour of being your representatives; that's curious enough. But pray tell me what these *Parliament men* are good for when you have them."

"Good for, Sir! bless your heart, good for! Why if it was not for them we should all be over-run with *Papishes* and *Presbyterians*, God knows."

"And what harm would they do you?"

"Lud, Sir, how you talk! why they would knock us on the head, if we did not wear wooden shoes, and go to the *Pantle* house!"

"So you knock one another on the head to prevent these calamities!"

"Aye to be sure. Thof I an't now the man I was, I'll fight for Old England, as long as there's a drop of blood left in this old carcass of mine; and I'll stand up for the Church too, agen all the *Presbyterians* sons of b—— in the nation, as long as my name's *John Plodder*, that I wul; I'll be d——d if I don't!"

With this pious exclamation honest John broke for us rather abruptly, and joining some of his associates at a little distance, raised a laugh upon us as we passed them.

Although the description of this ludicrous scene may afford a momentary amusement, yet no man who wishes good to individuals, or is a true lover of his country, can seriously reflect upon scenes of a similar nature, so frequently repeated, without the utmost abhorrence. The people, when they are thus assembled for electing a representative, may justly be deemed not only one part of the Legislature, but the most important part. From them, governors derive their power; and, for their benefit alone, all good governments are instituted. And when their superiors in fortune, or in education and understanding, take advantage of the indigence and dependent state of the lower class of people, or of the ignorance of uncultivated minds, and thus seduce or impel them to prostitute the right which nature and our excellent constitution have put into their hands, they are guilty of an attempt as base in its motives, as it is ruinous in its consequences.

The election of representatives in parliament, is the most important act in which the community at large can possibly be engaged. Nay, it is the only public act in which they have authoritative concern; and the issues of it remain irremediable for a space of time, long enough, at some critical periods, to ruin a whole kingdom. Surely then constituents ought to be well instructed in the nature of this their power,

and taught how to direct it to the general good! And yet, where shall we find this disposition in those who are able to instruct them? Or the contrary, is there not, almost universally, a disposition to deceive and abuse? Are there any instances in civil society, of immorality, chicanery, and absolute villainy, equal to those manifested in the conduct of our elections? I must confess my astonishment at finding such a contrast in the human breast, as these periods discover. Those, who perhaps are of decent and honourable deportment in all the concerns of private life, seem at such seasons to glory in acting the parts of deceitful knaves; and without pretending to a dispensation from any Pope, mutually consent to be guilty of as much accumulated wickedness at these carnivals, as the most indulgent Pope ever had the insolence to pardon.

But do virtue, honour, integrity, change their lovely natures when the cause becomes national? or, can those vices which are execrated in the individual, become the ornament of a partisap? Can those dishonourable acts, which would disgrace the perpetrator in his own circumscribed sphere, where their influence is more local, become less culpable in proportion as their malignant effects are extensively diffused? Or, is virtue such an irksome restraint upon men, that they shall be glad of an opportunity to give their conscience a respite, a schoolboy's holiday, and seize the occasion, when a regard to character is suspended, of giving a loose to the natural propensity of their minds?

Whatever be the cause, it is enough to amaze those who retain any portion of their native simplicity, and strike horror into the minds of such who still feel the workings of common humanity, to consider what desperate means are employed to answer the most trivial purposes! To reflect how many an honest, sober, diligent mechanic, has degenerated into an indolent vagabond, or been corrupted into a perjured villain, in consequence of the reigning dissoluteness of these seasons! How many worthy and industrious families have been threatened with immediate ruin, or actually turned adrift from their habitations, simply as sacrifices to the puerile ambition of an insignificant individual, who, it is highly probable, is not of half the consequence to the public weal, as the farmer, the weaver, shoemaker or tailor, whom he seduces, depraves, or overwhelms with misery!

And for what is all this violent commotion? Wherefore this temporary civil war? Why must contention, hatred, and irreconcilable animosities be let loose upon a borough or a county? Is it not to determine some absurd point of honour between the leaders of contending parties?

Where the importance, and perhaps the very names of the rival candidates, are lost in the contest of their lawless abettors? * Or is it not to return some supple animal who buys, that he may sell you? who fawns, that he may betray? who, like the fox in the fable, persuades you to let him mount on your shoulders, that he may leave you in the pit? Is it not evenually to oppress the people who gave the serving suppliant his political existence, and to enslave the constituents whom he is chosen to protect?

Not only do facts evince that this invective is innocent of slander, but the *argumenta a priori* will corroborate its truth. It is not to be supposed that any constituent, or his partizans, will commit these vicious actions from virtuous motives; that they will ruin the people to save the nation; break down the first laws of humanity, the love of peace, of sobriety, of integrity, out of zeal for the commonwealth; and do their utmost to subvert our Constitution, that they may share in the honour of making laws intended for its preservation.

I know but one circumstance which can aggravate the iniquity of this conduct, and that is, when a Peer of the realm engages directly, or indirectly, in the contest. This is such an insolent infringement upon the common rights of mankind, as ought never to pass without exemplary punishment, were it possible to bring those to condign punishment who deem security a law, and claim a privilege to act ignominiously from the very splendour and dignity of their character! For can there be a more ignominious conduct than for a nobleman, who in his own right is one branch of the legislature, meanly to encroach upon the rights of the other? To lavish his wealth in corrupting the principles of an unthinking freeholder, and influence him in the choice of a representative, part of whose office it is to watch over, and restrain the abuse of that power which his rank necessarily bestows? Can there be a more shameful solecism, than for one who is deemed first in the class of gentlemen, to exert his influence in the appointment of a person who is to be a defence against his own encroachments? and break through the best barrier of the constitution, that a creature of his own may be elected as a guarantee of it? The severest laws against the open invaders of another's property, or poachers of their favourite game, to which these personages ever gave their suffrage, ought, according to the *Lex Talionis*, to be returned upon themselves!

* In a contested election for a certain Borough, numbers of the electors, not knowing the names of the candidates for whom they gave their votes, distinguished them by calling them, *the Duke of X's man*—*Lord Z's man*, &c,

I must confess, that when I behold these *Right Honourables* sport with the liberties of mankind, and aim at grasping all the power and influence in the kingdom to themselves, I cannot forbear, in the warmth of my resentment, reducing the metaphorical language of Shakspeare's gardener, to its more literal interpretation:—

"Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,
"That look too *leasty* in our commonwealth:
"All must be *even* in our government."

RICHARD II. Act 3.

Should it be thought that I am too warm upon the question, I answer, that there are some things of too serious an import to bear a smile; that there are some actions, of which, although they entitle a man to a seat in Bedlam, the villainy shall yet exceed the folly! And in these cases, the indignation of every one who feels in any respect correspondent with the nature of his subject, must rise superior to his love of ridicule.

"*Omne unum vitium tanto conspectus in se*

"*Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat ha-*
"betur."
JUVENAL."

But to return to our plebeians.

Were I to follow the natural train of the argument, I should only urge what has been repeated times innumerable—I should of course bewail the inequality of representation; the absurdity of boroughs almost without inhabitants, appointing delegates to maintain their rights, while the rights of thousands and tens of thousands remain defenceless. I should lament that the choice of the representatives of a populous and flourishing nation should be confined to so few, and often to such foul and unworthy hands. I should vainly desire that vice would correct itself, and that those who are naturally disposed to abuse their power, would be the first to reform this abuse. Yet I cannot forbear wishing that every individual in the nation felt the injury of being excluded from a share in the legislature, and sought some constitutional and effectual method of redress. For without a voice, either in the Parliament itself, or in the choice of a delegate, their dearest privileges may be bartered away for a paltry bribe, or a can of ale! In short, one class of men is totally at the mercy of another! And if this bear any part in the definition of a slave, those who form one of these classes are slaves, though for the present they feel not the chain!

But although a radical cure for this dangerous disease is not much to be expected, and perhaps could not be accomplished without such violent convulsions as might greatly endanger our political constitution, yet I think some considerable palliative might be administered.

Is there not reason to believe that great numbers, perhaps a majority of the freeholders, wanton with the liberties of their fellow-citizens, merely through gross ignorance, or culpable inattention? That they have the most confused ideas of the office of a representative in Parliament? That, although the welfare of the whole nation ultimately depends upon their decisions, yet they know as little of the matter as *John Plodder*, who thought that a parliament man was to guard him, some how or other, against Papists, Presbyterians, and wooden shoes.

I would therefore recur to the idea which was first suggested, that some proper method might be adopted, fully to acquaint the electors with the nature and importance of their power at such interesting periods; that they ought to be instructed in the common liberties of mankind, the general principles of Government, and the design of all civil society.

Would it not be highly meritorious in those who retain any sparks of public spirit, and are patriots indeed, to draw up a plain and clear summary of the privileges and duties of an elector, to be put into the hands of every freeholder in the kingdom, particularly at the eve of a general election? Ought not these electors to be informed that they are at such times the representatives of others—that they stand in the place of thousands—that perjury is not the only vice of which they can be guilty, for they must at the same time be aiding and abetting oppression—that the choice of a man avowedly unqualified, either from the known want of capacity, or of public or private virtue, or from his being already the servile minion of the court, is also a crime, of the first magnitude—that they are responsible for the measures that man shall espouse; and that if the nation be ruined by the choice of unworthy members, which is the danger of the present times, the ruin of the whole empire rests with them.

Nor would such friendly and patriotic admonitions be seasonable to the lower class of electors alone, but many of their superiors might also profit by them. For is it not notorious that while the one are thus easily reduced or deterred from voting with impartiality, the others, as easily and unthinkingly, enlist themselves on the side of the seducers? Or do they not fall into the opposite extreme, and treat with the utmost indifference a concern in which the interests of the whole state are embarked? Are there not thousands whose character and fortune entitle them to a very respectable and lawful influence in the constitution, that are restrained by indolence or pusillanimity, from giving their suffrage at all? Or otherwise, do they not consider the election of a candidate as a matter of

personal favour rather than of public trust? and attend infinitely more to partial recommendations, and family connexions, than to the political principles, or the honour and probity of the party whose cause they espouse.

The character of *John Plodder* is, we fear, very similar to that of the ignorant freeholders in general, who barter away every thing that is valuable for a treat at an inn. As a sample of this class, in higher life, an old Baronet, whom we may call *Sir Indifference Wealthy*, may serve.

I dined lately with this gentleman, who is really a worthy individual, and, if possible, still more respectable for the goodness of his heart, than for the excellence of his dinners. But he seems to have the public spirit of an oyster, and to be as inattentive to every national question as his faithful dog *Tray*, that is borne down with years, indolence, and fat.

While we were at table, I endeavoured to rouse the old gentleman from his lethargy, by expatiating with some vehemence upon the absurd and iniquitous manner in which elections were conducted.

"Pshaw! It's a customary thing," says the knight.

He voted at a late election for a man whose character, both public and private, was very exceptionable, merely because their lands lay contiguous; and he thought it would have been an unneighbourly action to vote against him.

"It is a customary thing," said he, as he helped himself to some turbot.

"Its being so customary," said I, "is one grand subject of my complaint."

"I don't see much in it," quoth he, "it always was and always will be so."

"I answered, that I could not help seeing a great deal in it; and that if his assertion were true, there was but a gloomy prospect for the nation."

"Aye, you croaking politicians are always foreboding evil. Why, we live as well now as ever we did," quoth my host,—and helps himself to another slice.

This may not always be the case, Sir, supposing it admissible for you to judge of the state of myriads, by the plenty which your ample fortune affords you. And permit me to observe, that if your predecessors had been as indifferent to the common interests of mankind as yourself, it might not have been in your power to have lived as at present: and were every man of influence to be governed by the same supine maxims, your posterity will never see turbot or turtle at the tables of any but priests, placemen, and pensioners; who will riot in luxury by grievous taxes on their estates, if not by an iniquitous confiscation of the whole."

His mouth was full, and he was silent.

"The more the evil is customary, the more it is increased and multiplied, Sir Knight. The repetition of a vice, ever so many times, can never change it into a virtue; though our familiarity with it may render us inattentive to its nature or consequences. It is a customary thing also for the total absence of a public spirit, and a general corruption of manners, to destroy a nation: and shall any, from this shallow consideration, be easy in the prospect of its dissolution?"

"I cannot make that out," said the Baronet.

I was going to assist him; and was collecting in my own mind the links of the chain between the universal depravity and final ruin of a state. But he saved me the trouble. For having finished his turbot, he poured out a bumper of claret; and after he had testified his religion, loyalty, and public spirit, by drinking Church, King, and Constitution, he threw himself back in his great arm-chair, and fell fast asleep.

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

AT a little distance from the small city of Zevikau, is a plain which still bears the name of *The Field of the Swans*, a name which an ancient tradition informs us, is derived from a large lake which it formerly contained, and which was called *The Lake of the Swans*. The waters of this lake had the marvellous property of restoring youth and beauty to the females who bathed in it; but unhappily it exists no longer, or bloom of Arcassia, or lily paste, might be advertised in vain. To such, however, as are disposed to waste useless regrets on this subject, it may be some consolation to learn, that the wonder-working virtue of this precious lake could be proved by none who were not descended from the fairy tribe. All others bathed in it without effect: they lost not a year in appearance, they left not a wrinkle behind them.

Prior to the disappearance of the Lake of the Swans, there lived, in a grotto near it, a pious hermit, named Bruno. His reputation for sanctity was very great in the neighbourhood; but, though curiosity had been very active in endeavouring to discover from whom he was descended, or whence he came, all that related to him, prior to his appearance in this country, remained an impenetrable secret. His hospitality and cheerfulness, however, made him generally beloved; and the simple inhabitants of the surrounding mountains resorted to him for advice or instruction in all their little concerns.

Age had enfeebled the limbs of the venerable Bruno, and bleached his once jetty locks, at the period when he is introduced to the reader. He was no longer able to cultivate the little garden which, with his own hands, he had formed before his grotto; and he earnestly desired a companion who would supply his place there, and cheer his lonely hours by rational conversation. Such an one he had vainly sought among the individuals that he occasionally beheld, and had nearly renounced the hope of

finding, when chance threw the treasure in his way.

While he was one evening performing his devotions, a youth, in the uniform of a soldier, presented himself at the entrance of the grotto, and, with a touching humility, craved permission to pass the night in his solitary dwelling. His pale cheek and hollow eye announced extreme fatigue; while a countenance manly and prepossessing, quickened in Bruno's bosom the impulses of humanity. He placed before the youth such refreshment as his grotto afforded, and prepared a bed for him by the side of his own.

The following morning put him in possession of Freidbert's little history, which contained no very striking particulars, but was related with a simplicity that evinced a guileless mind. The foster brother of the beautiful heiress of a wealthy nobleman, Freidbert had lived on terms of familiarity with her, which had inspired in both an ill-fated passion. It was discovered, and Freidbert had been compelled to enter the army. The insolence of an officer in his regiment had provoked him to resent it by a blow; and to escape the severe punishment annexed to his offence, he fled; since when he had wandered about, concealing himself in woods during the day, and pursuing his unsettled route during the night; but having tasted nothing for the last twenty-eight hours, he felt so exhausted that he resolved to entreat the compassionate aid of the individuals of the first solitary habitation that presented itself.

The good hermit invited his young guest to spend a few days with him in his retirement, an invitation which was thankfully accepted. This period, short as it was, enabled Bruno to discover in the youth a mind so witless yet so intelligent, a sensibility so lively, and a disposition so grateful and obliging, that he conceived the design of retaining him to enliven the remainder of his days. Freidbert readily embraced the proposal

made him; and changing his uniform for the habit of a holy man, applied himself assiduously to render his benefactor all the good offices in his power.

Spring rapidly passed away, and the summer solstice arrived. As this period approached, Freidbert perceived his patron to be unusually agitated. He often walked for hours on the brink of the Lake of the Swans, and commonly returned more pensive than when he set out.— Suddenly, however, he discontinued these promenades, and daily dispatched Freidbert thither, charging him to look carefully whether there were any swans near it, and to observe their flight and their number. He listened to Freidbert's report with the deepest attention; but finding that he continued to return without bringing any account of their appearance, he grew more agitated and dejected; lost his appetite, ceased to sleep, and exhibited every appearance of a man hastening rapidly to the grave.

One evening, as Freidbert was perambulating on the border of the lake, he suddenly perceived a flight of beautiful swans. They approached the lake, and hovered for some minutes, as in playfulness, round it. Freidbert, who, while he wondered how the appearance of those birds could be connected with the repose of his patron, was rejoiced to have their arrival to announce, flew to the hermitage with the welcome intelligence. Bruno received it with transport; he ordered Freidbert to go to a neighbouring town to purchase some articles for a luxurious supper; and displayed, on his return, some bottles of the richest wine. During their repast, he frequently expressed his joy at the arrival of the swans, and not only drank copiously of the luscious beverage himself, but made Freidbert do so also. The liquor soon began to manifest its effects by exhilarating the spirits of the serious Freidbert, while those of Bruno rose to a pitch which astonished his young companion. All memory of his age, of his infirmities, of the gravity suited to his situation, seemed lost; and, with the gaiety of youth, and a warm temperature, he expatiated on the pleasures of love, spoke like a voluptuary of the effects of beauty, and even sung songs in illustration of its powers over the heart.

Freidbert, who, though animated and exhilarated by the wine, was nevertheless perfectly himself, testified by his expressive looks the surprise and curiosity which this extraordinary change in his benefactor excited. Bruno perceived the sentiments which respect restrained him from uttering, and thus addressed the youth:

“Young man, thy faithful services for eight months have given thee a claim to my confidence which I ought not to delay to satisfy.— Kuow, then, that it is love, not devotion, which

from a far distant country impelled my steps hither, and fixed me in this dreary solitude. Listen attentively to what I am going to say, and thou wilt at the same time learn the history of the lake, of this lake whose tranquil bosom at this moment reflects the tremulous beams of the bright luminary of night.

“In my youth I acquired an extensive reputation for courage and gallantry. My country was Switzerland, my family that of the Counts of Kybourg. I was devoted to pleasure and to love, to gratify which passion I violated every sacred duty. In an amour, which infatuated my reason, I discovered that I had a rival, a dangerous and seducing one. Maddened by the conviction, I resolved on his destruction, which I speedily effected. In consequence I was obliged to fly to Rome, to obtain absolution from the Pope. He granted it, but only on the condition that I joined the crusaders who were on the eve of departing for Palestine; and that, if I fell in the enterprise, my fortune should devolve to our mother, the church. It was absolutely necessary that I should purchase absolution on any terms; I therefore complied with the best grace possible, and embarked on board a Venetian galley. We had reached the Ionian sea when a terrible tempest overtook us. The waves swelled to the clouds; our little bark became their sport, and was threatened every instant with destruction; it was driven by the winds near the isle of Naxos, and running foul of some rocks split into a thousand pieces. Little accustomed to swimming, I escaped death I know not how; my tutelary angel supported me above the water till I reached the coast, where a number of the inhabitants, who had witnessed the wreck of our vessel, were collected to render what assistance was in their power to such of the crew as might come within their reach. They treated me with kindness, and as soon as my quality was known at the court of Naxos, I received an invitation from Prince Zeus to make my appearance there.

“I went, and for the first time saw the beautiful, the graceful Zoe, his wife. Her form was of Grecian mould, and so exquisitely proportioned was every part, that Zeuxis need have copied nothing from any other could he have beheld her when composing his celebrated picture; she realized all that has been said by the poets of the fabled beauty of the goddess of love. The first glance lighted in my breast a flame which annihilated every idea not connected with her. No other beauty that I had ever seen seemed worthy to inspire admiration; I forgot the object of my voyage, I could think of nothing but how to communicate my passion to my fair enslaver, and dispose her to regard it favourably. I distinguished myself at the tournaments by

carrying away every prize, and acquired a renown which cost me little labour; for the Greeks, become effeminate, no longer retain aught of that activity, vigour, and address, which characterized their famed ancestors. I sought by a million of those attentions which commonly succeed with women, to recommend myself to the seducing Zoe. I made a friend of one of her attendants, who took care to inform me before hand how she was to be dressed at each fete of the court, and her colours were always those of my scarf, and of the ribbons which ornamented my helmet. She adored music and dancing. When she repaired in an evening to take the air on a noble terrace that overlooked the sea, I frequently surprised her with a serenade, or a ballet executed by dancers whom I had hired from the Morea. I employed the first artizans of Constantinople to supply her with every thing that could flatter her vanity, or gratify her taste; they were sent to her without the least hint of its being by my order, but I took care that she should not be ignorant that I was the author of these gallantries. If thou hast any experience in love, Friedbert, thou wilt know that all these assiduities, which the insensible regard as of no importance, are hieroglyphs which convey a great deal where they are understood, they have a sense, and a signification, as determinate as the letters and the words in our ordinary language. The language of love is a sort of symbolical language, and two persons who understand it, may converse in the presence of the ignorant without betraying ought of their sentiments.

"The muteless testimonies of my regard, which found their way into the very chamber of the princess, spoke so strongly in my favour, that I presently remarked with transport the eyes of this charming woman singling me out in the crowd of courtiers that surrounded to offer her their homage. In meeting mine they teemed with an expression of tender gratitude for my attentions, which penetrated to the inmost recesses of my soul. I became more bold; and through the medium of my secret friend I ventured to solicit a private interview; it was at length granted, but did not take place. Another and another time was appointed, yet some little circumstance or other never failed to frustrate my high raised hopes. Sometimes it was the princess who could not find an opportunity to steal to the place named for our meeting; sometimes I found that pointed out by herself inaccessible; in short, the demon of jealousy watched the beautiful Zoe with such unremitting vigilance, that I found it impossible to procure a sight of her but in the presence of the whole court. My desires, far from being blunted by these reiterated disappointments, became more

vehement; like a lion which the want of nourishment has rendered furious, my passion rose beyond controul, it was a kind of internal rage, a sort of devouring fire which seemed to consume my very vitals; my cheeks lost their colour, my limbs their activity, and my knees trembled like the flowers which are agitated by the wind. In this frightful state how much did I want a faithful friend, in whose bosom I might deposit my griefs, and whose suggestions might pour the balm of hope into the cruel wounds of my heart.

"I was in this desperate condition when I one day received a visit from Theophrastus, the physician of the prince, who had ordered him to attend me. I held out my hand for him to feel my pulse, but said at the same time, that I believed his skill could not save me from the grave to which I was not unwillingly hastening. He smiled, and thus replied:—'Imagine not, noble Cavalier, that I came to ascertain the state of your body, and prescribe for its relief, as would an ordinary practitioner; your health is borne away on the wings of love, it can return to you by no other conveyance.'

"I was excessively surprised to find my secret known to Theophrastus. I knew him to be very skilful, but I was ignorant that he could so well read hearts. I concealed from him nothing of that which it seemed he already knew; and I added in a melancholy tone,—'How can that which has deprived me of health give it me back again? Can Zoe ever be mine, and can I live without her? Nothing remains for me but to die, and it would be a cruel effort of your art to endeavour to prevent it.'

"'You must, you shall live,' returned Theophrastus, 'and since love without hope is more terrible than death, abandon not this first of blessings. There is nothing new under the sun; that which has happened may happen again. The old Tithonus little dreamt that he should ever be the husband of the beautiful Aurora. When the shepherd of mount Ida played on his pipe to his sheep, did he think he should one day carry off the beautiful Helen? What had Anchises to boast of more than you, and yet the goddess of beauty preferred him to the valiant god of combats?'

"It was thus, by employing science and philosophy, that the compassionate physician sought to banish despair from my heart, the despair which, like a subtle poison, was rapidly undermining my existence. I listened with avidity to the consolation which he poured on my ear, and their effect was more powerful than could have been the most successful remedy of his art. I presently regained my health, and recommenced with ardour my amorous pursuit.

"It appeared to me to be more successful than before. Theophrastus was become my intimate friend, the confidant and interpreter of every wish. The beautiful Zoe was enabled to deceive the vigilance of her spies, and I obtained, at last, the interview which I had so long and so ardently desired. It took place in a bower in the garden of the palace. Transported with the condescension of my charming mistress, I precipitated myself at her feet; I pressed with transport against my lips a hand soft and white as the down of the cygnet, and I was on the point of avowing the flame which her beauty had lighted up in my breast, when several men rushed from behind a thicket, and seizing me before I could make any resistance, effectually baffled all my efforts to get free. The suddenness of this attack, and the sight of me in the custody of the ruffians, made so sensible an impression on the princess, that the roses fled from her cheeks, her limbs lost the power of sustaining her frame, and uttering a dreadful cry, she sunk senseless on the earth. In this situation they compelled me to leave her; I was torn from her, and from being an instant before the happiest of mortals, I became the most wretched.

"At the distance of a stone-throw from the island is a stupendous rock, surrounded on every side by the sea. On the summit stands a strong tower, which, formerly was a temple consecrated to Bacchus, where the heathens worshipped this fabled divinity. The prince of Naxos had converted it into a prison destined to be the grave of those who were unfortunate enough to be sent thither; and the rock instead of echoing hymns in praise of the god of wine and pleasure, resounded with the cries of the wretches who were left to famish with hunger.

"I was tied down in the boat which conveyed me to this horrible place, and fettered while I ascended the rock. A large gate unclosed to receive me, then shut, never, never more to furnish me a passage. The profound obscurity that reigned around, the cadaverous smell that rushed on my olfactory organs, the groans of dying victims, all announced to me that I was in the regions of death. In advancing I stumbled sometimes over a skeleton, sometimes over a corpse half-putrid. In a transport of despair I called upon death to free me at once from the accumulated horrors of my situation. His brother, insensibility, answered my call; in my struggles with the ruffians I had received several blows on my

head, which, at length plunged me into a temporary forgetfulness of my misery.

"On recovering my senses I perceived a faint light beam on the walls of my prison; I raised myself to discover whence it proceeded, and beheld a basket with a lamp in it attached to a cord, which seemed to have been let down from the roof of the tower. An irresistible impulse carried me towards it, when, to my astonishment, I saw the basket filled with eatables of various kinds, and some bottles of wine of Cyprus, as also a bottle of oil for keeping in the lamp.

"Though the light shewed me all the horrors of the place in which I was enclosed, this seasonable supply was such a proof that I had still a friend who was both willing and able to serve me, that my spirits and my courage revived, and seizing some of the viands, I devoured them with an appetite as keen as if I had been at the most sumptuous repast.

"Some days elapsed, at least I imagined so, for as day and night were alike excluded my prison, and I was left to my fate, I had no means of measuring time with accuracy. At length I heard a noise over my head. It was the first sound that had reached my ears since my fainting fit, and I listened for a repetition of it with mingled hope and apprehension. It might be my unknown friend, or it might be some emissary of the prince dispatched to anticipate the effect of famine.—All was again silent, and I was beginning to fancy I had imagined a sound, when the reality again arrested and fixed my attention. It seemed nearer than before, but was still so distant and so faint, that it was impossible to conjecture from what it proceeded. At length I distinguished the footsteps of a man, descending to my dungeon. It instantly struck me that I ought to put out my light, lest should it be an enemy, the discovery that I had a friend might prove fatal to my benefactor; I had already seized it for this purpose, when the dread of being again left in darkness made me pause. There was no time, however, for deliberation, the step was at the door of my prison, the key was put into the lock, and at that instant I extinguished the lamp.

"Imagine my situation during the minutes that preceded the appearance of the unknown. The key turned with difficulty, it was some minutes before the lock could be withdrawn from the receiver; the door, however, was at last opened, and I beheld—Theophrastus."

[To be continued.]

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 197.]

CHAP. XI.

Brief History of the French Fashions till the time of Henry IV.

• "OUR forefathers" says La Bruyère, "have transmitted to us, together with the knowledge of their persons, that of their garments, their head-dress, their arms offensive and defensive, and other ornaments of which they were fond during their lives. The best acknowledgment we can make for this kindness is to behave in the same manner towards our descendants."

We are about to fulfil, in some measure, the wishes of La Bruyère in giving a rapid sketch of all the most entertaining particulars relative to the French fashions from the earliest periods of the monarchy, to the present time.

This work being peculiarly dedicated to the fair sex, I shall treat only of the costume of the women. This, indeed, forms but a small part of what might be said on this vast subject; but it is the only portion that is directly adapted to the object we have in view. We shall see that the empire of fashion has, as I have already observed, ever been subject to the most extravagant caprices; that the most ridiculous fashions have always had the longest duration, and been the most frequently revived. But why should I make reflections which will spontaneously present themselves to every reader! I shall here content myself with acting the part of a faithful historian.

We know but little respecting the history of the costumes during the early ages of the monarchy; few works treat of this subject, and few monuments exhibit their fashions. Besides, it may be asserted that in this particular, monuments are not always a sufficient authority; for if ancient artists took the same licence as those of modern times, they probably worked from imagination in the performances which they have handed down to us. It is, therefore, impossible to come at the truth on this interesting subject without combining monuments with historical relations, and in particular with the sumptuary laws enacted from time to time.

It appears that in the first eight centuries of the French monarchy, the dress of the women underwent little alteration; at least, we have no authorities to enable us to state positively what changes it might have experienced.

The dress of the twelfth century seems to have been a simple tunic, fastened with a girdle, a

mantle,* and a veil. Such is the costume exhibited by the monuments of that time. From the girdle was suspended a purse the form of which was exactly like that of the *gilecules* of the present day, and in which the women kept their money. This purse was called *escarcelle*. Under Louis IX. about the year 1226, the princesses his daughters wore petticoats of such length, that, when they walked, they were obliged to hold them up before. Under Philip IV. (1286) they adopted the stomacher, which was afterwards retained by the nuns. But, let us pass, at once, to the conclusion of the fourteenth century; for it is not till then that we are able to follow the different changes which took place in dress.

Under Charles V. about 1364, the dress of widows resembled that formerly worn by the nuns; the females who were intended for the convent assumed the habit of widows, which afterwards became the dress of the order, and as it underwent little variation, it transmitted from age to age, the costume of the reign of Charles V.

Some monuments still extant afford an idea of the fashions of that time. In a drawing belonging to a manuscript in the library of the Celestins at Paris, representing the anointing of Charles V. I have remarked females with a head-dress resembling that which was in fashion in the age of Louis XIV. and which is well known by the appellation of *Coinfère à la Ninon*. I have

* During the reign of Louis VIII. the mantle became the distinguishing mark of married women. The circumstance which gave rise to this distinction was as follows:—Toward the end of the twelfth century many women of pleasure, in rich habits and dressed like ladies of the first rank, often mingled with the most respectable females. It was then customary to kiss one another in church when the priest pronounced the words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*. It happened one day that the queen, deceived by the dress, kissed a common woman, under the idea that she was a married lady. Being informed of her mistake, she carried her complaint to the king, her husband. The monarch, in consequence, forbade prostitutes to wear the mantle, which then became the distinguishing mark of married women.

found the same head-dress in several monuments of that period. It was not, however, the only one. They likewise wore prodigious bonnets exactly in the shape of a heart, in which the head appeared to be enchased, while the point was formed by the chin.

Let us proceed to the reign of Charles V. (1380) a reign that proved so fatal to France. Queen Isabel of Bawaria, young, beautiful and galant, displayed a luxury, unknown to former times; no queen had ever before appeared so richly dressed. She first introduced the fashions of naked shoulders and neck. Under Charles V. we have seen heart-shaped bonnets in vogue; the two uppermost extremities of this heart were gradually lengthened, till, at last, they formed a kind of horns that were truly ridiculous. Hear what Juvenal des Ursins says on this subject.—“The women ran into great excesses in dress, and wore horns of wonderful length and size, having on either side, ears of such monstrous dimensions that it was impossible for them to pass through a door with them! About this time the Carmelite Cenare, a celebrated preacher, exercised his talents against these horns.”

The women of those days likewise wore gowns with slashed sleeves, which hung down to the very ground; they had caps strengthened in front with pieces of leather and hoops of whalebone, to give them more consistency: above this kind of funnel, figure to yourself a head surmounted with two huge horns, and pads with prodigious ears, and you will have a correct idea of the ladies of that age.

It must not, however, be imagined that this head-dress was worn by the generality of women, I should think that then, as at present, the most ridiculous costumes were more especially adopted by those who courted distinction. They disguised themselves in proportion to their rank and dignity; and if monuments have handed down to us many ridiculous costumes, the reason is, because painters and sculptors usually perpetuate only the portraits of distinguished persons. Were it necessary, I could support my opinion by the example of many ancient monuments.

During the same reign sugar-loaf hats began to grow numerous. To these were fastened veils which hung more or less low, according to the quality of the wearer.

These hats, I say, began to grow numerous, but I am not able positively to assign the period when this fashion originated. It appears to have been first imported from England; the earliest monument on which I find this head-dress, is a miniature in an ancient manuscript copy of Froissart, representing the entry of Isabel, Queen of England, and sister of Charles the Fair, into

Paris; that princess wears a peaked head-dress, of extraordinary height, trimmed with lace that floats in the air.

Under Charles VII. (1422) the women resumed their collars and bracelets. “Agnes Sorel,” says M. Marie de Saint Ursin, “added to these the use of earrings;” but that custom was of a much older date, for a medal represents Brunehaut with pendants in her ears. All that can be said is, that the taste for jewels was carried to a pitch of madness; and though luxury had arrived at such a height, yet so ignorant were they, says Millot, of the conveniences of life, that during the severe winter of 1457, the gentlemen and ladies of the court, who durst not ride out on horseback, were drawn about in barrels.

It appears that during this reign sugar-loaf hats were the prevailing fashion. It must not be supposed that this costume was ever ridiculous; when it was not carried to extravagance, it was simple and even extremely agreeable; it sometimes consisted of a flat pad, and upon this a turban of moderate height, flat and not pointed at the top. In Mountfaucon’s “Monuments of the French Monarchy,” may be seen an engraving representing this fashion, which is more simple and handsomer than many which have been since adopted. The rest of the costume, in the same engraving, is consonant with the principles of good taste. It is a robe displaying the shape to perfection; and those who would take the trouble to consult the print in question, and to compare it, without prejudice to the dress of the last hundred years, will undoubtedly admit that this costume of the fifteenth century is infinitely more agreeable; nay, with some slight modifications, I think that our skilful fashion-mongers might turn it to great advantage. *

* This fashion was actually revived some years ago, through the means of Mademoiselle Contat. That celebrated actress, in 1786, performed the part of *Madame de Randan*, in the *Amours de Bayard*. She was obliged to assume the dress of the reign of Francis I. and was highly delighted with the head-dress of which I am speaking. All the ladies thought it so noble and so elegant, that the fashion of caps *à-la-Randan* soon became general, but they afterwards made such alterations in it as destroyed its noble simplicity. The cap *à-la-Randan*, says the author of the *Cabinet des Modes*, was a kind of turban encircled with a bandeau of white muslin, or cambric, embroidered with gold, the crown of which, likewise of white muslin or cambric, rising in the form of a sugar-loaf, was surrounded with large bands of the same stuff, ornamented with gold fringe; a veil fastened to the top of the crown fell very low.

But as the women gradually augmented the height of their peaked head-dresses, this fashion became, at length, excessively ridiculous. This is not the only time we shall have occasion to remark that a ludicrous effect is produced by exaggeration, and that the handsomest fashion becomes a caricature, when carried to the extreme.

Hear what a contemporary writer says of these *hennins*, for this was the name given to that kind of head-dress:—"Every body was at that time very extravagant in dress, and that of the ladies' heads was particularly remarkable; for they wore on their heads prodigious caps, an ell or more in length, pointed like steeples, from the hinder part of which hung long *crapes*, or rich fringes, like standards."

We have seen that in the preceding reign the Carmelite, Cenars, declaimed against the ladies' horns. This order appears to have paid particular attention to the head, for we find another Carmelite, called Thomas Conecte, preaching vehemently against the *hennins*. But, alas! the poor monk was ill-requited for his zeal; his fate was truly melancholy, for he was burned alive at Rome, six years afterwards, in 1440, as a heretic.

"This preacher," says Paradin, the author quoted above, "held this fashion in such abhorrence, that most of his sermons were directed against this kind of head-dress, which he attacked with the bitterest invectives he was capable of devising, launching out into the severest anaphorisms on such females as wore these dresses which he called *hennins*. Wherever Brother Thomas went the *hennins* durst not shew themselves, on account of the hatred he had sworn against them. This had an effect for the time, and till the preacher was gone; but on his departure, the ladies resumed their horns, and followed the example of the snails, which, when they hear any noise, speedily draw in their horns, and afterwards when the noise is past, suddenly erect them to a greater height than before. Thus did these ladies, for the *hennins* were never larger, more pompous, and more superb than after the departure of Brother Thomas.—Such is the effect of warmly contending against the obstinate prejudice of some heads."

It was found necessary at this period to heighten the door-ways, as they had been widened in the preceding reign, on account of the horns. Thus, as Montesquieu observes, the architects were obliged to renounce the rules of their art, in the dimensions of the entrances to apartments, in order to proportion them to the head dresses of the women.

High head-dresses at length disappeared, but only to make their appearance again at different

periods more ridiculous than ever; so true is the observation, that the most extravagant fashions are those which have always been preferred.

In the first years of the reign of Louis XI. (1461) the women retrenched their enormous trains, and their sleeves which swept the ground, and adopted extremely short gowns, which they adorned with borders of extraordinary breadth. Becoming weary of head-dresses a yard high, they passed, as is commonly the case, from one extreme to the other, and reduced them to such a degree that the women appeared as though their heads were shaved. Under Louis XI. silk and velvet were reserved for princes and persons of the highest rank.

The reign of Charles VIII. (1483) gave rise to less ridiculous fashions. The women renouncing the ridiculous taste to which they had been so long enslaved, composed a head-dress of their hair, and wore gowns of white satin; such was the dress of the queen on her wedding day. On the death of that king, his wife, Anne of Bretagne, assumed a black veil, which she never afterwards laid aside. The ladies of the court adopted from coquetry, and perhaps also from a motive of adulation, what was only a sign of grief. They all took the black veil; but this dismal colour was soon happily relieved by red and purple fringes with which these veils were adorned. This fashion soon extended to the wives and daughters of tradespeople, who, going still farther than the ladies of the court, enriched the veil with pearls and gold clasps. The court ladies then had recourse to particular distinctions; the duchesses wore a coronet, with trefoils and a feather, while countesses, assumed a coronet encircled with pearls, and a feather.

It was about this time that France began to seize the sceptre of fashion, which she has never since quitted from her grasp, to cause her tastes to be adopted throughout Europe, and to send to foreign courts all that belonged to female dress. Anne of Bretagne, wife of Louis XII. (1498) loved splendour; she drew females to the court. This gave rise to coquetry, the desire of pleasing, and rivalry, which led to superior elegance in apparel, and a less modest fashion of dress.

But it was in the reign of Francis I. (1515) that gallantry and splendour in dress were carried to a higher pitch than they had ever been before. The women began to turn up their hair; Queen Margaret of Navarre, his grand-daughter, frizzed the hair at both temples, and turned back that in front; that princess sometimes added to this head-dress a small cap of satin or velvet, enriched with pearls and precious stones, and ornamented with a tuft of feathers. This was both handsome and tasteful; nevertheless, there were still seen some high head-dresses, which from time to time

sought to obtain the preference, but the moment had not yet arrived. It is to the reign of Francis I. that we must assign the origin of the most ridiculous fashion that ever spoiled the shape of women. I allude to those farthingales which afterwards changed their form and name, and have been handed down to our time by the appellation of hoops.

The farthingale was a kind of petticoat extended by hoops, which grew larger and larger towards the bottom, so that the body of a woman, from the waist to the feet, resembled a bee-hive. We are told that the first woman who wore a farthingale was desirous of concealing the fruits of indiscreet love. Be this as it may, Claude of France, wife of Francis I. is the first female represented by our monuments with this ridiculous petticoat.

During the reign of Francis I. luxury kept constantly encreasing, in spite of the proclamations by which he prohibited the wearing of gold or silver stuffs, and other articles. Under Henry II. it no longer knew any bounds, though that king had renewed the edicts of his predecessor, and had even extended them for the express purpose of repressing the luxury of women. But what can the will of a king effect against the volcanic genius of a woman! The history of France too often exhibits weak monarchs governed by an imperious woman; & too often presents the spectacle of an empire convulsed by the influence of females. Under Henry III. Catherine de Medicis set the example of the most unbounded luxury. That voluptuous and intriguing princess, who daily invented new pleasures, produced a change in dress, having affected another in manners, and for the first time paint was introduced into France by Italians invited to the court.

It was at this period that the hood, or *chaperon*, became more fashionable than ever. This fashion continued for a great length of time; and how could it have been otherwise! it was a mark of distinction. A sumptuary law gave the exclusive permission to ladies of the court to wear the chaperon of velvet. The rest of the sex indemnified themselves for this cruel exception by wearing it of cloth; it was still a chaperon, but still a velvet chaperon was to them an object of the highest importance. Accordingly, *La Boursier*, midwife to Mary de Medicis, long solicited the favour of wearing a velvet chaperon, which she at length obtained by an express order of the king.

The men then wore small hats with very low

crowns, adorned with a feather; and what is remarkable, the women adopted the same kind of head-dress. A portrait of Margaret of France, the third and youngest daughter of Francis I. executed by Corneille, a painter of that age, represents her with a hat exactly resembling that of the king, her brother.

It would appear that fans were at this period in high estimation, for women of the highest rank caused themselves to be painted with fans in their hands; I shall mention, from among many others, only the portrait of Claude of France, daughter of Henry II.

Under Francis II. a singular custom was introduced among the men; they imagined that a portly belly gave to its owner a majestic appearance, which exceedingly contributed to increase his personal merit. Those who through the niggardliness of fortune, were unable to procure by internal means that corpulence which conferred so just a claim to respect, endeavoured to supply the defect by external appendages; false bellies were made, and the art of the tailor made amends for the emptiness of the kitchen. The women conceived that this fondness of the men for large surfaces, might probably be extended still farther; and the fashion of great rumps immediately sprung up. This fashion lasted three or four years, and nothing was seen but false bellies and rumps. The most singular circumstance is that the women placed such confidence in the power of these posterior phenomena, that they totally neglected the aid of all their other attractions. They even concealed the face, probably that the attention of the men might not be diverted in any manner whatever from the new kind of charm which they held forth to their admiration. It was, in fact, at the same period, that the custom of covering the face with a kind of black mask, called *loup*, originated among the women. This practice was still in vogue in the time of Henry III.

The reigns of Charles IX. and Henry III. exhibited few variations in the costumes; we only observe that the farthingales had increased to such a circumference, that Charles IX. was obliged to fix a standard for them; by the 146th article of the edict of Blois, in 1560,—“It is forbidden to all women to wear farthingales more than an ell, or an ell and a half in circumference.” But, the edicts of kings never produced a stronger effect than the sermons of Carmelites, and the farthingales kept increasing in their dimensions.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PETER NIEUWLAND.

MR. EDITOR,

As you have given in your Fourth Number an account of the poet Beronicius, the following biographical sketch of another extraordinary man may not be unacceptable. It is taken from a Dutch publication of Professor Van Swinden, who also wrote his funeral oration.

PETER NIEUWLAND was born in the year 1764, in a village near Amsterdam; his father was a master carpenter, who understood arithmetic and Euclid, and had a tolerable collection of good books.

He soon perceived that his son had no relish for the play-things suitable to his age; the child was only to be amused with prints and their explanations. After his mother had for some time diverted him with a book containing fifty figures, and had repeated to him the Dutch verses in stanzas of six lines, which were under each, she one day heard the child, who was then three years old, repeat the whole fifty stanzas in the order the prints were shewn to him, without missing a syllable.

At five years of age, young Nieuwland had read the whole Bible; two years after, his mind was full of the knowledge he had acquired by reading all his father's books of history, travels, Dutch poetry; he had made notes of the remarkable events, the characters of those men who had distinguished themselves, and the properties of animals and plants of which he had read; every thing was strongly imprinted in his memory; he also wrote verses in which the sparks of poetical fire already appeared.

To this genius for poetry he united a decided talent for mathematics. At eight years he perfectly understood the famous theorem of Pythagoras on the right-angled triangle.

At nine years old he was examined by Professor Eneas, as to his mathematical knowledge, and performed operations which astonished the Professor, who asked him if he could tell how many cubic inches a little wooden figure on a clock contained? "Yes," said the boy, "if you will give me a piece of the wood of which the image is made." Why? "I shall reduce it to a cubic inch, and compare its weight with that of the statue, and then I shall be able to answer pretty exactly."

Every body now began to talk of the carpenter's son; all the learned men in Holland came to see him. Among others were Jerom de Bosch, and his brother, who requested the father to per-

mit them to educate his child in their house. He was nine years of age when he left his father's house.

He applied himself to all the sciences, and succeeded in all; *Belles-Lettres*, history, and philosophy, soon became familiar to him; he learned mathematics by his own genius, with hardly any instruction, and applied them to physics, mechanics, and astronomy. He soon surpassed his teacher, Professor Van Swinden, and the disciple was as much superior to the master as the master had been to the disciple.

His memory was prodigious; he turned over the leaves of books, read, as it were, two pages at once, and afterwards repeated the contents. All mathematical problems were solved by heart; geometrical figures, and algebraical characters were always in his mind; he made his calculations in the streets, in numerous companies, and amidst all the tumult of Amsterdam.

He learned languages with the same facility; besides his native language, Dutch, he perfectly understood Greek, Latin, French, English, Italian, and German, and could read Spanish, Portuguese, and Swedish books. It is unnecessary to remark what an immense advantage this knowledge was to him.

He possessed all the requisites of a great poet, a lively imagination, a perfect knowledge of nature, of history, of the best poems, and lastly, of his mother-tongue. He translated into Dutch verse, before he was nineteen, all that the Greek and Latin poets have said on the state of the soul after death; and he imitated the style of Homer, of Pindar, of Anacreon, of Theocritus, and of Virgil.

With all these brilliant qualities, he was modest, and of the most pure and gentle manners; full of respect for the Supreme Being, and humble in prosperity.

Such an amiable man deserved a good wife; he found a young woman who was handsome, lively, tender, and sensible. He married her; she died in child bed, at the age of twenty-two, and her new-born daughter only survived her two days.

He was obliged to quit Holland for sometime, to assuage his grief for her loss (he wrote an elegy on her in Dutch verse, which was printed at Amsterdam in 1792), and went to Gotha in Saxony.

Here his whole time was spent in the study of astronomy; after a few months' stay he returned to Amsterdam, and was by the Admiralty appointed one of the Commissioners for determining

longitudes at sea, and for revising marine charts, which required all his astronomical knowledge, and to this he applied as if he had never done any thing else.

Soon after he was appointed lecturer on mathematics, astronomy, and navigation, at the public college.

After having filled this office with great applause during six years, he was chosen professor of natural philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, hydraulics, and civil and military architecture at the university of Leyden.

He devoted himself with indefatigable zeal to the instruction of those pupils who were entrusted to his care. He was incessantly occupied in studying every thing that had been written on natural philosophy in all the languages, and likewise soon made himself master of the theory of chemistry.

He was not only an excellent teacher of the sciences to his pupils, but also as excellent a guide for their good conduct, inspiring them by precept and example with a love for virtue and morality. He had for them the solicitude of a father, conversed with them as with his equals,

and always knew how to make himself respected. Accordingly, no Professor has been more sincerely regretted, no pupils have more honoured the memory of their master; he was soon taken from them. Nieuwland died in 1794, aged thirty years and nine days.

He published twenty-two works; the first is a volume of Dutch poems, printed in 1788; 2. on the relative value of the different branches of human knowledge; 3. on the state of sciences compared with that of the *belles lettres*; 4. the love of one's country regarded as a religious duty; 5. on sensibility. The others are on different branches of mathematics, astronomy and navigation, of which the last was published in 1793.

During his last illness he arranged all his papers, and amongst them a parcel was found, containing all his diplomas, titles, acts of installation, &c. on the cover of which he had written:—

Harklet. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Horat. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that.

THE MASK.

A TRUE STORY.

COUNT T——, chamberlain of the Duke of B——g, lost, by a sudden and violent fever, his young, beautiful, and amiable consort, with whom he had lived scarcely a year in uninterrupted conjugal felicity. This heavy affliction reduced him to the brink of despair. He himself was still young, rich, respected by many, envied by more, distinguished by his rank, and in a still higher degree by the favour of his sovereign; had he but signified his pleasure, all the young females about the court would have been ready to offer him their hands. This, however, afforded him no consolation. Notwithstanding his illustrious descent, he was so unfashionable as to possess a heart susceptible of the most tender and generous feelings. He now shunned all the brilliant circles, and while he suffered the Prince very often to go unattended to the theatre and to the chace, he confined himself almost entirely to his own house. There he frequently shut himself up for half the day with his sorrows and a portrait of his beloved wife, in a small lonely closet. When he quitted this retreat he conversed with not more than two or three of his most intimate friends; in company even with them he was often visibly absent, and listened with anguish in his heart and a smile upon his countenance, when they sometimes

advised him to keep up his spirits, and to seek some diversion.

In this manner several months passed away; the carnival arrived, and to him that period of amusement was as destitute of pleasure as any which had preceded it; he seemed to have bidden an eternal adieu to every enjoyment.

The prince at length grew weary of his long dejection. In the mean time many courtiers had endeavoured, perhaps purely from disinterested attachment to his serene highness, to fill the place of the negligent favourite, and had also occasionally indulged in satirical reflections on the gloomy melancholy, and extravagant tenderness of this new Orpheus, whose only cry was,—Eurydice! Eurydice! Their sarcasms and their designs were alike unsuccessful; a stern look from the Duke had always instantly checked the brilliant current of their humour. The Prince was seriously concerned for a man whom he had known from his youth, and with whom, though he had studiously avoided interfering in the affairs of government, he could nevertheless converse on many other subjects besides the last stag with sixteen branches that had been shot, or the latest opera-dancer; he therefore resolved himself to attempt his cure.

"Chamberlain," said he once to him when Count T—— had not appeared for two or three days at court, "the tenderness of your love for your wife is not only honourable and praiseworthy, but in the present times it is truly exemplary; but as she is dead, and it is impossible to recall her from the grave, you should not for her sake fall out with all the living. Many of the latter, and myself in particular, have a just claim to your affection, and yet many weeks pass away in which I cannot even obtain a sight of you."

"The most flattering reprimand, your serene highness, that I ever received! pardon me, however, if a slight indisposition——"

"Yes, your looks, my dear Count, attest that you are indisposed; but probably you have brought this indisposition on yourself by your incessant grief, your watchings, weeping, and continual confinement at home. Tell me how you have liked this carnival, how many balls you have been to?"

"To confess the truth, your highness, not to one."

"I thought so; and can you then wonder that you are unwell, at the same time that you refuse all medicine! The day after to-morrow I shall give a masquerade, and that at least I hope you will go to."

"If your highness commands it."

"Excellent! so you would stay away from that too? You know that I am not fond of using the word *command*, and least of all with you, but I shall fight you with your own weapons. Therefore, Sir, I request this condescension of you, and shall expect you at eight precisely."

The chamberlain bowed, and promised to obey. All the necessary preparations were made for the masquerade; half the town of B—— equipped themselves, with joy, for the occasion. The third evening a great number of masks appeared in the capacious hall of the palace, which was magnificently lighted. The Prince, with all his court, graced the assembly. Count T——, who was almost always near the Duke, and very often engaged in conversation with him, strove to appear, at least, somewhat more cheerful than usual. Rather more than two hours had elapsed when, still near the person of the prince, and fatigued with continually walking about, and perhaps also from secret disgust, he reclined a few moments against the cornice of a stove that was in the centre of the hall, and which afforded the most advantageous view of the whole gay and motly throng.

He had not been there long before a female mask that passed twice or thrice close to him drew his attention; it was a black domino with a white mask which completely covered the whole

face. She walked quite alone; she had nothing particularly remarkable in her dress, though it was perfectly neat and new, nor any thing glaring or splendid about her person; but in her tall, elegant figure, in her step, air, and movements, the Count imagined that he discovered a great resemblance to his deceased wife. At length she reclined against a pillar exactly opposite to him, and equally unconcerned about the crowd and the bustle around her, seemed to fix her eyes upon him alone. An unaccountable anxiety took possession of his soul, and overpowered by involuntary curiosity, he looked stedfastly at the figure. The Prince observing him change countenance, at length inquired what was the matter.

"Nothing, your serene highness, nothing at all; I only saw yonder a mask that interests me. I should like to know who it is."

"Why not address her then? you are at liberty, Count, to go and come back as often as you please; it gives me satisfaction to see you take an earnest in something."

The chamberlain followed his advice. But the mask, though it was impossible she could have heard what had passed in a whisper between them, seemed to anticipate the intention of the Count, and purposely to avoid him. Scarcely did he advance towards her before she quitted her station, and took refuge in the thickest of the crowd; the farther she removed, the more eager was Count T—— in the pursuit; every one instantly made way, as may easily be conceived, for the favourite of the Prince. At last she could no longer avoid him without evidently giving offence. He addressed her with one of the usual masquerade questions, which, perfectly unmeaning in themselves, signify nothing more than,—"Mask, I do not know you, but should like to hear you speak." Her reply was as short and indifferent as his question. These few words, however, startled him; he fancied that the voice exactly resembled that of her whose image was still ever present to his mind. He suppressed his astonishment, and again addressed her. She answered all his questions with the utmost politeness, but always in a certain melancholy tone, which corresponded but too well with that of his own mind. At length he offered her his arm to walk about the hall; she accepted it; but when she took hold of him, though very gently, an inward tremor thrilled his frame. In despite of this sensation he proceeded. "Why, beautiful mask," said he, "do you touch me with so timid a hand? perhaps my proposal to conduct you may not be agreeable?"

"On the contrary, it is most agreeable; you, Count, are the only person in this hall to whom I could say so."

"Your politeness puts me to the blush."

K k 2

Have we ever been in each other's company before?"

"Yes, often; both here and in other places; masked and unmasked."

"You must know me then?"

"O yes."

"Intimately?"

"I once flattered myself that I did; now I hope so still more than before."

"And do I know you?"

"Most certainly you do?"

"Extraordinary!—And your name; might I not be permitted to know that?"

"You might; but the knowledge of it cannot now be attended with any advantage, but would rather prove injurious to you."

"Injurious! your name injurious!—Can any name prove injurious to me? Incomprehensible! impossible!"

"But yet too true! You are here for the purpose of diverting yourself; a single word from me might awaken the most painful sensations."

Such was the commencement of a conversation which every moment grew more interesting and more obscure for the unhappy Count, which filled his heart with inexpressible anxiety, and which, nevertheless, he could not prevail upon himself to break off. He turned the conversation to various long past occurrences of his life; the mask knew them all with a precision and accuracy that nothing could surpass; nay, she even recalled to his memory many a little trait that he himself had forgotten. At length he began to speak, with an inward tremor, of the felicity he enjoyed in the conjugal state. The mask was silent, or replied only in monosyllables. Her voice seemed to become fainter. When the Count urged her to tell him, whether she knew any thing relative to this subject, she exclaimed, "Why should I tear open wounds which still bleed in my own bosom? You are sensible, Count, deeply sensible of what you have lost. But as you have again made your appearance here, you seem already to be looking round you for consolation and oblivion." He thought that, on these words, she would have disengaged herself from him, but he held her too firmly.

"By all that is sacred!" cried the Count, and in a louder tone than was suited to such a place, "I will not let you go! Incomprehensible woman, who are you? and whence come you?"

A motion with her right hand towards heaven served instead of an answer, and seemed to say, "From above."

The Count could scarcely restrain the tumult of his feelings. Seating himself with her in a corner of the hall, lest they should excite the

notice, and become the butt of the company, he employed all the powers of his eloquence, and summoned to his aid all the promises he could think of, to prevail on her either to tell him her name, or what would be still more agreeable, to unmask. She long refused, or rather kept silence. At last, when he conjured her by all that is sacred on earth or in heaven, and if she had ever loved, by the object of her affection, she answered, but still not without apparent reluctance: "Well, your request shall be granted. I will unmask, but not here. If you know of any safe and retired apartment in the palace, and still persist in your curiosity, conduct me to it." He instantly rose. "But, I fear, Count," continued she, "or rather, I am certain that you will repent your obstinacy." Instead of replying, he offered her his arm.

They departed. One out of the suite of apartments that ran the length of the hall, was opened without hesitation for the favourite of the Prince. They entered; the mask first looked round to see whether they were alone. Having satisfied herself on this point, she once more asked her conductor, if he wished to see her real countenance. "Yes, yes; I implore it as the greatest of favours." "Be it so!" She removed the mask, and Count T—— sunk as if thunder-struck upon the floor, for he beheld—a death's head.

How long he remained in this condition cannot be stated with accuracy. To the care of the Prince he was, probably, indebted for his recovery, before it was too late. He had kept an attentive eye upon his favourite. His long tête-à-tête with a mask that nobody knew; the warmth of their conversation, or rather the warmth with which the Count engrossed almost the whole of it to himself; the lively interest he took in this person, which caused him to forget all that was passing around him, excited no small degree of astonishment in the Duke. His surprise was increased to the highest pitch, when he, at length, saw them both walk straight away from the hall. Gladly would his serene highness have ascribed it to a cause which is said not unfrequently to occur at masquerades; for then he would have heartily rejoined at the cure of grief so profound. Such a change he, however, thought too sudden; the air of the conversation appeared too grave, and so open a departure from the company too incautious. That the Count had retired for the night without paying his respects to the Prince, was not to be supposed.

As Count T—— had now been absent for some time, and did not return, the Prince began to be seriously alarmed; he made more particular inquiries, and was informed that they had gone

into a certain apartment and shut the door. He went thither; and after calling to no purpose, opened the door, and beheld the Count extended in the middle of the apartment, with all the appearances of death. Surgeons and attendants were instantly summoned to his aid. All their efforts to restore animation were long ineffectual. At length, when the Count came to himself, and seemed somewhat recovered, the Prince urgently intreated him to disclose the cause of the accident. The Count gave a faithful narrative of the whole affair. The Duke was in the utmost astonishment, and would have suspected that the Count was delirious, had not his pulse, and the testimony of the medical attendants, refuted such an idea. Nay, the Prince himself had, with his own eyes, beheld at least some part of this extraordinary occurrence. The strictest inquiry was now made for the mask. Nobody had seen her go away, or ever come out of the room; and yet she was nowhere to be found. All the hackney-coachmen that were drawn up before the palace, all the gentlemen's servants, were interrogated, none of them had driven or attended her. At last, when they were all tired of inquiring, two chairmen came forward. They had, they said, been called about an hour before to take up a female domino, who came out of a back door of the palace. Being asked where they had set her down, they at first hesitated to tell; but when farther urged, they replied: "At the church-yard." They added, that the mask had directed them to stop there; that when she was set down, she put an old ducat, covered all over with mould, into one of their hands; that she then went to the church-yard gate, which she opened with a single touch, and quickly shut it again after her. What afterwards became of her, they knew not. As far as their terror and astonishment would permit them to observe, she had sunk into the tomb on the right hand, as she there vanished from their sight.

In the very spot, described by the chairmen, was the family vault of the Count. There his deceased consort was interred. The door of the vault was next morning found open. No farther traces could be discovered; and in spite of repeated inquiries, nothing more was ever heard or seen of this mask.

It is easy to conceive that this event, when it became known—and it could not but be known the next morning to every child in B—, produced an uncommon sensation; and it is in the nature of things, that very different opinions should be formed concerning it. The multitude took it for an actual apparition; another, and not an inconsiderable portion, assuming an air of profound wisdom, came to no decision at all;

and a few imagined that something of human artifice must be at the bottom.

They justly observed, that a spirit would not have wanted a couple of chairmen to carry it away. "If," said they farther, "the spirits of the departed were actually permitted to appear to the living; if they could, on such occasions assume the former body, with all its clothing and appurtenances, still this apparition was highly censurable. What was it intended for? A visit of punishment. How had the Count deserved it? Or, was it a friendly visit?—In this case, neither time, place, or manner, could have been worse chosen; and it would prove that, on the other side of the grave, people behave still more inconsistently than they, alas! so frequently act on this side of it."

The sentiments of this last class were certainly the most rational; but unfortunately the virtuous Count had too much warmth of feeling, and too little strength of mind, to adopt them. He was thoroughly convinced that his wife's spirit had actually appeared to him, for the purpose of admonishing him never to forget her.—He now withdrew, still more rigidly than before, from all diversions, and indulged still more freely in his sorrow and his love of solitude. No persuasions, no remonstrances had any effect. His health, already impaired, received a severe shock from the fright, and still greater injury from this mode of life. It continued on the decline. Before a year elapsed, symptoms of a confirmed consumption appeared; and towards the conclusion of the second he expired. On this event, the apparition was again, for a time, the subject of conversation; after which, it was again forgotten, at least for a considerable interval.

About twenty-five years afterwards, an elderly lady of honour, the Baroness U—, was gathered to her right noble and illustrious ancestors. She made, as it is called, a very edifying exit; and, by her will, bequeathed a legacy of fifty dollars to the church and schools.—Soon after her interment, a story, to which she had herself given occasion, by a confession made on her death-bed, began to be whispered in the higher circles. The substance of it was as follows:—

"Count T— had been in her youth the first, and, it might be said also, the only object of her affection. Encouraged by herself, he had, for some time, professed himself her admirer; and possessed her favour in the fullest measure. On her side she was perfectly serious, but probably he was not the same on his; for, in a few months, he suspended his assiduities, and soon afterwards publicly courted the hand of the lady who became his wife. This conduct

was thought extremely natural by the rest of the fashionable world, and Baroness U—— alone deemed it an heinous offence. With a heart deeply wounded at his inconstancy, she at first made some attempts to recal her unfaithful lover; but, as they all proved ineffectual, she had secretly vowed to take the most signal revenge. To effect her purpose with the greater security, she displayed in her exterior so much serenity and composure, that her acquaintance, and even the Count himself, were deceived by it. A new lover was received by her with the utmost cordiality, merely for the purpose of strengthening the delusion, and at length, she even succeeded in gaining the confidence of the newly-married Countess T——.

"Thus she continued to be intimately acquainted with all his domestic circumstances; she had always watched for an opportunity for revenge, but had never been able to find one that satisfied her. On the death of the young Countess, which certainly was unexpected, but not unwished, her hopes of regaining his heart revived for a few days. But, as his affliction would scarcely deign to bestow on her a single look, as he had entirely broken off all intercourse with her, as well as with many others, this fresh injustice, his grief, and the masquerade, gave birth to the idea of practising a little deception, in order to increase the acuteness of his pain. Having rather more *embellishment* than the late Countess, she had compressed herself with a pair of tight-laced stays; and in every other particular, had imitated that original as closely as possible. His imagination, the mask itself, and the tone of their conversation, made amends for many deficiencies. As she had appeared at an early hour at the masquerade, in a totally different dress, had purposely spoken to several persons, and even taken off her mask for a few moments close by the Prince and his favourite, it was impossible that the Count, on her appearance in her second dress, should have

any suspicion of her. The death's head was a mask under the exterior mask. She had previously taken for granted, that terror would prevent the Count from examining it very closely; but in the worst case every one of her expressions was susceptible of a two-fold explanation. She had long been acquainted with the apartment, a tapestry-door, and a back stair-case close by it. Imperceptibly to himself, she had easily led the Count impatient for the discovery. Her woman, her only confidant, and who had taken care of her from her youth, offended by the Count for refusing to procure her son a place about the court, had been her assistant in this business. This woman, with a pick-lock, opened the church-yard gate, where she ordered the chairman to set her down; and notwithstanding the darkness of the night, and the horrors of the place, waited for her there with her first dress. She had returned to the masquerade before the Count was found. From that moment it was next to an impossibility that she should be suspected; and so little apprehension did she feel on that subject, that she stood close by one of the chairmen when he was obliged to repeat his wonderful story to the Duke. Her plan of revenge had succeeded to the utmost of her wishes, nay, almost still farther. Her woman, the only depository of her secret, had long been dead; but for her own part, she found it impossible to leave the world without first unburdening her heart by an upright confession."

Such was the account that was given of the occurrence. It is not impossible that rumour, which seldom fails to make additions to such a story, may have altered many little circumstances. It affords, however, a sufficient explanation of every thing that, at first, appeared almost inexplicable; and whoever thinks that the revenge of the Baroness U—— was carried too far, let him recollect this important truth, that in woman, slighted love thinks no danger too formidable, no revenge too cruel.

JOURNEY TO MONT BLANC;

AND GENERAL REFLECTIONS ON MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRIES.

I HAVE explored many mountains in Europe and America, and am the more confirmed in the opinion, that all the descriptions given of these stupendous monuments of nature are exaggerated, and the last trial I have made has not shaken but strengthened my belief. I visited the valley of Chamouny, which the works of M. de Saussure have immortalized, but I think it would not appear so enchanting to the eyes of a

poet as to those of a mineralogist. My intention, however, is only to lay before my readers the reflections that have started in my mind during my journey, and my single authority is not powerful enough to draw down the indignation of those whose sentiments are different from mine.

When I left Geneva the sky was cloudy, but it grew fairer as I reached Servoz; from thence

the snowy top of Mont-Blanc alone is seen, it is called the Dome. I afterwards crossed the passage *des Montées*, and entered the valley of Chamouny; thence, whilst I passed beneath the Glacier styled *des Bossons*, its lofty pyramids were de-ced through the dark foliage of firs and larch trees. This Glacier has been compared, on account of its white appearance, and the lengthened shape of its crystals, with a squadron of ships sailing; I will add, to render the comparison more exact, in the midst of a gulph, the shores of which are lined with green forests.

I spent the night in the village of Chamouny, and the next day repaired to the Montanvert; the weather was most delightful, and afforded me a clear prospect of the objects around me; when I reached its top, which is in reality no more than one of the roots of Mont-Blanc, I perceived what is improperly termed, the Sea of Ice.

Let my readers fancy they behold a vale, the cavity of which is entirely filled up by a river; the mountains which surround it are composed of rocks which hang over this river, such as the needles *de Dru, du Bochart, des Charmoz*. At a distance the vale and the river are divided into two branches, the one extends to the foot of a high mountain, called the Giant's Neck, and the other to the rocks *des Jorasses*. At the other extremity there is a declivity towards the valley of Chamouny; this declivity, which is nearly vertical, contains the portion of the sea of ice, commonly called the Glacier of the Woods. Let them now suppose, that through the sudden intensity of the cold, this river has been entirely frozen, and the summits of the neighbouring crags have been crowned with ice and snow wherever the granite was shaped so as to detain the rain-water or the falling snow; and they will have a faithful picture of the Sea of Ice and the scene around it. It is not, as may be seen, a sea, but a river; the Rhine, for instance, as the *Glacier des Bois* is a faint imitation of its fall at Laufen.

When I walked over the Sea of Ice, its surface, which from the top of the Montanvert seemed every where equally smooth, proved, on the contrary, to be rough and filled with angular elevations of the same shape as the irregular rocks which tower all around; and the whole appeared an excellent white marble relief of the neighbouring mountains.

• Let us now speak of those great monuments of nature in general.

There are two ways of viewing them; with clouds, or in an unclouded sky; for these are the two most marked features of the Alps.

In the first case, the scene becomes more animated; but obscurity and confusion hinder us from grasping the whole of the landscape.

Clouds throw the most fantastic vestments

over the rocks; I observed above Servoz a naked and rugged peak, around which they had flung a sort of toga, so as to give it the appearance of an ancient Roman Senator. In another direction a cultivated spot was revealed, while a cloudy zone bound the middle of the mountain, the craggy tops of which, rising above the dark rolling mists, presented to my eyes the most faithful images of chimeras, sphinxes, heads of Anubis, and almost all the monsters and divinities of Egypt.

When the clouds are impelled by violent blasts, the summits of the rocks seem to fly rapidly and conceal themselves behind a moveable curtain; by turns they are exposed to our sight, and by turns they are snatched away from our observation. Now in the midst of bursting vapours a small verdant spot is descried, as though it were a green island suspended in the sky; and now a majestic peak, slowly piercing through the accumulated mist, like a phantom gliding through the darkness of night, unfolds itself to our eyes. The saddened traveller hears the howlings of the wind through the forests of pines, the roaring fall of the torrents that rush down from the Glaciers' bed, and sometimes the sudden thunder of the bounding avalanches, and the hissing scream of the terrified marmote, when she has perceived the hawk of the Alps sailing watchful through the sky.

When no cloud loads the atmosphere, and the whole amphitheatre of the mountains displays itself before us, one single striking feature can be observed; it is that which their summits present in the pure ether which surround them; for in this case the acuteness of their lines and exactness of their planes cannot be equalled by any object in the vales below. Rearing aloft their angular brows beneath the blue transparent vault of heaven, they appear at a distance like immense specimens of metals, coral trees, and stalactites, carefully laid by the hand of the Father of Nature, beneath a vase of the brightest chrystal. The inhabitants of these Cantons try to find some likenesses between these lofty irregular ridges and animals and things which they are in the habit of beholding, and thence come the appellations of the *Mules, the Charmoz, or Chamois*; which, they bestow upon them; as well as those borrowed from religion, such as *les Sommets des Croix, le Rocher, du Reposoir, le Glacier des Pelerins*; which prove that if man be continually awake to the sense of his wants, he delights to strew every spot with the pleasing remembrances of the comforts he has received.

As to the trees which grow in these regions, I shall mention the pine, fir, and larch alone, because they form the chief, and nearly the only decorations of the Alps.

By its majestic stature, the pine recalls to our minds the noble architecture of the ancients; its branches imitate, by their disposition, a pyramid, and its trunk a lofty pillar: it sometimes also assumes the shape of its native rocks; and I have often mistaken it, when growing in the hollows of the rocks, for some lone towering peak clothed in a sable garb. On the other side of the pass of Balme, when I descended from the Glacier of Trient, I descried a forest composed of the finest pines, firs, and larch, that ever spread their gloomy foliage over the ground. Every tree among this giant tribe bears the weight of several ages, and their proud monarch, without being carefully pointed out to travellers by their officious guides, would, by its prodigious height, reveal its own greatness. It is a fir, the trunk of which might, without any addition to its length, form the mast of the largest man of war. He alone has been spared by the bolts of heaven and the cruelty of man, while all his subjects are covered with scars; the head of the one has been torn by the lightning, while another still rears aloft a blasted brow, the arms of this one have been lacerated, while the foot of that is blackened by the fires lighted by shepherds. I remarked two young twins starting from the same root; they were both of the same height, and the same shape, but the one was full of vigour and the other withered. At this sight these pathetic lines of Virgil recurred to my memory:—

“Daucia, Laride Thymerque, sinillima proles,
“Indiscerta suis, gratusque parentibus error
“At nunc dura dedit vobis discrimina Pallas.”

Pines indicate the solitude and barrenness of mountains; they are almost the only companions of the poor Savoyards, and their fate is nearly alike; they both grow and die unknown on the summit of inaccessible rocks, and their posterity follow the same course. The rustling of pines, when caused by a light wind, is praised by sylvan poets; when it is violent it imitates the roaring of the sea, and the astonished traveller often fancies he hears the raging ocean thundering in the midst of the Alps. The smell produced by pines is aromatic and pleasing; it is particularly so to me, because it greeted my senses as I approached the shores of Virginia at a distance of forty miles from land. It always awakens in my mind the remembrance of the new world, which was announced by mild balmy gales of its pure sky, and the shining seas, where the perfumes of the distant forests wandered on the wings of the morning breeze; and as every link of the chain of memory leads us to another, I feel once more the pangs of regret and hope which assailed my heart, when leaning pensive on

the side of the ship, I thought of the country I had left, and the deserts I was going to inhabit.

But to return to my opinion of mountains in general; it appears evident to me, at least, that as there can be no sublime landscape without an horizon formed by hills, or lofty rocks, by the same reason, no spot can please the eyes and the heart, when it is confined and deprived of the splendid effects of perspective. This is the case with the interior of mountains; their ponderous masses ill suit the faculties of man, or rather the weakness of his organs.

Sublimity is generally looked upon as the chief characteristic of mountainous landscapes, and it consists in reality in the grandeur of objects; but if it can be proved that this grandeur, though existing, does not fall within the grasp of our glances, how can it produce sublimity?

It is the same with the monuments of nature as with those of art; in order to enjoy their beauty we must be placed at a just distance from them, else their shapes, hues, and proportions are confounded together; but when in the midst of mountains, the field of our optics is too confined, we touch the objects, if I may be allowed to say so, and their dimensions lose their exactness. That this is true is proved by the frequent mistakes we commit as to elevation and distance; let those who have explored these regions declare whether Munt Blanc seemed very high from the valley of Chamouny? It often happens that an immense lake among the Alps appears reduced to a narrow pond; that while you fancy a few steps will suffice to lead you to the top of a hill, it requires three hours of incessant exertions; a whole day is sometimes not long enough to reach a spot which your deluded eyes beheld as close before you. And thus the grandeur of mountains, so often celebrated by poets and travellers, is not real, but consists mostly in the fatigue it occasions you, while the landscapes are far from equalling the idea you had formed.

But notwithstanding they lose their sublimity when the spectator is too near, their gigantic masses crush the ornaments which nature strewed over them; and thus, through the effect of contrary laws, every thing shrinks among the Alps beneath the standard of expectation. Were the trees which clothe the mountains much taller than those which adorn the plain, the rivers and torrents more considerable, they might present a more striking and awful spectacle to the sight of man; but this is not the case. The frame of the picture is enlarged beyond all proportion, whilst the rivers, forests, villages, and flocks retain their own diminutive size; all relation is therefore torn asunder between the whole and its component parts, the stage and its scenery. The plane of the mountains being always ver-

tical, becomes a sort of scale, ever seen, to which the eye, unconsciously, refers every object, and is astonished at finding them so small. The loftiest pines, for instance, are scarcely visible along the sides of a steep elevation, where they remain like as many flakes of soot; the traces left by the abundant rains look like parallel streaks of a yellow colour, and the widest torrents, the highest cataracts, like inconsiderable springs of water, and sometimes like blue mists.

Those who have been happy enough to perceive diamonds, topazes, and emeralds, on the surface of the glaciers, have been much more fortunate than I, for my imagination has never desied such treasures. The snow of the glacier *Des Bois*, mixed with the dust of granite, assumed no other appearance than that of ashes; and the Sea of Ice may, in several places, be mistaken for lime quarries; its crevices alone feebly imitate the effect of the prism, and the parts which lie against the rocks resemble exactly the green glass with which bottles are made.

The white draperies of the Alps form a disagreeable contrast with the objects which surround them, and which they darken; even the blue vaults of the sky change their pleasing hue for a black gloomy tint; and it is in vain we hope to behold striking accidents of light upon the snow; the colours which it assumes are not seen by the persons on the spot. The splendour with which the setting sun crowns the summit of the Alps of Savoy is contemplated by the inhabitants of Lauzanne alone, the observer placed in the valley of Chamouni, is unable to catch a single glimpse of the glorious spectacle; he sees, as though through a narrow funnel, a small portion of a dark blue sky, and the spot on which he stands is scarcely ever enlightened by the beams of the king of day.

In order to be better understood, I will make use of a plain comparison: the painter requires a canvass, to exercise his brushes; in nature, the sky is the canvass which contains a landscape; should it not appear in the picture, the effect vanishes away, and all is confusion. Mountains, when we are too near, snatch the greatest part of the sky from our sight; their summits are not at a sufficient distance from each other, they overshadow each other, and increase the darkness which generally lurks within their cavities: and let those who doubt the truth of my assertions examine the works of the most celebrated landscape painters, and they will find, that rocks are usually thrown in the back ground of the painting, while woods and vales are foremost.

Moon-light alone restores to mountains their wild grandeur and sublimity; for its effect consists in enlarging the size of objects, isolating heavy masses, and softening away the gradation

of colours which join the different parts of a picture together; it is then the outlines of edifices seem sharper and more determined, their structure bolder and loftier, and the white streams of light contrast more strongly with the lines of shade. This is the reason why the noble Roman architecture, like the outlines of mountains, appears so grand when silvered over by the beams of the moon.

It is the custom with travellers to be entranced with admiration at the prospect of the vales of Switzerland; but it must be acknowledged that almost all their beauty depends upon comparison. Tired with wandering over barren wastes, and rocks covered with a reddish sort of lichen, our eyes rest with pleasure on a spot where vegetation is alive, and spreads her green mantle. But in what does the verdure of these valleys consist? In a few withering willows, and some acres of barley and oats, which grow with great difficulty, and ripen late, and in a few wild trees which bear a rough sort of fruit. If a lonely vine put forth its blossom, in a warm recess, sheltered from the blast of the north, and exposed to the fostering heat of the south, it is pointed out as an astonishing instance of fertility. As soon as we climb up the neighbouring rocks, their stern and marked features hinder us from paying attention to the miniature beneath; the cottages are scarcely visible, and the cultivated fields look like the compartments of a chess-board.

Much is said about the mountain flowers, the violets gathered at the foot of glaciers, the strawberries which blush in a bed of snow; but these are imperceptible wonders which produce no effect; the ornaments are too small for such gigantic masses.

I must be a very unfortunate being, for I could see, in the celebrated chalets, changed by the burning imagination of J. J. Rousseau, into enchanted retreats, nothing more than wretched hovels, filled with the dung of herds, perfumed with the smell of cheese and sour milk, and inhabited by unhappy mountaineers who look upon themselves as banished from the haunts of men, and long for the hour of descending into the valleys.

Small dumb birds, fluttering over the gathered ice, sometimes a few ravens and hawks, are the only living beings that enliven these wastes of snow and stone, where, were it not for the falling drops of rain, no other motion would for the most part be perceived. Happy are we, when the wood-pecker foreboding a storm, shrieks wildly from the bosom of a forest of firs! and yet this token of existence renders the appearance of death, which surrounds us, more visible and more frightful. The Chamois, wild goats and white rabbits, are almost entirely destroyed, and

even marmots are become very scarce, so that the poor Savoyard boy's only treasure is nearly exhausted. Wild animals have yielded the summits of the Alps to herds of cows, that, like their masters, regret the verdure of the plain.

It remains now to speak of the sentiments which arise in our breasts while we rove among mountains; and according to what I have felt, they are painful. I cannot taste any joy when every thing around me proclaims the fatiguing exertions of my fellow creatures, and their incredible toils, which an ungrateful soil refuses to repay with harvests. Mountaineers who experience the disadvantages attendant upon their situation, are more sincere than travellers, for they call the vales, the good country, and do not assest that rocks, the sterility of which is not melted by their most laborious cares, are the most sublime and excellent productions of nature. The attachment they feel for their mountains proceeds from the mysterious relations which the Almighty has created between our sufferings, the object which gives them birth, and the spots where they first stung our hearts: it is the result of the tender remembrances of their infancy, the first emotions of their breast, and the sweets, and even the sorrows they tasted beneath the paternal roof. The child of solitude, grows more serious through the constant habit of suffering; the unfortunate mountaineer dwells with more interest upon the limited incidents of his existence; and the love he fosters for his country, ought not to be attributed to the beauties of the land he inhabits, but to the concentration of his ideas, and the little extent of his wants.

But mountains, it will be said, offer pleasing retreats for those who delight in indulging in soft or melancholy reveries; as for me, I think it is difficult to tear off our attention from the fatigue we undergo, especially when every step must be cautiously taken. The man whose mind would be wandering through the mazes of imagination, while he ascends the Montanvert, might, like the Astrologue of the fable, who while he studied the stars above his head, could not see what passed at his feet, fall into some precipice.

Far from feeling any congenial love for mountains, poets have at all times longed for some sequestered and shady vale, in order to court the inspiration of the muses. Let us listen to Virgil's opinion of the subject.

"Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes
"Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius."

He first wishes to rove among the fields, *rura mihi*, he seeks the cool sequestered vallies, the banks of rivers, not torrents, *flumina amem*, and the forests where in inglorious ease he might spend his days, *sylvasque inglorius*. These forests were

to be composed of oaks, elms, and peech trees instead of gloomy firs; for in the last case he would not have said,

"Et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ."

"And where does he wish this valley should be placed? in a spot teeming with interesting remembrances, and equally celebrated by traditions, the muses, and history. He would have little cared for the vale of Chamouny, the glacier of Tacotny, the small and great Jorasse, the needles of Dru, and the rock of the Tele-noire.

But should we implicitly believe Rousseau and those who have inherited his erroneous notions and not his eloquence, when we reach the brow of a mountain our nature would suddenly be changed. "On their towering summits," he exclaims, "our meditations assume a more sublime cast, more fitted to the objects we behold; we feel a sort of delight neither too violent nor sensual. It seems that when we rise above the dwellings of man, we cast off all low terrestrial passions;—and I believe that the storms of the heart would soon be quelled, were we to fix our abode here."

I heartily wish this were the case! how sweet it would be, to stand out of the reach of sorrow when exalted a few acres above the level of the plains! but the soul of man is not the slave of climes or situations; and a heart oppressed with grief, sinks beneath its weight on the highest places, as well as in the humble vallies. Antiquity, which we may always quote when the truth of a sentiment is to be judged, represents mountains as the retreats of misery and desolation. If Julie's lover forget his woes amidst the rocks of the Valais, Eurydice's husband feeds his grief on the Thracian hills; and notwithstanding the talents of the author of *La Nouvelle Heloise*, the voice of his hero will not resound through future ages, as long as the lyre of Orpheus. Œdipus also carries the load of his misfortune, to the desert top of Cytheron. But from a still nobler source we may derive convincing proofs of what I have advanced; the Holy Scriptures, in which the true nature of man is better unfolded than in the works of our modern philosophers, show us the sons of misery, the prophets, and our Saviour himself, seeking the shelter of the mountains when the hour of affliction arrived. Jephtha's daughter implores her father to grant her the permission of weeping her virginity among the hills and rocks of Judea, before her life should be sacrificed; and it was on the mount of Olives that our Redeemer drank the bitter cup, containing all the sorrows and tears of men.

It is worth remarking, that even in the pages of a writer who stood up as the champion of morality, we still find some traces of the genius of the age in which he lived. This supposed change

of our intellectual dispositions, according to the spot we chuse to inhabit, forms a link of the system of materialism, which Rousseau pretended to attack. The soul was reduced to the state of a plant, yielding to all the variations of the surrounding atmosphere, and pointing out its tranquillity or agitation, like a common barometer. And how was it possible for J. J. Rousseau to be sincere in what he wrote on the salutary influence of high places, when he dragged amidst the mountains of Switzerland, his boisterous passions and calamities?

In one case alone they can spread over our minds a calm oblivion of the troubles that attend our mortal existence; it is when we shrink from the world to consecrate our days to religion. An hermit, whose life is devoted to the service of humanity, who delights to meditate in silence on the greatness and power of his God, may find joy and peace amongst desert rocks; but it is not the tranquillity of the scenes around him which softens the turmoil of his heart; it is, on the contrary, the serenity of his soul, which extends a veil of calmness over the regions of storms.

A sort of natural instinct has always led men to send forth their prayers to the Almighty from elevated spots; when nearer the sky it seems as though our supplications winged their flight more rapidly, and through a lesser space, to the throne of God. The ancient patriarchs offered their sacrifices on mountains, and, as though they had derived one of the attributes of the Divinity from the altars on which they presented their gifts, they called the Lord, the Most High.—Christianity retained a few traces of this manner

of worship; our hills were formerly crowned with monasteries and old abbeys; and from the bosom of a corrupted city, the being who hurried away to commit a crime, or launch on the ocean of folly and dissipation, desisted, as he lifted his eyes from the ground, the altars of his offended God, frowning at a distance revenge upon him, or inviting him to repentance. The cross displayed afar the standard of poverty to the eyes of the wealthy and luxurious, and inspired them with ideas of suffering and pity. The poets, who derided those abodes of piety, though often tainted by superstition, must have been possessed of a cold heart, and false judgment, unable to feel and distinguish what field they opened to the exertions of genius.

But this leads me to opinions and sentiments which are entirely foreign to the main question; after having so severely criticised mountains, it is but fair I should finish by saying what truth will allow me to do in their favour. I have already observed that they are necessary, to complete the beauty of a landscape, and that they ought to form a chain in the back ground of a picture. Their hoary heads, naked sides, and gigantic limbs, which appear hideous when viewed too near, become sublime, when in a misty horizon their shape is softened, and they are clothed in robes of golden light. We may add that they supply the springs of rivers, afford a safe asylum to liberty far from the grasp of oppression, and set boundaries to the overwhelming torrent of war and invasion.

E. R.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF MOZART.

THESE Anecdotes may interest not only lovers of music, but also all those who study mankind, who follow the species in all its varieties, and who, above all, delight in considering it in that singular class of beings, whom nature, by bestowing on them that conformation of organs from which genius results, destines to something more than to eat, drink, sleep, kill time, bustle in pursuit of fortune, dignities, favour, and gross and vulgar pleasures.

The celebrated composer, Mozart, belongs to this privileged class. He possessed its peculiar organization, its ardent and noble passions, its inventive mind, its simple manners, and its weaknesses.

John Chrysostome Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart, was born at Salzburg, on the 27th of January, 1756. His father, Leopold Mozart,

son of a book-binder at Aug-burg, was a musician and sub-director in the chapel of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg. He published, in 1756, an elementary work in German, on the most rational method of teaching the violin, which was reprinted in 1770. In the earliest childhood of his son, he perceived in him a decided propensity to music. At four years old the elements of that art became the chief amusement of his infancy; a year after, the little Mozart composed minuets and other light pieces of music, which he played, and which his father noted under his direction, in order to excite his emulation. In a short time he joined to this study others which appertain to a good education; he was particularly attached to that of calculation. These did not, however, impede his progress in music. His father surprised him

one day, composing a concerto for the harpsichord; he examined it, and found it according to the rules, but so difficult that nobody could play it.

In 1762, the Mozart family went to Vienna; the young virtuoso was already so expert that his father was desirous of his being presented to the Emperor. He was so, with his sister, four years older, and who showed an early and prodigious talent on the harpsichord. They performed with unbounded applause before the Imperial family. The celebrated Wagenseil was then at that court. The infant Mozart, who already knew enough to prefer the approbation of a great master to every thing, asked the Emperor to permit him to attend: "He ought to come, he understands it."—Francis I. commanded Wagenseil's attendance, and he was seated near the harpsichord. The child, more animated than intimidated by his presence, played one of his concertos, and begged him to turn over the leaves. We are not to forget that this child was only six years old!

At this age he began to study the violin; in a short time he was as expert at this instrument as he was at the harpsichord.

In the following year (1763) the family made a more extensive excursion; he was equally admired at all the electoral courts, and afterwards at Paris, where he played concertos on both the fore-mentioned instruments. He played on the organ, in the king's chapel at Versailles. He, and his sister, were heard at Paris with enthusiastic rapture. The portrait of the father and of his two children were engraven. Mozart, aged seven years, there composed and published his two first works, one dedicated to Madame Victoire, and the other to the Countess De Tessé.

In 1764 they arrived in England, where they had an equal success. These two children then began to play on two harpsichords dialogued concertos; they were admired by the greatest masters, among others by the celebrated Bach. Mozart, in the same year, composed and published in London six sonatas, which he dedicated to the Queen.

They returned to France in 1765, and then went to Holland, where they were equally well received by the Stadtholder and by the public.—In 1766, Mozart composed at the Hague a symphony for a grand orchestra, on the installation of the Stadtholder Prince of Orange, who was then, at eighteen, become of age.

He returned to Germany, and the Elector of Munich proposed a musical theme to him, to be resolved on the spot. He performed this in presence of the Elector, without violin or harpsichord, played it; and struck the whole court with astonishment and admiration.

Returned to Salzburg, after an absence of three years, young Mozart gave himself up with renewed ardour to the study of composition. In 1768, at Vienna, where his sister and he had performed before the Emperor Joseph II. he composed the music of the mass for the inauguration of the church of the Orphan-house, and although he was only twelve years old, directed that solemn music in presence of the Imperial court.

Towards the end of 1769, Mozart the father, set out for Italy, with only his son. He was there as much admired as in Germany and in France. He was not permitted to leave Milan till he had engaged to return thither, and compose the first opera for the carnival of the year 1771.

At Bologna, the famous Father Martini lavished on him the most flattering testimonies of esteem and even of admiration. He gave him the most difficult subjects for *Fugues*, and this child of fourteen years old, developed them with so much art, and executed them with such precision, that the learned master, and the able professors who were assembled to hear him, were struck with astonishment, and transported with pleasure.

After having caused the same sensation in Florence, he arrived at Rome on that day in the holy week when in the Sistine Chapel the famous *Miserere* was performing, which it was prohibited under pain of excommunication to copy, or to suffer to be copied. Aware of this prohibition, he went with his father to the chapel, where he listened with such attention, that on his return home, he writ out the whole piece. On the following Friday, it was performed a second time; during the performance he held his manuscript in his hat, which was sufficient for him to make some corrections. This anecdote made much noise at Rome. He sung this *Miserere* in a concert accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and the principal singer who had sung in the chapel acknowledged it to be faithful and complete.

He went to Naples, and after some stay he returned to Rome, when the Pope, who wished to see him, created him a knight of the golden militia (*aurata militia*). On going back to Bologna, he received a more flattering distinction. After the proofs required, which he satisfied with an amazing promptitude, he was shut up alone, and a subject for four voices was given to him, of a difficulty proportionate to the idea which was entertained of his talents; this he completed in half an hour; he was in consequence unanimously chosen a member of the philharmonic society.

His engagements recalled him to Milan. On the 26th of December, 1770, two months after

his arrival, and under fifteen years of age, he gave his *Mithridates*, which was performed fifteen following nights. In order to form a judgment of his success, it may be sufficient to be informed that the manager immediately entered into a written agreement with him, that he should compose the first opera for the year 1773. This was *Lucius Sylla*, which had no less a run than *Mithridates*, and was represented during six and twenty consecutive nights. In the interval of time between these two compositions, he wrote in 1771 at Milan, *Ascanio in Alba*, for the marriage-festival of the Archduke Ferdinand; and in 1772, at Salzburg, among other works, he composed *La finta Giardiniera*, (the sham female gardener) an opera buffa; two grand masses for the chapel of the Elector of Bavaria; and on the arrival of the archduke Maximilian at Salzburg, a cantata or scuffade, entitled, *Il re pastore* (the shepherd king.)

In 1775, he had attained to the highest degree of his art; his glory was spread throughout Europe, and he was only nineteen. In 1777, he made a second trip to Paris with his mother. He there had her loss to bewail, which made his longer stay in the capital insupportable: besides which, the then state of vocal music only permitted him to compose for instruments. After having given a symphony at the *Concert Spirituel*, and a few other pieces, he returned to his father in 1779.

In the following year he fixed his residence at Vienna, where he entered into the service of the emperor. He remained always attached to that court, notwithstanding he had no reason to be satisfied with its generosity, and in spite of the advantageous proposals which were made to him by other courts, especially that of Berlin.

He married Constance Weber, a young woman

of a respectable family, by whom he had two children.

After having filled Germany, and in some measure Europe, with the productions of his genius, he died in 1792, hardly turned of thirty-six.

His most noted operas are: *The Rape of the Scraglio*; *The Marriage of Figaro*; *Don Juan*; *All do thus*; (*così fan tutte*) *The enchanted Flute*; *The Director of Shows*; *The Philosopher's Stone*; *The Clemency of Titus*; and *Idomeneus*.

His instrumental music, as well for the piano forte as for other instruments, and his symphonies and concertos for grand orchestras, are well known. The chapels in Germany are enriched with a great number of his compositions. His *Requiem*, which was composed during the anguish and pangs of the disorder which caused his death, and which is regarded as his master-piece, is preserved with a kind of religious veneration.

This was the brilliant career of Mozart as an artist. We shall add a few interesting details of his character and private life: striking, from that species of originality which pleases so much in celebrated men, or engaging, from the simplicity, the goodness, and the ingenuousness which occasion them.

Mozart felt for Haydn a respect and admiration which he lost no opportunity of testifying. Haydn, on his part, always spoke of him with esteem, and with that kind of interest which great talents joined to youth inspire. There was once a dispute before Haydn about the *Don Juan* of Mozart: endless dissertations were made on its beauties and faults, without the disputants understanding much of the matter. Haydn said nothing: at last his opinion was asked. "All I know," answered he, "is, that Mozart is the first composer which the world possesses at present."

[To be continued.]

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

BRITISH SYNONYMY.

[Continued from Page 206.]

Profusion, extravagance—He is profuse who pours forth his whole supply; he is extravagant, who wanders from his right direction. The profuse man errs by the quantity, the extravagant man by the quality of his expenditure. He who praises excessively, is profuse; he who praises inappropriately, is extravagant in his flattery.

To study, to learn—To study, implies uniform application in the pursuit of knowledge; to learn,

implies successful application. We study to learn, we learn by dint of study. There are many things which we learn without study, and others which we study without learning. They are not the wisest who have studied the most; but they who have learned much, may be counted wise.

Amiable, charming, fascinating—A woman is rendered amiable by her virtues, charming by her

accomplishments, and fascinating by her manners and conversation.

Election, choice.—Election signifies a determination less governed by inclination than by circumstances. It results from a sentiment less lively, less natural, but more prudent than that which prompts choice. Authority or interest may bias an election, or indifference may render it a matter of chance: but choice is an impulse of the heart, and marks an action uninfluenced by external things.

Crime, sin.—A crime is a transgression against human laws; a sin is an offence against those which are divine. Treason is a crime, and impiety a sin of deep dye.

Dumb, silent, mute.—A person is dumb from an incapacity to be otherwise, silent or mute from disinclination to speak. He may be called a silent man who speaks but little; he is a mute one, who does not speak at all.

Entire, complete.—A thing is entire when it wants none of its parts, and complete when it wants none of its appendages. A man may have an entire house, but it is not complete till it is furnished.

Lamentations, complaints.—We lament our misfortunes, we complain of our grievances. We lament, and obtain pity; we complain, and obtain redress.

Realize, effect, execute.—Of the hopes that we conceive, few are realised. Of the engagements which we make, not many are effected. Of the designs that we form, the major part can never be executed.

Fable, fiction, allegory.—Both a fable and an allegory are a fiction, because the word imports any thing that is the offspring of the imagination. Thus the fables of Æsop and La Fontaine, and the beautiful allegories of the Visions of Mirza and the Mount of Misery, found in the *Spectator*, are all fictions. A fable and an allegory differ, however, in this, that the former gives speech and reason to brutes, the latter to qualities; and that the first contains some useful moral or satire, and the last some powerful truth.

Letters, epistles.—An epistle conveys an idea of something composed with more care than a letter. Thus the person to whom a work is dedicated, is addressed in an epistle dedicatory.—But the word epistle is applied with most propriety to the letters of the ancients, written in the dead languages, as the epistles of Cicero, of Seneca, of Pliny, and of the Apostles. It is a term, however, which usage justifies the application of to some modern compositions, such as imitations of the Letters of Horace, in verse: thus it is proper to say, the epistles of Despréaux, or of Rousseau.

Fortune, chance.—A man sometimes deter-

mines his own fortune, by improving or neglecting the advantages which are thrown in his way; but neither art nor address, nor negligence, can have the smallest effect on chance. Chance has often produced situations which address and subtlety have converted into the means of elevation to the highest temporal dignities; and thus men have established their own fortune.

Dictionary, vocabulary, glossary.—The first signifies a great number of words arranged in alphabetical order, and of which the import is attached to each word. The words in a vocabulary do not take this order, nor are they explained in the same way. A glossary is a collection of such words as are rude and barbarous, and but little known, with the signification of each annexed.

Familiar, intimate.—We are familiar with our acquaintance, intimate with our friends. We converse with those with whom we are familiar, we confide in those with whom we are intimate. An exemption from vice is all that we need require in the first; the possession of virtue is requisite in the last.

Clearness, perspicuity.—*Ce que l'on conçoit bien, s'explique clairement.* To write or speak with clearness, one must have a thorough comprehension of the ideas one endeavours to express. To write with perspicuity, one must unfold these ideas in precise language; in words that are neither deficient in purity or intelligibility; that are neither superfluous or ill adapted to the subject, and that follow such an order of arrangement as bring out the sentiment with accuracy, strength, and unity.

Promptitude, celerity, diligence.—Promptitude is displayed in immediately commencing what we are required to perform; celerity, in bringing it to as speedy a termination as possible; and diligence, in adopting the readiest means of doing so. Promptitude admits of no delay, celerity of no interruption, and diligence suffers nothing to escape which it can turn to a good account.—We oblige by promptitude, we profit by celerity; we improve by diligence. We should perform good offices with promptitude, transact business with celerity, and advance ourselves in knowledge with diligence.

Sentiment, sensation, perception.—Sentiment originates in the heart, and may be good or bad, lively or languid, low or elevated. Sensation arises from something acting upon the senses, and may be painful or pleasing, prolonged or contracted, acute or blunt. Perception is a power of the mind, and extends to every thing capable of awakening an image in the soul.

Firivolous, futile.—That which is frivolous wants solidity, and that which is futile wants consistency. The one is trifling, the other changeable. Thus we say of a pursuit which has no

object, or, at least, none of any importance, that it is frivolous; and of a determination influenced by whim, passion, or opinion, that it is futile.

To guide, to conduct.—We guide, by pointing out the path to be pursued; we conduct, by inducing a disposition to pursue it. The preceptor guides his pupil by teaching him to think justly; the parent conducts his child by influencing him to act wisely. The compass guides the mariner, the pilot conducts the ship.

Care, anxiety, solicitude.—Care fetters the mind; it occupies. Anxiety interrupts its tranquillity; it agitates. Solicitude destroys its repose; it absorbs. Care relates to the ordinary objects of life, anxiety to some important event which is pending, and solicitude to something which is continually the object of our desire. A man in business has his cares, a speculator his anxieties, a parent her solicitude.

Fasting, abstinence.—Fasting, is abstaining from food; abstinence, from whatever can gratify the senses. We sometimes fast from choice, we are never abstinent but from principle.

Reformation, reform.—Reformation is always in a state of progression; reform is reformation completed. The reformation of a man has commenced when he has abandoned any of his

vices; but he is not reformed till he has abandoned the whole of them.

Sound of the voice, tone of the voice.—We readily know persons or instruments from the sound of their voices. The voice may be soft or harsh, strong or weak, agreeable or disagreeable, but it is always the same, we cannot alter it.—The tones of a voice are capable of great variety; they may be high or low, lively or serious, imperious or submissive, as we choose to make them. The sound of the voice does not affect us, but its tones can produce great emotion.

Beatification, canonization.—Both these terms imply the creation of a saint, but with a considerable diversity in the circumstance. In the first, the Pope exercises his authority no farther than by granting to a certain religious order or community, permission to render a particular worship to the person beatified. A canonization is attended with many ceremonies which do not distinguish a beatification, and is solemnized by the Pope himself, who determines the nature of the worship that shall be paid to the saint. This worship is not like that paid to the beatified, confined to a particular order of ecclesiastics, it extends to all who possess the Catholic faith.

[To be continued.]

ON THE CULTURE OF THE SUN-FLOWER, AND ITS ADVANTAGES.

THE sun-flower of which we intend to treat, is the annual species, *Helianthus annuus*, Linn. *tournesol*, or *soleil*. It was brought from Peru, and first cultivated in England in 1596.

The perennial species, *Helianthus multiflorus*, was introduced in this country in 1698, and only serves to ornament gardens, but the annual is interesting in itself and of great use in agriculture.

The seeds of this plant are either white, gray, or blackish. These differences in colour do not indicate any in species or varieties. From black seeds, plants are produced which bear white ones, and reciprocally. There are however two varieties of annual sun-flowers which remain constantly the same; that with single stalks, and that, less common, with branching stalks.

In the spring, when there is no longer reason to fear any frost, which would kill the young plants, in the first and second week of May, or even later, the seeds are to be sown in a rich and well-dunged soil; if many acres are to be sown, the seeds may be scattered at random, and the plants afterwards thinned; but the best way is to set them in regular rows, which should be two feet

distant, and in these rows shallow holes are to be made at a foot distance from each other, in which two seeds must be dropt, and if they both succeed, the most feeble ought to be taken away, and either transplanted or destroyed. The plants, which must be carefully weeded, will grow to the height of six or even nine feet; the stalks are from six to eight inches in circumference near the ground. It flowers towards the end of August, and the seeds are ripe in the autumn, along with the maize or Indian wheat. Rainy seasons are noxious to these plants; the bottom of the stalk rots in the earth, the leaves dry all at once, the stalk breaks even with the soil, and the plant dies: a few sunshining days stop or retard the progress of this evil.

The leaves of the sun-flower are an agreeable and abundant aliment for cattle; they may be stripped from the plant successively without detriment. After this crop of excellent fodder, follows the plentiful one of the seeds; of which some plants will yield above ten thousand.

The best method of gathering these, is to cut off the pedicle, or foot-stalk, and as the calix is

extremely thick, to hang it in an airy place, in order to accelerate the drying.

During the time of flowering, bees come from afar to gather the elements of honey on the flowers.

The seeds of the sun-flower are more farinaceous than unctuous; and to this proper attention has not been given by those who have attempted to draw oil from them. Some oil may notwithstanding be extracted, but in so small a quantity, as not to be worth while cultivating these plants for the sake of this oil.

But if the seeds of the sun-flower are not susceptible of furnishing oil to advantage, they

are precious for the nourishment they afford to all domestic animals. These seeds agree perfectly with sheep, and hogs; but above all they are of the greatest use for feeding all sorts of poultry. No other food makes them thrive so well, nor more excites them to lay their eggs.

The dry stalks of the sun-flower burn well, and furnish very good ashes for lye, as they contain much potash. To conclude, the facility of its culture, the abundance of the crops, and their various and interesting results, make of the sun-flower a new source of riches in agricultural pursuits.

HYDROSTATICS.

DEFINITIONS.

HYDROSTATICS is that branch of natural philosophy which treats of the nature, gravity, pressure, and motions of fluids in general, and of the methods of weighing solids in them.

Hydraulics relates to the motion of water through pipes, conduits, &c.

A cubic foot, or inch, is a solid body whose length, breadth, and depth, are equal.

Vortex is the top of any line or figure; in astronomy it is that point which is immediately over our heads.

The **specific gravity** of a body is its weight compared with another body of the same magnitude. For example—if a cubical inch of one substance weigh twice as much as a cubical inch of another substance, the specific gravity of the former is twice as great as that of the latter. It is the density of a body that constitutes its specific gravity.

OF THE WEIGHT AND PRESSURE OF FLUIDS.

The particles of which fluids, in general, are composed, are conceived to be exceedingly small, smooth, hard, and spherical. Their sphericity is rendered apparent by the following facts:—first, the facility with which they may be moved among, and over one another; secondly, from salt and sugar having been dissolved in water, without increasing its bulk, which could not happen if the space, or vacuities between the particles of water, were less than what globular particles alone leave; and thirdly, from the pores of aquatic plants, or those which live in water, being round.

By putting into a wine glass some shot in its natural form, and some which has been a little flattened, we shall find that the vacuities be-

tween the former are much greater than between the latter; which proves that a substance composed of globular particles must have larger pores than one whose particles are not round. Hence, since water can receive a solid into its pores without having its parts extended, it must necessarily be composed of those particles which leave the greatest space between their points of contact.

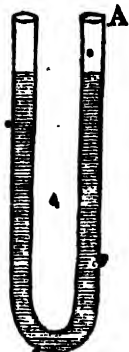
Water is the most subtle and penetrating of fluids, fire excepted; it pervades the minutest particles and pores of matter, the finest vessels of animals, and the smallest tubes of plants; perhaps there exists not a substance of which water forms not one of the constituent parts; air contains such a quantity of this fluid, that were the whole to be precipitated, the earth, it is supposed, would be covered with water to the depth of, at least, thirty-feet. Several curious instances have occurred of the weight of the human body being increased by the absorption of water by its pores. A lad at Newmarket, who had been dieted for a riding match, was weighed one morning at nine o'clock, and again at ten, when it was found that he had gained nearly thirty ounces in weight, in the course of the hour, though he had drank during this interval but half a glass of wine.

In order to ascertain whether water be or be not compressible, a globe of gold was made at Florence, and after being completely filled with that fluid, was carefully closed up, that none of the contents might escape; afterwards the globe was fastened at the sides, when the water, incapable of being compressed into a smaller compass, forced its way through the pores of the gold, which no other fluid but fire can penetrate, and formed a dew all over the surface of the globe.

It is a principle in hydrostatics, that fluids of

every kind press equally in all directions; that is, they exert a pressure upwards and sideways, which equals their pressure downwards.

If water, or any other fluid, were poured into the annexed tube at A, it would rise in the opposite side, by the force of the upward pressure, till it became level on both sides of the tube. If, instead of a fluid, sand or shot were poured into either arm, neither of them would rise but in that arm; which renders it obvious that fluids actually exert a pressure upwards.



Dip one end of a tube of very narrow bore (not more than the tenth of an inch) into a vessel of quicksilver, then stopping the upper orifice with your finger, draw the tube out of the vessel, when you will see a column of quicksilver hanging to it; immerse it in water, still keeping your finger on the upper opening of the tube, and when you have sunk the column of mercury somewhat more than fourteen times its own depth, on removing your finger the water below the mercury will press it upwards into the tube. Mercury being fourteen times heavier than water, or in technical language, having fourteen times more specific gravity, the upward pressure of the water cannot overcome the downward pressure of the mercury, till this last has descended to a depth proportional to the different weights of the two fluids.

The lateral, or side pressure of fluids, may be demonstrated by a very easy experiment. A, is a vessel filled with water, in which are two orifices of equal diameter, one in the bottom of the vessel, the other in the bottom of the side; if, prior to drawing out the corks which close the holes, a glass be placed under each, then, if the corks are withdrawn at the same instant, it will be found that the glasses in equal time receive an equal quantity of fluid; which could not happen if the pressure that forced it out of the side hole was not equally as great as that which impelled it through the orifice in the bottom.

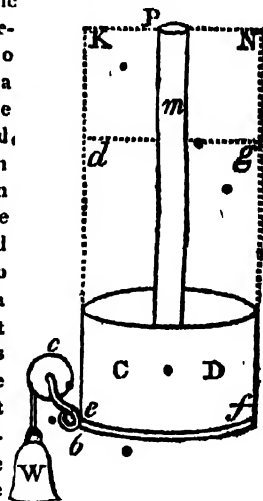


But the particles of a fluid press equally in every possible direction, so long only as the perpendicular height is equal; hence, if the side orifice, in the preceding experiment, had been

half an inch or an inch higher, the pressure against it would have been less than that against the lower orifice, and consequently the quantity of the issuing fluid would have been less in the same proportion.

The weight and the pressure of fluids, are two things which must on no account be confounded. The weight is according to the quantity; the pressure is according to the perpendicular height. If a pound of water be put into a shallow vessel, the weight and the pressure will be exactly the same on the bottom of the vessel; but if the same quantity of water be put into a tube, of which the bottom of the vessel is made the base, the pressure of the water against it, whatever may be the difference between the diameter of the tube and that of the vessel, will be equal to the weight of a column of water of the same length as that in the tube, and of the same circumference as the circumference of the inside of the vessel.

To illustrate the assertion:—C D represent a vessel of water, to which a brass bottom, made water tight, is fixed, by a hinge which allows it to open downwards, like the lid of an inverted box; by means of a little hook *b*, a pulley *c*, and a weight *W*, the bottom is kept close to the vessel, and will not give way till it experiences a pressure within equal to the weight that draws it



close to the vessel. This weight, represented by *W*, is equal to that of a column of water of the dimensions traced by the dotted lines *a*, *e*, *f*. *P* represents a tube open at both ends; if water be poured into it until it rise to the point *m*, its pressure will bear down the bottom, raise the weight, and a small quantity of water will escape; when the pressure within, and the weight drawing without, being again in equilibrium, the bottom will be held tight to the vessel as at first; if the weight were changed to one equal to the weight of a column of water of the dimensions *K*, *N*, *e*, *f*, the bottom of the vessel would not give way till the tube was filled to the top.

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE,

*A Tale, by Mr. Kenney, recited by Mr. Bannister
at his Benefit, April, 1807.*

A PUPIL of the Esculapian school,
Was just about to quit his master's rule;
Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
But that he then had learnt it seven years.

Bob was a *beau*; and to his fame he spoken—
Wens, tumours, members mortified or broken,
He held it vastly filthy to be slashing;
Whilst clean white hose he sported every day,
Doubtless not chusing gentlefolks should say—
More for his mangling than his *gashing*.

Yet, not on his acquirements here to stop,
Bobby was amply taught—to mind the shop;
And found it oft, by grievous lack of pelf,
A shop that no one minded but himself.

But Bob's papa indulging the conceit,
That yet his science was not quite complete,
The youth one morning thus addressed his
master:—

Dear Sir, my honoured father bids me say,
If I could now and then a visit pay,

He thinks, with you,
To notice how you do,

My business I might learn a little faster.

The thought is happy, the preceptor cries,—
A better method he could scarce devise:
If so he fancies Bob, it shall be so;
And when I next pay visits you shall go.

To bring that hour, alas! time briskly fled:
With dire intent

Away they went;

And now behold them at the patient's bed.

The master Doctor solemnly perused
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mus'd;
Look'd wise, said nothing—an unerring way
When people nothing have to say.

Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,
And paused, and blink'd, and smelt again,

And briefly of his corps perform'd each motion
Manœuvres that for Death's platoon are meant;
A sort of a make ready and present
Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

At length the patient's wife he thus address'd:
Madam, your husband's danger's great,
And, what will never his complaint abate,
The nan's been eating oysters, I perceive.—
Lord! you're a witch, I verily believe,
Madam reply'd, and to the truth confess'd,

Skill so prodigious Bobby too admired,
And home returning, of the sage enquired
How these same oysters came into his head?
Fshaw! my dear Bob, the thing was plain,
Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain,
I saw the shells lie underneath the bed.

So wise by this sage lesson grown,
Next morn Bob ventured forth alone,
And to the self-same patient paid his court;
But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,
Returned the stripling minister of death,
And to his master made this dread report.

Why, Sir, we ne'er shall keep that patient under;
Zounds! such a maw I never came across;
The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,
For damme if he hasn't eat a horse!

A horse! the elder man of physic cried,
As if he meant his pupil to deride;
How came so wild a notion in your head?
How! think not in my duty I was idle;
Like you I took a peep beneath the bed,
And there I saw a saddle and a bridle.

TO HER WHO PAINTED

"THE NOVICE OF ST. DOMINIQUE."

WHEN Love's jewel'd star on the rose-blossom
beams,
With silver suffusing its dye,
The Venus of flowers, in its brilliancy gleams,
Like a blush, seraph-shed, from the sky.

So STONEY! the tintings of Poetry's plume,
Fair Imogen's image which grace,
From thy fancy's bright hale, such lustre assume,
In the phantom an angel I trace!

Blest limner! the Muse whose wild warblings I
note,
From her jessamine chaunts thee a lay—
Inspir'd by the carmine-bath'd kisses which float
O'er Imogen's panting portrait!

So the plume-perfum'd fly-bird of India's parterre,
Round the tulip's silk couch lightly wings,
And, wrapt by the charms bloom-veil'd of the fair,
Soft humming—a serenade sings.

Adieu! child of Genius! may Sympathy's power,
O'er life's vision who holds such sweet sway—
With the dreams of young Rapture encrimson
the bower,
When in Hymen's chaste Eden you stray!

LINES.

Written upon a calm Sunday morning, on the Island in Grasmere Lake, in Westmoreland.

Y^e scenes, that around me disclose
Abodes of contentment and health,
O give to my heart that repose,
It has sought 'midst the tumult of wealth.

As I gaze on the hills that surround
And shelter from tempests the vale,
I listen with joy to the sound
That rides on the spring-breathing gale.

'Tis the sound of the bell that invites
The neighbouring shepherds to pray'r,
To thank with devotional rites
The shepherd of all for his care.

For 'tis He who their flocks will preserve
On the hills from the bleak snow and rain,
And does not his kindness deserve
The tribute of gratitude's strain?

Sweet Lake, in whose crystalline breast
This Island reposes her form,
May thou be thus ever at rest,
Nor move to the turbulent storm:

And wilt thou afford me, green Isle,
An abode of contentment and health,
A refuge from sorrow and toil
I have sought 'midst the tumult of wealth?

F. D. A.

WHAT IS LOVE?

LIKE as the virgin blush of morn,*
Or as the dew drop on the thorn,
Or as the primrose on the plain,
Or as the thoughts of former pleasure,
Ev'n such is Love's uncertain treasure.
The virgin blush of morn is o'er,
The dew consumes the thorns no more.
The music's ceased, the primrose dies,
The pleasure's past—and so Love flies.

Like as the gaudy painted dream,
Or as the sunshine's golden beam,
Or as the tolling of a bell,
Or as the pansy's fragrant smell,
Or as the torch's glaring blaze,
Ev'n such is Love, whose charm decays.
The dream is past, the sunshine's fled,
The bell is stopp'd the pansy's dead,
The smell is lost, the torch's blaze
Is out—and so Love's flame decays.

L.

* This species of stanza was first used by Smyth, in his beautiful and affecting Poem on Life, written in 1612.

HELVELLYN*.

DARK-GREEN was the spot 'mid the brown
mountain heather,

Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in
decay;

Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to
weather,

Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless
clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended:
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber?

When the wind wadded his garment, how oft
didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst
thou number,

Ere he died before thee, the friend of thy
heart?

And Oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read
over him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore
him,—

And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before
him,

Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should de-
part?

SONG.

AND would'st thou with insidious art
My darling friend destroy,
And rob her unsuspecting heart
Of all its little joy.

A hapless orphan maid is she,
Just caught in love's sweet thrall,
And fondly thinks she views in thee
Her father, mother, all.

No, Henry, scorn the coward aim,
'Tis fraught with dire disgrace;
Ah, who could seek to brand with shame
My Mary's lovely face.

A holier flame should fire thy breast,
And purer wishes move,
When she prefers thee to the rest
—Who best deserves thy love.

* It alludes to the death of an unfortunate gentleman, who perished by losing his way on Helvellyn, about two years ago. His remains were found three months afterwards, guarded still by a terrier bitch, that had long been the companion of his rambles.

A SONNET.—MORNING.

O'er in her ruddy car I've seen,
 Aurora gild th' enamell'd green,
 And speed her azure way;
 While from her soft mellifluous throat
 The linnet pours her plaintive note,
 And cheers the infant day:
 But soon the black'ning veil is drawn,
 And heav'n's artillery frights the morn,
 Astonish'd flies the swain;
 The pealing thunder rattles loud,
 Blue lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud,
 And torrents sweep the plain.
 Thus often spoils life's early dawn,
 While, wing'd on peace, rolls smoothly on,
 Th'n interrupted year;
 Till some thick-gathering clouds of woe
 Burst in a dismal din below,
 And stop the glad career.

MOONLIGHT—THE CAPTIVE.

BY MR. MONTGOMERY.

GENTLE Moon! a captive calls;
 Gentle Moon! awake, arise!
 Gild the prison's sullen walls;
 Gild the tears that drown his eyes.
 Throw thy veil of clouds aside;
 Let those smiles, that light the pole,
 Thro' the liquid ether glide—
 Glide into the mourner's soul.
 Cheer his melancholy mind;
 Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart:
 Let thine influence, pure, refin'd,
 Cool the fever of his heart.
 Chance, Despondency, and Care,
 Friends, that haunt the guilty breast:
 Conscious virtue braves despair;
 Triumphs most when most oppress'd.
 Now I see, thy power benign
 Swell my bosom, thrill my veins;
 As thy beams the brightest shine,
 When the deepest midnight reigns.
 Say, fair shepherdess of night,
 Who thy starry flock doth lead,
 Unto hills of living light,
 On the blue ethereal mead;
 At this moment dost thou see,
 From thine elevated sphere,
 One kind friend who thinks of me—
 Thanks, and drops a feeling tear?
 On a brilliant beam convey
 This soft whisper to his breast:
 "Wipe that generous drop away,
 He for whom it falls is—blest!"

"Blest with Freedom unconfin'd;
 Dungeons cannot hold the soul:
 What can chain th' immortal mind!
 None but He who spans the pole."

Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,
 With her subtle magic spell,
 In romantic visions airy
 Steals the captive from his cell.
 On her moonlight pinions borne,
 Far he flies from grief and pain;
 Never, never to be torn
 From his friends and home again!
 Stay, thou dear delusion! stay!
 Beautiful bubble! do not break!
 Ah! the peasant flies away!
 Who from such a dream would wake!

TO THE PRIMROSE.

By murmuring Nith, my native stream,
 I've hail'd thee with the morning's beam;
 Wou'd thee among the Falls of Clyde,
 On Leven's banks, of Kelvin side;
 And now, on Hanwell's flow'ry plain,
 I welcome thy return again.
 At Hanwell! where romantic views,
 And sylvan scenes, invite the Muse;
 And where, lest erring man should stray,
 Truth's blameless Teacher leads the way:
 Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
 Emblem of Virtue in the shade,
 Rearing thy head to brave the storm
 That would thine innocence deform!
 Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,
 Of all the flow'rs the Seasons bring,
 To me, while doom'd to linger here,
 The lowly Primrose shall be dear!
 Sprung like a Primrose in the wild,
 Short, like the Primrose, Marion smil'd;
 The Spring that gave her blossoms birth,
 Tore thee for ever from the earth;
 Nor I st, ah me! one bud behind,
 To tranquillize a Parent's mind,
 Save that sweet bud which strews the way,
 Blest Hope to an eternal May!
 Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
 Emblem of Virtue in the shade,
 Rearing thy head to brave the storm
 That would thine innocence deform!
 Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,
 Of all the flow'rs the Seasons bring,
 To me, while doom'd to linger here,
 The lowly Primrose shall be dear!

J.M.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MAY.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

[Continued from Page 215.]

Enter JAQUEMIN and SAINVILLE.

Jaquemin. Ladies, I have the pleasure of introducing my young friend, Mr. Sainville to you. But who have we here? Is it you, my dear Sir? (to *Corsignac*.)

Sainville. Already here, *Corsignac*?

Therese. I was right in my surmise.

Corsignac. In person. But why are you so much astonished, since you were expecting me, and were gone to meet me?

Jaquemin. That's a mistake; I went to meet Sainville, but I am not the less pleased with your visit. The ladies must have taken you for your friend.

Therese. Exactly.

Corsignac. If so, they have paid me a high compliment (*aside*). Zounds, I expected he would not come before to-morrow.

Jaquemin. What lucky chance has led you here?

Corsignac. Sainville comes to buy an estate; and I should have no objection to purchase a small farm in your neighbourhood, for I long to renew the friendship we formed at Paris.

Jaquemin. With all my heart. Good morning, Mr. Ledoux; this increase of company will heighten the joy of our little society. But I forgot to introduce my children to Sainville. Here are my two daughters; my Louise, my skilful housekeeper, my two wards, and Mademoiselle Ursule Rouvignat, our neighbour, with whose relations you have been acquainted.

Sainville. I have had that honour.

Corsignac. I must now return Sainville all the attentions that have been bestowed upon me; he did not think he should find me here; but he was expected by every one.

Sainville. I will beg of the amiable housekeeper to be my interpreter to her companions. When I behold such attractions shining all around me, it is impossible I should not wish the connexion between our two families should become still closer.

Louise. I will frankly answer for all, that our father's friend cannot fail to become ours.

Sainville. Hasten to find out an estate, my

dear *Jaquemin*, for my impatience to live near you increases every moment.

Jaquemin. I have no doubt of it, and will fulfil your wishes as soon as it is in my power.

Ursule (*aside to Pauline*). Well, Pauline?

Pauline. It is difficult to see a more elegant shape.

Ursule (*to Agathe*). What is your opinion of him?

Agathe. Ah! my opinion. But tell me first what you think of him?

Ursule. I think of my friends alone.—(*To Pauline*) You may fall in love with him, and I will assist your conquest.

Louise. I was forgetting the duties of my station, and will now prepare a better reception for my father's guests [*Exit*].

Therese (*aside*). Be at rest, Louise, they will oppose thy success; but he will at last be thine. (*Aloud*). Gentlemen, I wish you a good day — (*Aside, looking at Sainville*). My Auguste will be just like him when he is old. [*Exit*].

Agathe (*to Ursule*). Mr *Corsignac* seems to possess Sainville's confidence; we should try to make him speak.

Ursule. I take that upon me.

Pauline (*to Ursule*). O! that I could know all his tastes, his temper.

Ursule. I will soon give you a faithful account of it. Good morning, gentlemen.

[*Exit Agathe, Ursule, and Pauline.*]

Ledoux (*aside*). All is over with me, she does not honour me with a single look.

Jaquemin. Well, my dear Sainville, do you find them handsome and amiable; speak frankly before us.

Sainville. The only difficulty is to choose, and the only fear not to be worthy of our choice. It seems, however, that you have not concealed the secret motive of my journey.

Jaquemin. They know nothing positive, though they partly guess it. But let us unders and each other well; their persons please you, and as you have confidence in me, you must depend upon my word for the rest. I answer for the goodness of their dispositions; and as you are not to form a romantic passion, but to choose her whose tastes and sentiments will be in unison with yours, hasten to make the selection, and we will have the wedding.

Sainville. Not quite so quick; though I can-

not reproach you with want of discretion; for I will bet any thing that the secret I confided to my friend, Corsignac, is the sole cause of his visit.

Corsignac. You are right, Sainville; you know me well. I have been long seeking for a good opportunity of entering the matrimonial noose; and though I have met with some, have always been too difficult, or found the ladies so. Sometimes young girls slighted me for men who possessed greater riches, and sometimes I deemed the offers of old maids too foolish to be accepted. No sooner had Sainville revealed his secret, than I took a sudden determination: without informing him of my plan, I set off an hour before him, and here I am. I will do him justice, however, notwithstanding my merit, he still surpasses me, but he cannot marry the four young ladies. Let him choose first, my turn will come after; and if I obtain Mr. Jaquemin's consent, instead of one wedding, we shall have two.

Jaquemin. Yes, indeed, I grant you my consent; I like an original, like you. But what are you speaking about two weddings, I hope to marry all my girls? Sainville shall have Louise; you, Pauline; Mr. Ledoux, Agathe; and Therese, her cousin.

Sainville. It is, then, the amiable Louise, whom I addressed, you have singled out for my partner.

Jaquemin. It is she, my eldest daughter; she is good tempered, handsome, and simple, without foolishness.

Sainville. Good tempered and handsome! Let me only have the happiness of pleasing her, and I shall be your son-in-law.

Corsignac. And you allow me to aspire to the hand of the interesting Pauline.

Jaquemin. Yes, the youngest of my wards; a sensible, sentimental, romantic girl.

Corsignac. Romantic, do you say? A word to the wise, I'll profit by this piece of intelligence. Sympathy, duels, old castles, ghosts, and nice feelings; with all this, in a few days, I am your ward.

Ledoux. Your prospects are fair, and I wish mine were as promising; but the reception I have just now met with, has not raised my hopes very high.

Jaquemin. What do I hear?

Ledoux. Do not get into a passion; you see I am calm, though offended. Agathe will return to me; but the arrival of these gentlemen led her into another fit of haughtiness. Have the goodness only to tell her, that when her friends are provided for, I am at her service. Your servant, Mr. Jaquemin, till the time comes. *[Exit.]*

Jaquemin. He is a truly worthy man, and Agathe will repent her behaviour.

Corsignac. It is the influence of our merit that has caused the quarrel between them.

Jaquemin. Harkens, Sainville; though you did not ask it of me in your letter, I have got an apartment ready for you.

Sainville. In the present case, I think it more proper to refuse your kind offer.

Jaquemin. I will not permit you.

Corsignac. Never mind him; he is too headstrong. The apartment you had prepared for him, will do very well for me, as I do not feel the same scruples.

Jaquemin. You will be both accommodated in my house: but let us go to breakfast. This will be a lucky day, the young neighbour alone will remain unmarried; but I shall find her a suitable mate. Follow me.

[Exeunt Jaquemin and Sainville.]

Enter URSULE.

Ursule (aside). He is alone, so much the better.—*(Aloud.)* Sir!

Corsignac. Ready to obey your orders, ma'am.

Ursule. I wish to speak a few words with you.

Corsignac. I shall listen with rapture to your voice.

Ursule. You are Mr. Sainville's friend.

Corsignac. Intimately acquainted with him.

Ursule. What sort of man is he?

Corsignac. This is a strange question.

Ursule. Speak your mind plainly. I know the motive which led him here, and my only intention is to be useful to my friends.

Corsignac. Your generosity is commendable.

Ursule. A perfect knowledge of Mr. Sainville's temper will enable me to judge whom he ought to prefer, and whom he will suit.

Corsignac. This is a nice case; but I will tell you the truth. Sainville is a charming companion, sparkling with wit, of a frank and cheerful disposition, an enemy to gambling and debauchery; but not so methodistical as to refuse a game, or a convivial meeting, when required. He wishes to have, for the partner of his existence, a lady endowed with an equal temper, and a quick sensibility, without affectation; and fond, like himself, of rural pleasures. As for me, my fortune is not so considerable, but sufficient to live comfortably. I have less reason, but more gaiety; and will rest satisfied with what his choice will leave me. I even now exult at the thought, that out of five ladies one has already acknowledged she gave up all pretensions to his heart. But Mr. Jaquemin expects me; we shall soon meet again, and you will discover that every thing I have told you of Sainville and myself, is exactly true. *[Exit.]*

Ursule. All this will do very well.

Enter AGATHE.

Agathe. What news?

Ursule. As you are the eldest, it is but fair you should be married first, and you may depend upon my assistance. Sainville is an accomplished being, but he likes to live well; he wants to buy an estate, and fix his abode in the country to support a large establishment. Hunting, horses, and all the exercises which require a great deal of dexterity are his delight, and he expects his wife to share in all his courses and amusements.

Agathe. Ah! my dear Ursule, how much I am obliged to you; what a lucky union of tastes! I can play so well at billiards, ride on horseback, and have got such a pretty riding habit! I will hasten to put on, as well as my small black hat, and a little rouge, for my cheeks are usually pale. Beware above all things to let Pauline or Louise know anything.

Ursule. Trust me.

[Exit Agathe.]

Enter PAULINE.

Pauline. How impatiently I waited till my sister had left you.

Ursule. She is very foolish, and will do very well to marry Mr. Ledoux. As to Louise, her heart is cold, and I may not scruple to take your part alone. Sainville is perfect in every thing, except that he is too romantic and sentimental. He flies away from the bustling town, to lead a pastoral life in the country; he longs to be the object of a violent passion, and would not be sorry to meet with obstacles to his marriage, that he might contend with them and triumph over difficulties.

Pauline. Do you call that a defect? I do not wonder now that at the first moment I saw him, I felt —

Ursule. I am much mistaken, if you have not produced a deep impression upon his soul. The only way to insure your conquest is to appear in a plain negligé.

Pauline. A white gown, a straw hat, an English countenance, a novel in my ridicule—this is it. You cannot conceive, Ursule, what gratitude wells my breast.

[Exit.]

Ursule. I proceed rather quick, perhaps, and imprudently; for Agathe and Pauline might meet, and come to an explanation. But now I have begun, it is too late to stop. I'll seek for Louise, and with courage and perseverance to direct all my actions—Sainville will be mine.

[Exit.]

End of the First Act.

E. R.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Friday, the 8th of May, was produced at this Theatre, a new Opera, in three acts, under the title of "*Peter the Great; or, Wooden Walls*," by Mr. Cherry.

The story relates to the pilgrimages of *Czar Peter* in the disguise of a mechanic, to England, Holland, and Germany, in order to acquire knowledge of the several trades of those countries, for the purpose of introducing civilization into Russia.—The memorable adventure of his working in the yard of a shipwright, and his meeting with *Catharine*, whom he afterwards espoused, are the ground works of the present piece; and though the truth of history has been violated, and every feature of the real characters of *Peter* and *Catharine* recast in the dramatic model, upon the plan of Arcadian softness and pastoral simplicity,—though the ferocity of this famed Northern Chieftain is changed into a tone of ethical benevolence, and moral philosophy,—though he makes as deep and pious reflections upon the use of supreme power, and the restraint of the passions, as a *Titus*, or a *Marcus Antoninus*; notwithstanding the perversions of historical fact, which, (if it were resolved to make an Opera from the adventures of *Peter the Great*) were undoubtedly necessary,—notwithstanding all this, we do not hesitate to pronounce the present piece fully entitled to the favourable reception which it met with.

It has, doubtless, a great many faults.—There is too much weight and severity in a disguised Prince for the basis of a Comic Opera.—Nothing that is grand can be humorous.—The fable is too regular; nothing occurs to throw it out of the straight line of narrative,—to perplex it with intricacy and embarrassment, or to give it the effect of almost all dramatic pleasure,—STAGE SITUATION.—It is too monotonous both in character and situation; the relief of humour is often tried, and often tried well.—Notwithstanding these deductions, the present Opera is perhaps, without exception, one of the best Dramatic Pieces of the present season.—The character of *Peter* (imaginary as it is) is uncommonly well drawn; there is sometimes great force and sobriety in his declamation; and the *Shipwright* is a very respectable attempt at humour.—Mr. Cherry deserves great credit for the production of this piece.—The music, by M. Jouvé, is beautiful; and almost every song was encored.—Inclon, Munden, and Bellamy, particularly distinguished themselves; and at a better period of the season, "*Wooden Walls*" would have been more

popular than any thing that has been produced. We trust it will yet have a considerable run.—It will doubtless prove a great favourite in the closet.

STRUCTURE OF OUR THEATRES.

MR. EDITOR,

No place of public resort lays under contribution a greater number of different departments of the fine arts, than the theatre: none, consequently, is more calculated than the theatre, under proper direction, to improve the taste of a nation with respect to those arts; and to give foreigners an exalted idea of the measure of that taste in every country. Architecture, sculpture, painting, the most graceful forms of the body, the most impressive passions of the mind, the costume of different nations, and the manners of different ages, can no where be collected in a stronger focus, and can no where be exhibited to a greater variety of spectators.

I cannot however help thinking, Sir, that our theatres still stand greatly in need of that proper *direction* here alluded to; and as you may not deem it totally unworthy of the office you have assumed, to bestow the same—I shall, with your leave, point out what seems to me to be some of the most striking defects which still continue to disfigure, not the texture of our dramatic productions, but simply the localities in which these are exhibited—the arrangement of our playhouses and the costume of our stage.

The ancients had adopted, for their theatres, the semicircular form. This form, of which the different parts meet the eye most directly and most fully, is in itself the most elegant and the most beautiful, for the interior of the house: it moreover places all the spectators at the shortest and most equal distance from the stage, and gives them the most direct and complete view of that stage, which alone ought to fill the whole orbit of the eye. If the boxes be divided by columns, or other architectural supports, of any size or strength (without which no playhouse can display the least appearance of elegance or symmetry, solidity

or grandeur,) this form alone prevents these supports from interfering with the view of the performance—And, accordingly, the French have lately begun to adopt this form in several of their newest and most elegant theatres.

Our playhouses, on the contrary, still uniformly present a very elongated oval, or rather, a pear-like shape; which, swelling as it recedes from the stage, and contracting as it approaches the same, renders its opening a great deal too narrow for the width of the house, and, instead of making the space allotted for the performance, solely and entirely to occupy the sight of the spectator, only allows it to fill, in his distracted eye, a small portion of the space of which the remainder is filled by the audience itself.

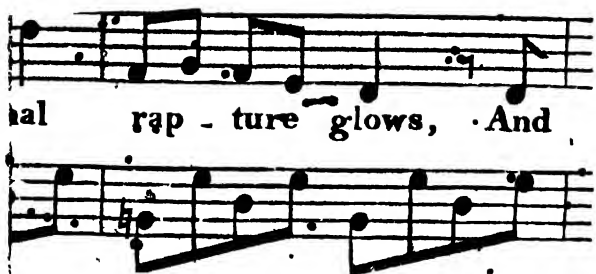
I need hardly observe how irregular, how lame, how distorted this form is in itself, and abstracted from all relation to the stage. It presents every one of its parts in an oblique and a different point of view; it allows none to meet the eye fully and regularly; but, above all, it throws most of the spectators at a considerable distance from the stage, makes half the boxes entirely exclude the other half from a view of the performance, and, of those spectators whom it allows to see the scene at all, it only permits the greatest proportion to behold it in a lateral and an oblique direction, by distorting their spines, and dislocating their necks: moreover, it totally precludes all possibility of dividing the boxes by means of any of those architectural supports aforesaid, columns, caryatides, terms, or others, which are necessary in order to give elegance and dignity to the whole; to divide the parts by marked points of symmetry and of repose, and to obviate the suspended look of the different tiers of boxes, which, when they happen to be very crowded, cause them to produce not only an impression of confusion on the eye, but of real terror on the mind.

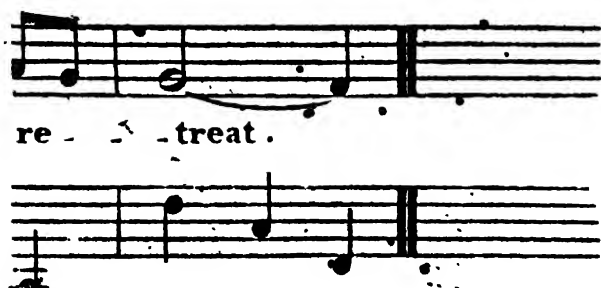
Should you, Sir, deem these few strictures on the shape of our playhouses, worthy of insertion, I shall perhaps be tempted to trouble you with a few more on the *disposition of the stage*.

A. Z.

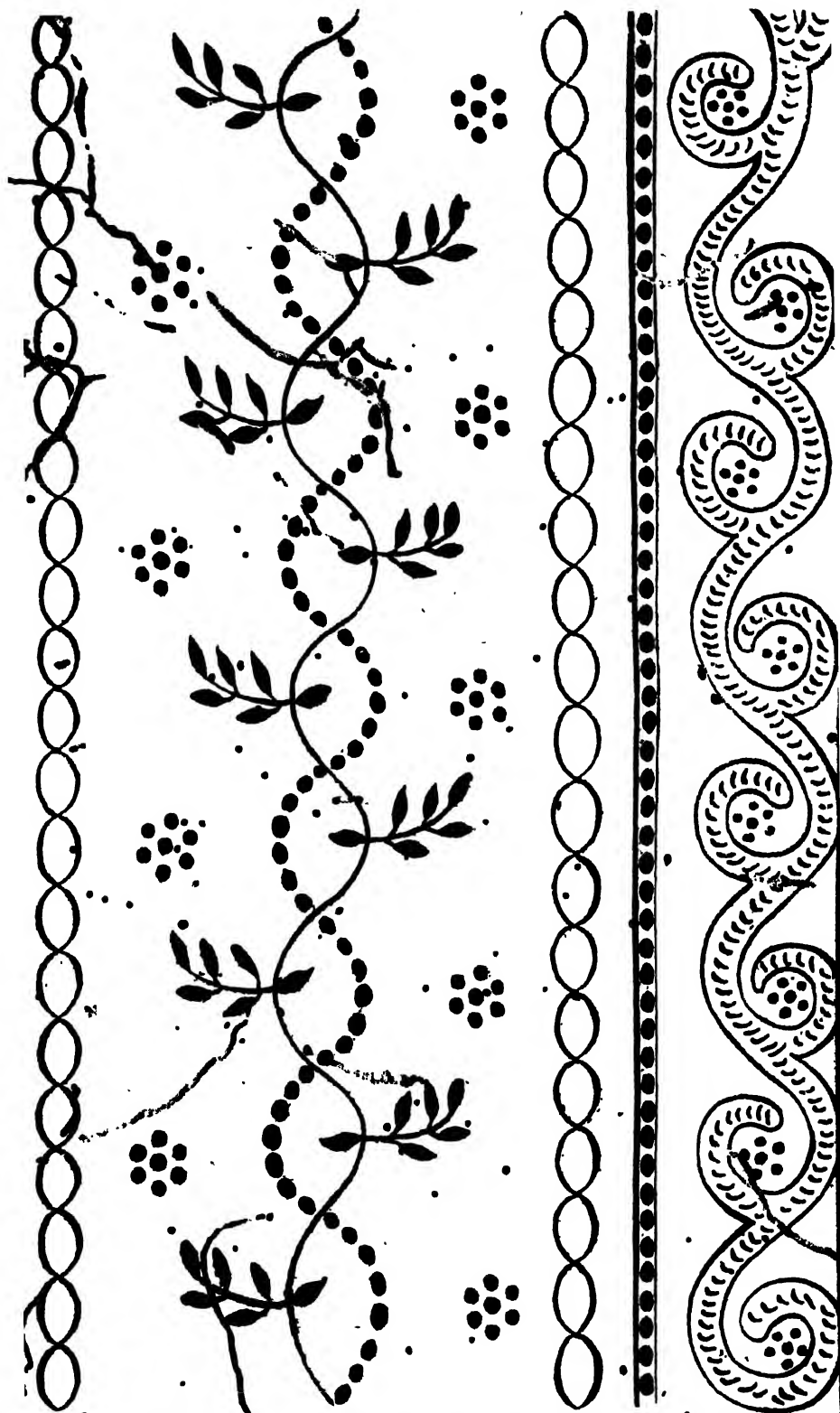
§ BLOW.

ly with that Work.





or Bell's Court & Fashionable Magazine /



*New Pattern for Ladies Dress, designed and printed,
11a Belle Assemblée N^o 17, June 1, 1807.*



Morning Dress. Full Dress.



A BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For JUNE, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—MORNING WALKING DRESS.

A plain gown of French cambric, or jaconot muslin; long sleeve, wrapt front, and spenser back. Open shirt, frilled round the neck with scalloped lace. Mountain hat of straw, or Imperial chip, trimmed with jonquille ribband. Shoes and gloves to correspond. Fleecish mantle of twill sarsnet. Gold hoop earrings; and patent parasol of shaded green.

No. 2.—FULL DRESS.

A round robe of white Italian crape over white sarsnet; with frock back, plain sleeve, and pointed front; trimmed round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves with an elegant border, composed of the pearl bead, blended with green foil and gold. The robe confined at the centre of the bosom with a brooch formed of a single pearl. One row of the same forms the necklace, which is fastened with an emerald sash. Hoop earrings, and bracelets to correspond. Hair à la-Madonna on the forehead, twisted behind, and flowing in full curls on the crown of the head; a bunch of white roses in front, inclining towards the right side. Gloves of French kid; shoes of white satin, with silver trimming. Scarf shawl of Chinese silk, with a rich pointed border; finished at each point with correspondent tassels. The style of wearing this graceful ornament is, simply giving it a twist from the cross corners, and flinging it negligently over the left shoulder; thus one point ornaments the figure behind, while the others falling irregularly, form a drapery on the left side, and gracefully occupy the right

hand. Chinese fan of frosted crape, with ivory sticks, carved in Egyptian characters.

No. 3.—PARISIAN FULL DRESS.

A round train dress of India muslin of the clearest texture, worn over a white satin slip, ornamented round the bottom, and up the front, with a rich border composed of ruby foil, and gold embroidery; long waist and stiff stay; the dress formed with a round bosom, and cut so low as greatly to expose the bust; the back simply drawn to a point at the extremity of the waist behind, and finished with a short sash of white satin. A full sleeve, ornamented towards the bottom with a roll and tuft of satin, finished at the extreme edge, round, and across the bosom with a full trimming of the same, or with plaitings of French net. Hair in the Eastern style, formed of the cable braid, bound and twisted on the forehead in alternate bands and knots, confined in a similar style behind with a caul of gold net. Earrings and necklace of rubies, set transparent, and matched with silk bracelets to correspond. White kid gloves; and white satin shoes, with gold rosetts.

No. 4.—WALKING, OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

A Cossack spenser and cap of lilac twill sarsnet, ornamented with silk frogs, cords, and tassels of the same colour; high collar, and sleeve with full tops. A plain round dress of cambric, or simply open-hemmed at the bottom, or let in with work or lace. Straw-coloured kid gloves, and shoes the colour of the spenser. Large parasol of the Eastern form.

SELECT DELINEATIONS
OF THE
MOST PREVAILING FASHIONS,
OBTAINED FROM OUR USUAL SOURCES OF TASTE
AND ELEGANCE.

In our last Number, inspired by hope and promise, we dwelt on the progressive loveliness of returning Spring; we lingered with fond expectation on the budding foliage, and viewed with pleasure, heightened by anticipation, the bursting blossom, herald of coming splendour. The rich and glowing beauties of the expanded foliage, the blossom ripened into full maturity, and rich in gay luxuriance, now arrests the admiring eye. The face of nature wears one universal smile, and beauty, magnificence, and grace reign alike in the animal and vegetable kingdom. The charms of the country, and the pleasures of the town, now hold forth their rival claims; and while Flora invites by her gay and rural fragrance, and soothes to calm tranquillity the bosom agitated with worldly cares, the Goddess of Fashion and Pleasure offers mingled scenes of splendour and delight. The enchanting witcheries of grace and beauty surround their festive board, and the heart willingly surrenders itself at the shrine of taste and loveliness, taken captive by the eye and the ear.

Nothing can exceed in attractive elegance the present race of our fashionable faff; rich in a tasteful invention, and unrivalled in amiability, grace, and beauty, they offer examples every way worthy of imitation. In our grand assemblies of rank and fashion, there is every charm which can engage the eye or captivate the heart. In our theatres, in the Park and Gardens (where in this land of Liberty the peasant is as free as his lord), the eye wanders from object to object, till admiration is lost in a chaos of delight. In the Gardens, (that place of fashionable resort and public display) the softened charm of the country mingles with the splendour of a rich, tasteful, and flourishing metropolis. We never recollect a period when this last-mentioned spot exhibited a more brilliant assemblage of beauty and fashion than at this present season.

The out-door costume of our fashionable females, was never more tastefully selected—it is at once various and attractive. We shall endeavour to delineate such as appeared to us most novel and striking. And amidst these we must remark the Hungarian vest, the Spanish mantle, Cossack spenser, Grecian scarf, and French coat. The latter article is particularly described in our last Number; the Hungarian vest is perhaps the most graceful and elegant ornament of the kind that was ever offered at the shrine of taste and fashion. It is of too fanciful a formation to allow

of a minute representation, but we offer to our readers such a description as its fall will best afford. The one which attracted our notice was formed of a silver lilac, or shot sarsnet, and the effect in front is somewhat resembling the spenser, having a high collar and long sleeve; but a mantle, or scarf, is suspended from the left shoulder with a few gathers, crossing the back plain behind, and flowing in the form of the hood worn by our Masters of Arts, except that it wraps over the adverse side, is fastened with a belt of a gathered silk, as the bosom; and the whole the mantle is trimmed round with a border of silk in reversed gathers. On a tall and elegant figure, nothing can outvie the very distinguishing effect of this article. The bonnet worn with it the Foley poke, formed of the same material as the vest. The Spanish mantle is a species of the Gipsy, or Spanish capak of established celebrity; but is much shorter, is formed of sarsnet, cut to a point behind, and sloped square on each side, till it meets the bend of the elbow; it is formed with pointed capes, nearly resembling those of the Polish police given in our winter Prints of Fashion; the cape and cloak are trimmed entirely round with a border of the same material in reversed. This very neat and ingenious trimming is the most novel and select finish for all kinds of coats, spensers, and mantles that has come within our observation for a length of time. Before we quit this article of attire, we will give to our fair correspondents the only ornament in the style of a scarf which has struck us as worthy of notice.—It is composed of a simple width of muslin, coloured or white, is two yards and a quarter long, and one yard wide; it is doubled in form of a roll at the edge, and immediately above is placed a ribband of correspondent hue with the scarf, laid flat all round, and at each corner is fixed a tassel in form of an acorn. This scarf is thrown over the left shoulder, crosses the back, and passes, under the left arm, is brought over the bosom, and meets at the opposite corner, where it is confined with a diamond pin.—Thus disposed, the ends on the left side nearly reach the feet in irregular folds, and the right constitutes a short pointed tunic. Many of our fashionable belles have this scarf formed of lace, or crape, embroidered tastefully at the edge, and placed as above, over a white satin under-dress; this forms a most elegant drawing-room costume. Little alteration has taken place in the style of full dress since our last communication. French aprons over sarsnet gowns, ornamented with natural flowers, are still considered fancifully elegant. Robes of jonquille Italian crape over white satin, and frocks of lilac muslin, with white sarsnet or satin slips, are the distinguishing selection

of the fashionable and youthful female. The bosoms of full dresses are universally made so high as to ask no aid from the neckerchief; but we still look in vain for a modest veil to shade the back and the shoulders. We cannot conceive how the sex can so degenerate from their wonted ideas of taste, judgment, and delicacy, as to continue this unbecoming display. We lament the more exceedingly this impolitic and gross custom; as in other instances the taste and elegance of our English *Belles* stand at this moment unrivalled. The costume à la *Mary Queen of Scots*, is at this moment selected by a few individuals whose rank and fortunes give them a title to that singularity, which in a more obscure situation, would be out of place and unbecoming. But as this style of decoration can never be consistently adopted by the many, we recommend the simple frill of double *Vandyke* lace, gathered easily full round the back and terminating at the corner of each shoulder in front. With either muslin or coloured *crpe* dresses, this embellishment is highly advantageous to the figure. Sashes generally form a part of the evening dress; they are of three kinds. The short sash of ribbon simply tied behind. The long sash terminating on the left side with acorn tassels; and the Persian sash à la *militaire*; but it should be remembered that a sash of any kind can only be a graceful appendage to a plain dress. It is but an awkward incumbrance where any kind of drapery is introduced; and when the robes are ornamented up the front, it is a super-numerary which destroys one pleasing effect without producing another. In the article of hats and bonnets, we are enabled to give an extensive communication. Hats of the satin, straw, or imperial chip of the Gipsy form, with the bee-hive crown, together with the cottage bonnet and provincial poke, are the morning wear of such females as would exhibit an external distinguishing, retired, and elegant; but the French bonnet of coloured sarsnet, fancifully and variously formed, is the most novel and select for the evening, or carriage costume. Nothing can be more simply attractive, than these very becoming ornaments. It would occupy too much space to dwell minutely on this article; suffice it that they are generally of the irregular poke form, shallow or deep, as best suits with the countenance or taste of the wearer; they are generally ornamented with French puffing; but as this is considered by many too set and formal a trimming for the edge, a full roll of puckered sarsnet, not unfrequently supplies its place. With these bonnets are sometimes seen the large flowing tippet, or cottage whisk, composed of the same material, trimmed with thread lace. Morning dresses are made high in the neck, with a deep scalloped collar, which is confined round the

throat with a sarsnet ribbon tied in short bows, with ends reaching below the waist, finished with the cone, or acorn tassel. If the morning dress is made low in the neck, then the embroidered habit shirt is considered as indispensable. These shirts are an article which it will be long before fashion relinquishes; for the female who may have declined the exposure of the neck and throat, will in vain search for an ornament of such becoming or consistent elegance. Trinkets vary little since our last communication. Brooches for the bosom and throat are still a fashionable appendage. Diamonds and pearls, when set after the modern taste, are amidst those valuable and choice ornaments which will never be old. Garnets, rubies, and emeralds, are universally set transparent. Seed coral, and pearl of the cable form, with the barrel snap, are much worn for necklaces and bracelets; and the earring in every thing but brilliants is most fashionable of the hoop form. Shoes in a general way are of jean or kid, the colour of the hat or mantle. In the evening dress they are usually of painted kid; white jean or satin with gold or silver roses. Gloves, except in full dress, are entirely an article of choice; but the Limerick, York tan, and white kid, are those selected by the female of taste and propriety. The most prevailing colours for the season are, pale or spot lilac primrose, apple blossom and pea-green.

LETTER ON DRESS,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE FASHIONS FOR KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Sunday Night, May 24, 1807.

I was at church in the morning, dear Julia, and heard a most comfortable discourse on the virtues of benevolence, and charity, &c. &c. and not finding any intimation to harmless recreation, at three o'clock I willingly accompanied my tonish cousins to that splendid resort of beauty and fashion, called Kensington Gardens. A packet is, I find, going to Cornwall to-morrow, and though not exactly according with the rules of the vicarage, I trust I may be pardoned this once, devoting the present evening to friendship, fashion, and you. In all my letters, dear Julia, I have endeavoured to give you a faithful detail of the fashions and customs of that world I have for many months been destined to inhabit, and when I seal up my packets, so full of variety, I feel no despair of procuring any novel communication for my subsequent epistles. But so fertile in taste and invention is the ever varying Goddess, and so rich in splendour and elegance are our *Belles* at this gay season, that I am more puzzled with the redundancy than pained by the scantiness of her offerings. Had that wish (ever near my

heart) been realized, and my dear Truro friend been at my elbow, how should I have enjoyed to behold her *all eye*, at the brilliant assemblage which this dazzling scene displays. Here, dear Julia, the chesnut blooms, the beech, and lime, and towering oak, combine to grace with the rich luxuriance of rural loveliness, the genius of taste, beauty, and art; and to render this place the most delightful *coup d'œil* that can enchant a wandering novice. Do not tell the dear inhabitants of my native home! but, dear Julia, I have been engaged every day for these three weeks past at assemblies, routs, dinner parties, operas, exhibitions, &c. &c.—pleasure pursues me in her various pleasing forms, and enchains me in her silken fetters. So delusive, so soft, and delightful is the bondage, that I look forward to my emancipation with trembling. Oh! dear friend, how shall I endure stupid Truro after all this fascinating elegance? You alone can reconcile me on my return. You alone, did I say? Ah! no—My kind, indulgent, ever beloved parents, will endure the most desolate spot; for though alive to pleasure, pleasure has not contaminated the sensibilities of nature, or choked the avenues of affection and gratitude—Heaven forbid it should! for all the splendid, gay delights which riches, rank, or beauty can procure, or pleasure's votaries know, are but a wretched substitute for those pure and chastened emotions of the soul, excited and kept up by friendship and love. But I wander from my subject; let me then return, however abruptly, to those delineations which are to form the chief feature of my letter, and which will, I know, insure it a more welcome reception than sentimental reflections, however apt, or descantations, however sage. Well then, dear Julia, to begin!—Cousin Mary was allowed to be the best dressed woman in the Gardens; and aspiring me, (who may naturally be expected to improve from so bright an original) was not amidst the worst. Mary wore a French coat, on an entirely new construction, formed of pea-green Italian grape, of the most pliant texture, with ~~woven~~ *rain* spots. It was open on one side the figure, where it was tied at regular distances with ribbons of shaded green. The capes were *à la Spanish*, edged with shaded chord; and a rich girdle, and tassels, to correspond. With this Grecian coat is usually worn a short dress of cambric; and I will here, dear Julia, take occasion to remark that, no walking dresses are seen on females of taste and elegance, with a train; these graceful appendages being now entirely confined to their proper sphere—the drawing room. The hat worn by Mary with this coat, was a large Gipsy chip, painted at the edge in a border of the hop blossom; a wreath of which ornamented the crown. Mary is tall; and

possesses that necessary auxiliary to height, finely rounded limbs, and a graceful carriage; her countenance is at once blooming with youth, and health; at the same time that her features convey an expression of great sweetness, interest, and intellect. You may guess how much this style of costume was calculated to exhibit her beauty to advantage. For myself, dear Julia, my habit was as it best became me, simple and unobtrusive; if therefore I did attract, it was from the reflected lustre of my very lovely cousin. I wore a plain French coat of silver lilac tansnet, unornamented with scarf or vest; and only simply finished at the edge with a cord of the same colour. The extreme heat of the day compelled me to throw it open in front; and indeed, might have led us to relinquish these articles entirely; but fashion, you know, is ever arbitrary; or as our good squire would say, "Pride feels no smart." And indeed, dear Julia, had you seen the throng of *Belles* wrapt in sarsnet, and caged to the chin in plaited ruffs, if your conviction had not paid tribute to the Squire's adage, you must, at least have acknowledged, that their kindly dissolving natures had excited general sympathy, ~~when~~ you observed the surrounding *beaus*, gazing, in melting mood, on so much yielding loveliness. But I digress! Well! to take up my subject ~~where I~~ left it. My coat, worn open in front, exhibited a frock of *jaconet* muslin, embroidered at the bottom in a vandyke border, fancifully diversified with open leaves of *fleur-de-lis*. In front appeared a sash, formed of ribband the colour of the coat, with very short bows, and ends nearly to reach the bottom of the frock. My little French bonnet was of the same colour, formed of alternate lace and ribband, in French puffs, tastefully contrasted and disposed. I must add, that I have seldom seen any thing of the kind more simply elegant. I had commanded one to be immediately forwarded to you, of the apple blossom satin, and as the increasing warmth and brightness of a summer's sun will soon oblige us to relinquish the sarsnet coat, for the lighter article of muslin, I thought it more judicious to choose, for my fair friend, a Grecian scarf of Moravian muslin, which I have ordered to be trimmed all round with a shaded ribband of blossom and dove-colour, with correspondent tassels. I trust that you will admire my consideration, when I tell you that this scarf may not only be worn over your shoulders, as an out-door covering, with your bonnet, but may be disposed as a drapery (agreeably to the description contained in the list of general remarks, already in your possession), and worn over your white sarsnet round dress: it will thus form a most graceful evening appendage. We are going, on Th—

day, to the Countess of D—'s grand assembly; it is expected to be the most splendid thing of the season. Upwards of six hundred cards are issued for the occasion. Our dresses are already ordered. They are as follows:—

Mary's is a round dress of white crape, over white satin, with a rich border of the water lily in gold. The body is of white satin, with ornaments of point lace, and edgings of narrow gold trimming. She will wear her hair in irregular curls on the crown of the head, and flowing in ringlets on the left side, so as to play on the shoulder, divided in front of the forehead with a diamond star, representing the passion-flower.—My dress is a round gown of white sarsnet, with a French lace put easily full at the feet. A French apron of Paris net, trimmed all round, and at the pockets, with wreaths of jessamine; the bosom and sleeves correspondently ornamented. My hair in loose curls, confined with bands on one side, and ornamented with a wreath formed of pearl and green foil, representing the jessamine. My trinkets are of seed pearls, with emerald snaps; and my shoes of white satin, with silver roses. The bosoms of our respective dresses are of the *gorge à vent* form, seamed with a trimming *de même*, that which decorates the robes. Indeed, amidst the round, square, and *demi-wrap* fronts, these, selected by us, are considered pre-eminently fashionable, and becoming to the form.

The hair, dear Julia, is much worn in full dress, variously displayed, and ornamented, with a handkerchief of lace, bandeaus, stars, and demi-wreaths. The diadem and tiara have had their day. A few turbans of plain white, or silver muslin, worn on the forehead in the Chinese form, have been lately introduced: they are either ornamented with deep bands of gold or silver, or twisted with large white beads. The cap, *à la Mary Queen of Scots*, is entirely of recent date. It is singular, and with some particular style of features, may produce an advantageous effect. It is at present an article confined to a few fanciful individuals.]

Vandyke frills, round the back and shoulders of dress gowns, are now much in vogue. Mary has scarcely an evening dress without them. No ornament gives a more becoming finish to the bust; and while it dresses consistently and elegantly the back and shoulders, it has the effect of lessening the appearance of the waist at the bottom.

Before I bid you good night, I will endeavour to give you a practical description of the new ruff, now almost indispensable to the morning and out-door costume. (And I beg you to remember, dear Julia, that nothing is considered so vulgar, and indecorous, as to exhibit the

bosom, throat, or arms, with the above-mentioned habiliments.) This ruff has about half an ell of broad lace, fulled into a band of narrow raised needle-work, little larger than the size of the throat. A band of muslin is gathered full on the other edge of the work, about an eighth in depth, and finished with a row of similar needle-work at the bottom. The lace, which sits high and straight round the chin, is finely crimped; and the full muslin, confined by the rows of work, sits in hollow gathers round the throat. When the habit shirt is made without a collar, or with the high morning dress, this elegant ruff is particularly convenient and becoming. Most cambric and muslin dresses are now made with the French pockets; and I have seen no embellishment more novel and striking.

Farewell, dear Julia! I look for a page or two of *True* news in return for this, my abundant liberality, not less than a sheet full of friendly sentiments and affectionate solitudes: but not much, if you please, on the charms of the country; for I am not yet tired of the pleasures of the town.

Adieu! with all possible friendship and affection believe me still your

ELIZA.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES,

• INTO THE ORIGIN AND DIVERSITIES OF COSTUME.

[Concluded from p. 223.]

THE ladies wore the hair in a becoming manner, curled round the face. The flowing coif, or rather veil, of the finest linen, fastened upon the head, fell behind, and prevailed till the high projecting head-dress was restored, after it had been discontinued fifteen years. Swift observed, when dining with Sir Thomas Hanmer, that the Duchess of Grafton, who was there, and wore this unbecoming, ungraceful, Babel head-dress, looked "like a mad woman."

The large necklace was still used though not constantly worn, but the ear-ring was discontinued. The bosom was either entirely exposed, or merely shaded by gauze, an indecency that gave great and equal offence to prudent fathers, and ladies whose necks no longer vied in whiteness with the down of swans.

The chemise had a tucker, or border, but that seldom concealed what it ought to have hid. The bodice was open in front, and fastened with gold or silver clasps, or jewellery; the sleeves full.

The large tub hoop made its appearance in this reign, and was of all things the most absurd; however, the apology for its absurdity was its coolness in summer, by admitting a free circulation of air. Granger says, "it was no more a petticoat than Diogenes's tub was his breeches."*

The flounces and furbelows which began in this reign, became enormously ridiculous. Embroidered shoes continued in fashion; and both ladies and gentlemen had their gloves richly embroidered.

Queen Ann strictly observed decorum in her dress, and is said to have carried it so far as to appear to have made it her study; and would often condescend to observe in her domestics of either sex, whether a ruffie, or perriwig, or the lining of a coat were appropriate. Lord Bolingbroke was once sent for in haste by the Queen, and went to her Majesty in a ramillie, or tie-wig, instead of a full-bottomed one; which so offended his sovereign, that she said,—"I suppose that his Lordship will come to court the next time in his night-cap."

GEORGE I.

The female sex generally alter their modes of dress most; but as there was no queen in Great Britain, and as the ladies who accompanied his majesty were neither by birth, propriety of conduct, age, or beauty, qualified to make any impression in point of fashion in this country where they were very generally unpopular, their influence did not operate much towards effecting an alteration in female dress or decorations of any kind. Nevertheless the ladies still reduced their shapes, as if to represent some of those insects which seem to have the two ends held together only by a slender union. But the consequence of this tapering was deformity and ill-health; in vain did a Venus de Medicis prove that there is a due proportion to be observed by nature; in vain was it allowed that, amongst unclothed Africans, a crooked woman was as great a rarity as a straight European lady. To Mademoiselle Pantine, a mistress of Marshal Saxe, the world was obliged for that stiffened pasteboard case called a *pantine*, by which an universal compression ensued, to the destruction of the fine symmetry of the female form, as designed by nature.

* Swift says, in one of his letters to his friend in Ireland,—"Have you got the whalebone petticoat amongst you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them." Henry IV. of France, it is well known, was saved from assassination, by hiding himself under his queen's (Margaret of Valois) hoop. Every thing, however preposterous, may be made useful.

Spanish broad cloth, trimmed with gold lace, was still in use for ladies' dresses; and scarfs, greatly furbelowed, were worn from the Duchess to the peasant, as were riding-hoods on horseback, and the masks, which continued in use till the following reign, to shield the face from the summer's sun and the winter's wind.

Those who think that Rivalry is a source of hatred and quarrels among men, will find themselves undeceived when they judge of things, not according to the first appearance they assume, but to the state in which we behold them, when experience has torn off the veil which concealed truth from our eyes. It will then be seen, on the contrary, at least in many cases, to join two persons together in the bonds of friendship: for what is required to render friendship more sincere and more lasting, but a similarity of tastes and inclinations? And whatever be the end to which we bend our exertions, whether it be the possession of a fine woman, the acquirement of a talent and science, or of a lucrative employment, still having constantly the same object in view, holding it in the same estimation, feeling the same wish of succeeding in its attainment, and probably following the same path towards it, will necessarily lead them to a close resemblance of each other, and pave the way to their future intimacy. They must incessantly meet together, and provided their temper be not unamiable, jealousy will not be powerful enough to blind them to the consciousness of their respective merit, and to blast effectually every seed of justice in their hearts, as to render them unable to acknowledge it. The longing they feel of exceeding each other, induces them to pry more minutely into every quality or perfection they possess, and therefore they descry the most hidden virtues of their souls, which are not perhaps equally apparent to those who have not the same interest in watching them. As they pursue the same course, the same ideas must start up in their minds, their conversation proves equally useful to both, and the emulation which impels them to display all their faculties, causes them to shine with brighter lustre in the eyes of the world. It may be said on the other side, that Rivalry has directed the hand of the first murderer, that Cain and Abel, Eteocles and Poly-nice, were, by her inspiration, taught to revel in the blood of their adversaries; but these characters had received from nature more violent passions, than those which agitate the breasts of our modern *beaux*, and the manners of the times

in which their crimes were perpetrated, were not calculated to teach them lessons of humanity.

Lucretia reigns like a sovereign over the hearts of those who surround her; numberless subjects await her nod, and try to gratify all her wishes as soon as they are made known, they are even able to guess them. The direction of her affairs never was so wisely and so securely placed as in the hands of her admirers; they are the most disinterested lawyers and agents that ever have been met with, for the only reward they demand for their trouble is, a look, or the permission of continuing their exertion. They seem to be a family of brothers instead of rivals, and the cause of their union is the belief that none is more successful than the rest.

Lucretia displays all her art in order not to dispel this pleasing illusion, and success has constantly attended her line of conduct. Every one longs to divine her least important wishes, and to acquire a higher title to her favour by hastening to fulfil them. She has made a particular study of their tempers, and according to the result of her observations, classifies them, so as to lay open before them the career in which their talents are most calculated to shine: thus the company she keeps is like an instrument, the keys of which she knows how to strike harmoniously. Far from imitating the coquettes who think it an honour to be the cause of quarrels, she employs all her influence in preserving peace and order among her suitors; and, like the sun, which keeps in equipage the worlds that roll around it, she is the centre of attraction, around which all the beaux are equally drawn and move in regular orbits. If one be absent from her, and meet with his rival, he will feel no sentiment of jealousy, but gladness at being able to converse on the same subject with a person who is as deeply interested in her welfare as himself.

Rivalry, in what regards the powers of the mind, is not always a source of mutual aversion; two rival authors are in general desirous of pleasing each other, when in company together, by yielding up voluntarily the palm of talent, in order to shew themselves more worthy of it; and as though they did not acknowledge their respective merit in public, they feel it, when in solitude they see truth naked; the hope of profiting by each other's conversation is another motive for their becoming closely acquainted.

In a word, it is only among women and slaves that Rivalry is never forgotten or forgiven.

BIRTHS.

In Grosvenor square, Lady Ann Ashley Cooper, lady of the Hon. Cropley Ashley Cooper, M. P. of a son.

In Charlotte-square, the Lady of Sir John Sinclair, of Ulster, Bart. of a daughter.

The Hon. Mrs. Vansittart, of a son and heir.

In Grosvenor-square, Lady Stanley, of a daughter.

In Spring Gardens, the Right Hon. the Countess of Berkeley, of a daughter.

At Mr. Perceval's, in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, Mrs. Perceval, of a son.

At St. Giles's, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Talbot, of a daughter.

In London, Lady Howick, of a son.

At her mother's house, the Duchess of Rutland, in Sackville-street, Piccadilly, Lady Catherine Forrester, of a son.

At the Earl of Derby's house, Golden-square, Lady Stanley, of a daughter.

In Gower-street, the wife of Captain Jonathan Birch, of a daughter.

A poor woman at Sunderland was delivered of three children, all likely to live.

MARRIED.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Lord Chartley, eldest son of the Earl of Leicester, to Miss Gardner, daughter of W. D. Gardner, Esq. of Lower Grosvenor-street.

At Mary-le-Bone Church, Major General the Hon. Charles Hope, to Miss Finch Hatton, eldest daughter of George Finch Hatton, Esq. of Eastwell Park, Kent.

Lately, at Messina, in Sicily, Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury, Quarter-Master-General to the British Army in that Island, to Miss Louisa Fox, eldest daughter of General Fox, and a niece to the late Right Hon. C. J. Fox.

Lately, at Zante, Count Antonio Comuto, Prince and President of the Ionian Republic, to Miss Ellena Foresti, daughter of Spiridion Foresti, Esq. British Resident in the Seven Islands.

In London, Robert Heathcote, Esq. (brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote) to Miss Searle of Covent-Garden theatre.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the Hon. Colonel Crewe, son of Lord Crewe, of Crewe Hall, in the county of Chester, to Miss Hungerford, of Cavendish-square, and of Calne, in Wiltshire.

In Dublin, C. Aldrich, Esq. of 50th regt. to Miss Blake, sister to the Countess of Errol.

At Edinburgh, Robert Fraser, Esq. to Lady Anne Maitland, eldest daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

The Rev. Thomas Woodford, of Ashford, Somersetshire, to Miss Braithwaite, of the Royal Infirmary, Greenwich.

DIED.

Lawrence Harman Parsons, Earl of Ross, Viscount Ormanstown, and Baron Ormanstown. His Lordship married Lady Jane King, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Kingston, by whom he has left one daughter, who is married to Lord Erris, the nephew of the Countess, and who now inherits the immense fortune, real and personal, of her late father.

At Edinburgh, Lady Maxwell, relict of Sir William Maxwell, of Monreith, Bart. and mother of the Duchess of Gordon.

At Windsor, the Rt. Rev. John Douglas, Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

At Salthill, the Duke of Montpensier, brother to the Duke of Orleans, first Prince of the blood-Royal of France.

In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Knolls, second daughter of the Earl of Banbury.

At Osborn's Hotel, Sir James Durno, lately his Majesty's Consul at Memel, &c.

At his seat near Castle-Martyr, in Ireland, after a tedious illness, the Earl of Shannon.

At Vienna, Count Stahremberg, father of Count Stahremberg, the Austrian Ambassador in this country.

At a very advanced age, Mrs. Kemble, relict of the late Roger Kemble, Esq. and mother of that family who are properly considered as the great supports of the modern Stage.

At Ramsgate, Charles Dilly, Esq. formerly an eminent bookseller in London.

At the Hague, in the 98th year of his age, Joseph Vanderdeirson, of some considerable wealth, who never intermeddled in the revolutions or politics of his country. It is farther added, that he never was known to go out of his house for upwards of forty years; nor of any thing going into or out of it, by his nearest neighbours.

At the Hague, on the 15th inst. the Prince Royal, Napoleon Charles, in his fifth year. This is the youth who it was intended should be the successor of the French Emperor.

In New Burlington-street, after a long and most severe illness, the Right Hon. Lady Walpole.

At her house in Bath, in the 81st year of her age, Lady Gibbons, relict of the late Sir John Gibbons, Bart. K. B. and mother of the present Sir Wm. Gibbons, Bart.

At Paris, in the 85th year of her age, the Right Hon. Lady Anastasia Stafford Howard, Baroness of Stafford, only surviving daughter and heir of William Earl of Stafford, who died in 1734. She was sole heir of the body of Sir Wm. Howard, Viscount Stafford, the only married younger son of the present Duke of Norfolk's ancestor, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. She was also sole heir of the body of that Viscount's wife, Mary Stafford, Baroness of Stafford; and through her sole heir of the body of Edward, the last Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, hereditary Lord High Constable of England, who was sole heir of the body of King Edward the Third's youngest son, Thomas Plantagenet, of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, and of his wife, Lady Eleanor Bohun, eldest daughter and co-heir of the last Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, Essex, and Northampton, and Lord High Constable of England; and whose younger sister was wife of King Henry the Fourth, from whose body there was an entire failure of issue on the death of her grandson, King Henry the Sixth.

Notwithstanding the accumulation of Plantagenet, Bohun, and Stafford heirships, which became centered in Lady Anastasia Stafford Howard, she was disabled by the attainder of her ancestor, the last Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, from possessing any of the family dignities, except the Stafford Barony. She died without having ever been married. Her heir is Sir William Jerningham, Bart. whose grandmother was sister of the before-mentioned William, Earl of Stafford.

At his house in Queen-street, Brompton-road, Nicholas Eond, Esq. upwards of twenty years one of the Sitting Magistrates at the Public Office in Bow-street, being appointed to that situation upon the demise of the late Sir John Fielding.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1807.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An elegant Portrait of the MARCHIONESS CORNWALLIS, from a Picture in the possession of her mother, the DUCHESS OF GORDON.
2. A WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURE of the PRINCESS OF WALES, in her Court Dress, on his MAJESTY'S Birth Day—authentically furnished by her Royal Highness's Milliner, Mrs. WEBB.
3. TWO FRENCH LADIES and a GENTLEMAN in the Parisian Costume, at Frescati, at Paris.
4. AN ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Mr. LANZA.
5. A new and elegant PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

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*This day is published, (with the present Number of this Magazine) NUMBER NINETEEN,
being the*

SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER,

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

Which concludes the Second Volume of this Work, with the expiration of the Half-Year.

THIS Number proceeds upon the Plan of that which was published on the first of January last, and which gave such universal satisfaction; but the CRITICAL PART is much improved in arrangement, copiousness, and extent; a greater variety of Books are introduced,—indeed, none of any public notoriety, or pretensions to literary fame are omitted. The classification, moreover, is more perfect and comprehensive, and the Proprietors trust that, in every sense, it forms a material improvement on the last.

THE EMBELLISHMENTS.

The Proprietors having resolved to exert themselves to their utmost power, in order to make their SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER the greatest desideratum of their Work, have at length the satisfaction to announce that they have succeeded to the extent of their wishes, and now present, with their SUPPLEMENT, an Embellishment of a rarity, value, and interest, which has never been attempted in any similar Work.

The Embellishment prefixed to the SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER is

AN HISTORICAL PICTURE,

COMPOSED OF PORTRAITS.

The subject is the “Memorable introduction of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER of RUSSIA to the QUEEN of PRUSSIA at MEMEL.” It consists of SIX WHOLE LENGTH PORTRAITS; and has been Engraven from the celebrated Picture now at BERLIN. The Portraits are the most finished and accurate Likenesses of these distinguished Personages; and few of them (indeed none as whole lengths) have as yet been made public in this country. They are as follow:—

1. THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA,—A Whole Length.
2. A DISTINGUISHED LADY OF THE PRUSSIAN COURT,—Ditto.
3. THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA,—Ditto.
4. THE KING OF PRUSSIA,—Ditto.
5. PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, who was killed in the battle of JENA,—Ditto.
6. PRINCE HENRY, his Brother,—Ditto.

This Print has been Engraven in a most beautiful manner, by BURKE, and would sell singly in the Print Shops for *Fifteen Shillings or a Guinea.*

The Subscribers are requested to give orders for the SUPPLEMENT to those who supply them with the regular Work. The earlier the Order the better Impression will be obtained.



Well's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,

For JUNE, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Eighteenth Number.

MARCHIONESS CORNWALLIS.

LOUISA, Marchioness Cornwallis, is the fourth daughter of the present Duke and Duchess of Gordon. She was born in the year 1778, and married April the 17th, 1797, to Charles, the present Marquis Cornwallis, at that time Viscount Brome. The issue of this marriage has been four daughters.

Her Ladyship is allied, by the different marriages of her sisters, with the most illustrious families in England. Her eldest sister is the present Duchess of Manchester;—another is the present Duchess of Richmond, who has accompanied her husband to Dublin, as Viceroy of Ireland.—Other youngest sister, Georgiana, Duchess of Bedford, a slight biographical account appeared in the Fifteenth Number of this Magazine, with an exquisitely engraven Portrait of her Grace.

When we consider the youth of the Marchioness Cornwallis, it must necessarily be evident to our readers, that a quiet and domestic life of a few years, without any but a succession of occurrences common to ladies in her rank, can have very little interest as a piece of biography.

It is not in the ordinary details of daily life, the petty occurrences and vicissitudes of the drawing-room and tea-table, that matter of sufficient dignity can be derived to constitute biography.—As a public character we can perhaps say little more of the Marchioness, than that she usually makes one in the train of the Court, and is more particularly honoured by the private intimacy and confidence of her Majesty and the Princesses.

She supports, moreover, her elevated rank in a style correspondent with its dignity. Her spirit is magnificent and liberal, and she has all those qualities of nobility which are so well suited to captivate public admiration, and justify the pre-eminence which her birth and fortune have bestowed.

In her private conduct, the character of this lady is peculiarly amiable—she is an exemplary wife, and an affectionate mother. In person, the Marchioness is tall, graceful, and well proportioned, and skilled in all those accomplishments which are suitable to her rank, and the ornaments of her sex.

MEMOIRS OF CATHERINE II. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

SOPHIA AUGUSTA FREDERICA (afterwards Catherine II.), was born at Stettin, May 2d, 1729. Her father, Christian Augustus of Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg (a small district in Upper Saxony), was Major-general in the Prussian service, Commander-in-chief of the regiments of infantry, and governor of the town and fortress of Stettin. Her mother, a woman of talents, born Princess of Holstein, was the friend and correspondent of Frederic Prince Royal of Prussia. Intelligence and vivacity characterised the young Sophia, who was educated under the eye of her mother: her temper was commanding, and her manners dignified; in her childish sports with her companions, she assumed to herself the direction and control with a spirit and firmness that admitted of no appeal. By a lady of rank, to whom she was personally known at that period, she is thus described: "Her deportment was good; her figure large for her years; her countenance, to which her gaiety and courtesy gave an additional charm, without being beautiful, was agreeable. Her education had been conducted wholly by her mother, who, watching her strictly, carefully repressed that propensity to pride which she early discovered. She was, from her childhood, taught to salute the ladies who visited the Princess, with those marks of respect which became her years."

Three years after the appointment of Peter to the succession, by the Empress Elizabeth, by whom he had been called to Russia for the purpose, it was determined to marry him. Sophia, Princess of Anhalt Zerbst, was selected, on this occasion, by Elizabeth, for his consort.

Brought up under the eye of a sensible mother, at no great distance from the court of Frederic, the seat of the sciences and arts, Catherine had, to a strong and comprehensive mind, added extensive knowledge, and a facility of expressing herself, in several languages, with elegance and grace. With an excellent heart and some understanding, the education of Peter had been wholly neglected; deficient in those graces and accomplishments, and in that cultivation of mind, which so eminently distinguished his wife, he felt her superiority and blushed, while she repined at the fate which had united her to a man so little worthy of her, and so ill suited to contribute to her happiness or improvement. Their mutual disgust, which daily increased, became at length but too visible to the court.

Peter had, from the moment of his arrival, been beheld with distrust by the principal Russian

families: among the most determined of his enemies was the chancellor Bestucheff, who, having formed the design of excluding him from the throne, occupied himself incessantly expecting the means by which it was to be effected. Without flattering himself with his complete disinheritance, he sought to banish him to the camps and armies, and to place Catherine at the head of affairs.

Catherine, in the mean time, guided by a shrewd and vigilant mother, insinuated herself into the favour of the most considerable persons of the court: ambition triumphed in her mind over every inferior propensity, and enabled her to extort, by the propriety of her conduct, the esteem of those whose affection she failed to conciliate.

The health of the Empress was evidently declining; her infirmities, added to her natural indolence, rendered her more than ever negligent of the affairs of government: the remnant of her strength and spirits was wasted in dissipation. The idle tales of the irregularities of her nephew were, in this situation, listened to by Elizabeth with eager credulity: she seemed to seek in these accounts some palliation of her own excesses; while she treated the Duke with indifference and coldness.

Catherine, roused by the impending fate of the Empress, and intent on conciliating popular favour, had covered her ambition under the mask of religion: her time was chiefly occupied in frequenting the churches, in performing the exterior of devotion, and in joining the prayers for the restoration of Elizabeth. Ignorant of the views of Panin for her interest, of which he had imprudently neglected to inform her, she had, for the last few days, employed herself in drawing up the form of the proclamation by which Peter was to be appointed to the sovereign power, with the oath to be taken by the troops. Priding herself on the elegance of her style and composition, and anticipating the admiration which her performance would excite, she chose not to sacrifice her labours. And the Duke having sent his chamberlain to consult with her in this dilemma, she returned an abrupt reply, importing, that he would do well to conform to the established custom.

At the moment Peter received this answer, the death of Elizabeth was announced, who expired, after a tedious illness and severe sufferings, on Christmas-day, 1761. This event was scarcely known, when the courtiers crowded around the heir, to whom the importance of the moment

gave a temporary firmness. Having addressed with dignity the venal herd, and received the oaths of the officers of his guard, he mounted on horseback, and rode through the streets of Petersburg, distributing money among the populace. The soldiers, flocking about him, exclaiming, "If thou take care of us, we will serve thee with the same fidelity with which we served the good Empress, thy predecessor." The shouts of the people mingled with their acclamations, nor did any symptoms of discontent manifest themselves upon the occasion. The satisfaction of Peter was apparent on his delivery from the severe constraint in which he had so long been held, but he betrayed no signs of indecent joy.

Such, on the accession of Peter to the imperial crown, was the temper of the people. In the proclamation which announced this event to the empire, no mention was made of Catherine or her son, an omission which to some appeared to pre-
 sage the overthrow of the lineal succession: neither was there any preparation for the coronation at Moscow; a solemnity, rendered by its age and antiquity, highly impressive to the Russians. Blinded by his infatuation for the King of Prussia, Peter, while yet tottering on the throne, inconsiderately proposed to quit the kingdom, and, for the gratification of an interview with Frederick, to repair to Germany.

In the midst of his fears and warlike preparations, the Czar had not been unmindful of the Countess of Vorontzoff, whose ascendancy over him daily increased: this woman, aspiring in her temper, but of mean talents, aimed, under the tutorage of an ambitious father, to raise herself to the imperial throne. By alternate carresses, forwardness, and flattery, she induced her lover to renew the promise, made when he was Grand-Duke, of endowing her with the privileges, and placing her in the seat of Catherine. Led by her vanity to boast of this engagement, she found in her imprudence her disappointment and ruin. Her present influence, with the future prospects of which she dared to vaunt, roused the partisans of the Empress, with whom the enemies of her husband united their force. Peter, not less weak and vain, authorised, by his conduct, the boast of his mistress; he no longer affected to conceal his projects against his wife, which involved in them a declaration of the illegitimacy of her son. To cover his conduct with a pretence of justice, and to secure universal consent, he believed he had only to produce testimonies of the infidelities of the Empress. The Countess, apprised by her father of the first amour of Catherine with Soltikoff, had not failed to convey her intelligence to the Czar, who, upon this information, grounded his proofs. Soltikoff, recalled from Hamaburg, where he had been appointed minister, was load-

ed with benefits, and destined by Peter as an instrument in his views. Seduced by the hope of reward, or intimidated by the fear of consequences, he was, without difficulty, rendered subservient to the wishes of his master, who hesitated only while he should choose a successor.

The hopes of Catherine received daily accession from the imprudence of her husband, whose designs against her, though known but in part, emboldened her to dare every thing for their prevention. Dismissed to Peterhoff, she passed her days in one of his most retired apartments, where she meditated the dethronement of Peter: her evenings were devoted to the company of an adherent, converted by her favour into an intrepid conspirator.

To secure a part of the troops, the Princess Dashkoff, under pretence of paying her compliments to some officers of her acquaintance, visited the barracks. It was there she was met by Orloff, when a mutual explanation took place. The Princess, flattering herself with having gained Orloff to her party, suspected not his connection with Catherine, or even that he was known to her: to her fancied acquisition, the brothers of Orloff, with many others long prepared by him for the purpose, were joined.

The succession, and the methods by which the place of the fallen Prince should be supplied, became no less a subject of disputation. Catherine aspired to the vacant throne, and was supported in her pretensions by Orloff and the Princess. That she should be permitted to govern under the title of Regent, was proposed by Panin, while that of Emperor should devolve on her son.

Peter remained yet unsuspecting of all that was passing: lulled into a fatal security, he had in the morning ordered the arrest of an officer, who, faithful to his interest, had the preceding evening hastened to inform him of what was on foot. He had, with his mistress, his favourites, and the women of the court, set out from Oranienbaum, in a calash, for Peterhoff, to be present on the festival of the ensuing day.

During these transactions, Catherine, at the head of her army, had halted at a small public-house by the road-side, eight versts from Petersburg; under this humble shelter she reposed for some hours on the cloaks of the officers. Gregory Orloff, at break of day, with a few volunteers, had reconnoitred the environs of Peterhoff: finding there only some peasants, armed with scythes, who had collected the preceding evening, he dispersed them by blows with the flat of his sabre, compelling them to join in the cry of "Long live the Empress."

Peter, informed of her hostile approach, ordered a horse to be prepared, with the design of escaping, alone and disguised, towards the frontiers of

Poland. But, uniformly weak and irresolute, he presently after gave orders for dismantling the little fortress at Oranienbaum, as a mark of submission to the victorious Empress, whose mercy and pardon he implored, in a letter, full of humiliation and abasement. He assured her, that he would resign undisputed, the Imperial crown; that he asked only a pension, and liberty to retire to Holstein. To this address no answer was vouchsafed; the compassion of Catharine, it is not improbable, was stifled by contempt for the pusillanimity of her husband.

The unhappy Peter, after his submission, was conducted to a little imperial retreat at Ropsacha, where, in a retirement known only to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and the soldiers who formed his guard, he had remained six days. On the seventh, Alexius Orloff, with an officer, came with news of his speedy deliverance, and asked permission to dine with him. Wine glasses and brandy were, according to the custom of the country, brought before the dinner; while the officer amused the Czar with conversation, his companion filled the glasses, infusing into that designed for Peter, a poisonous mixture. The Czar having without distrust swallowed the potion, was presently seized with the most cruel pains: on pretence of relieving his sufferings, his perfidious guests offered him a second glass, which he rejected with reproaches: on his calling aloud for milk, the remorseless assassins again proffered him poison, which they importuned him to swallow. A French valet-de-chambre, attached to his master, now rushed in, into whose arms Peter threw himself. "It was not enough, then," said he in a faint tone of voice, "to prevent me from reigning in Sweden, and to deprive me of the Russian crown—I must also be put to death!" The valet presuming to intercede for his master, the ruffians forced from the room a witness so dangerous, and continued their outrages to the unfortunate victim. In the midst of the tumult, the younger of the Princes of Bariatinsky entered, and joined the assassins. Peter had been thrown to the ground by Orloff, who, kneeling on his breast, grasped firmly his throat. The dying monarch, with the strength of desperation, struggled with the monster who held him down, when a napkin, thrown round his neck by the assistant ruffians, put an end, by suffocation, to his resistance and his life.

Various circumstances combined to produce this catastrophe: the murmurs of the populace, the uncertain fidelity of the troops, the difficulty of disposing of a captive so important, added to the hopes and projects which, during his life, would not fail to agitate his friends and adherents. Of her innocence of this atrocious act, the general conduct and character of the Empress seems

to afford a presumption; at least it appears probable that, respecting so horrible a service, her partisans would, from decency, forbear to consult her: on a subject so delicate, and of so difficult decision, to lean to the side of candour is the undoubted part of the historian. The victim of his weakness rather than of his vices, it is impossible not to contemplate the fate of Peter with the sincerest commiseration.

By the death of the Emperor Joseph II. Russia was left to contend alone with the Ottomans, and Catherine began to perceive that her victories were ruinous; while too proud to sue for peace of which she felt the necessity, her armies continued their conquests. Great Britain, which had incited the Turks to declare war against Russia, now proposed to itself an advantage in being the mediator of an accommodation. Catherine, on this occasion, maintained the same character of haughty independence which she had supported through the war; and, though determined on concluding a peace with the Turks, managed to obtain the most advantageous conditions. Mr. Falkner, the British minister, felt her power, and was baffled by her address.

During this negociation, a traveller, connected both by blood and friendship with the illustrious leader of the opposition party in the British Parliament, appeared in Petersburg. The Empress seized this opportunity of shewing a marked respect to the British minister. To the traveller she gave, in the presence of his countrymen, the place of honour on her right hand, and, on the arrangement of the peace, her presents to the relation of Mr. Fox, of whom, as an orator and a statesman, she expressed her admiration, exceeded in number and value those conferred upon the ambassador.

Catherine, greatly interested in the French Revolution, appeared full of apprehension, lest its principles should find their way into Russia, and subvert the sentiments on which her authority was established. The ambassador of France quitted Petersburg; Catherine, while she censured his opinions, did justice to his talents, to his virtues, and to the amenity of his manners. "I am an aristocrat," said she to him on his taking leave, "for I must carry on my business." The bust of her favourite Voltaire was degraded, nor was that of the English patriot suffered to keep its place. The French in her dominions were compelled, like Hannibal, to swear immortal hatred against the new republic; and to take an oath of allegiance to the pretender to the French monarchy. It is yet a curious fact, that the son of Count Esterhazy, an emigrant, used, at the desire of Catherine, to sing the French patriotic songs at the Hermitage; which sometimes resounded with the *Carmagnole* and *Ca ira*.

One half of Poland, the Crimea, the Kuban, and a part of the frontiers of Turkey, had yielded to the arms or the intrigues of Catherine; but for the usurpation of another rich and populous country she had no need of battles; for the conquest of Courland and Semigallia her intrigues proved sufficient. The nobles were gained over by her emissaries; the people, to elude her oppressions, with which they were wearied out, accepted her protection. The acquisition of Courland proved, from its corn and timber, and its ports on the Baltic, a valuable prize to Russia.

Unsatiated with empire, perpetual measures were taken by Catherine for the annexing to her dominions new kingdoms and states, whose miserable inhabitants were, on resistance, despoiled of the heritage of their fathers, and driven from their native soil.

Her grandson, Alexander, having been married by Catherine to the Princess Louisa of Baden-Durlach, she became also desirous of choosing a wife for Constantine. With this view the three daughters of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg were invited to her court, and the youngest selected for the consort of the Prince.

But in quiet usurpations, in treaties, and alliances, her restless mind remained unsatisfied. Thirsting for conquest, and inured to the din of war, she turned her arms against Persia. At the head of a numerous force, the brother of the favourite, Zuboff, penetrated into Daghestan, and laid siege to Derbent; the keys of which were delivered to him by the commandant, a venerable old man, 120 years of age, the same who, at the commencement of the century, had surrendered Derbent to Peter I. This triumph received some alloy in a subsequent defeat by the Persian army. But Catherine, not discouraged, gave orders for the reinforcement of the troops, not doubting of their ultimate success.

The hope of obtaining a greater triumph also flattered her pride: the new treaty concluded with Austria and Great Britain, secured to her the assistance of these powers against Turkey: elated with this idea, the period seemed approaching for the accomplishment of her darling plan, that of driving the Ottomans out of Europe, and reigning in Constantinople. Already, in idea, arrived at the summit of her ambition, her visions of greatness experienced a sudden check.—The magnificent Catharine was not immortal.

On the fourth day of November, 1796, the Empress displayed in what was called her *little hermitage* (a small party), uncommon cheerfulness and vivacity. By a vessel from Lubeck she had received news of the French, under Moreau, having been obliged to repass the Rhine. She wrote on this occasion the following humorous note to Cobenzel, the Austrian minister:—"I

hasten to inform your excellent excellence, that the excellent troops of the excellent court have given the French an excellent drubbing." She amused herself with rallying and laughing at her grand-ecuyer and first buffoon; but retired somewhat earlier than usual, assigning as a reason, that too much laughing had given her slight symptoms of the colic. She arose the next morning at her accustomed hour, and transacted business with her secretaries; on dismissing the last, she told him to wait in the antichamber, whence she would presently recall him. The secretary, having waited for some time, and hearing no noise in the apartment, began to grow uneasy. He at last opened the door, and beheld, to his surprise and terror, the Empress stretched on the floor, between the two doors leading from the alcove to her closet. She was already without sense or motion. The secretary, on this spectacle, ran to the favourite, whose apartment was above: physicians were sent for, and an universal consternation prevailed. A mattress was spread near the window, on which Catherine was laid; bleeding, bathing, and every means usually resorted to on such occasions, were employed, by which some effect seemed to be produced. She was still alive, but without any other perceptible motion or sign than the beating of her heart. Every one was eager to dispatch a messenger to Paul; the brother of the favourite was the person employed in this service. The situation of the Empress was, till eleven o'clock, her accustomed hour of seeing her family, kept secret from the Grand-Dukes and from the household; every one feared to mention his apprehensions; her death was considered as the epoch of some extraordinary revolution; the court first, and presently the city, were in a state of the most alarming agitation.

The Grand-Duke was absent on the arrival of the messenger; six couriers met in the same instant: Paul was, with his court, gone few miles to inspect a mill constructed by his orders. On receiving the intelligence, he appeared to be affected; asked a thousand questions, gave instant orders for his journey, and proceeded rapidly to Petersburg; where, arriving with his consort at eight in the evening, he found the palace in confusion. The courtiers crowded around him; the favourite, a prey to grief and terror, had relinquished the reins of empire.

Paul, accompanied by his family, repaired to the chamber of his mother; who, without shewing any consciousness, still existed. The young princes and princesses, dissolved in tears, formed around their grandmother an affecting groupe. The Grand-Duchesses, the gentlemen and ladies of the court, remained through the night waiting the last sigh of the Empress; the following day

passed in the same anxious solicitude. Catherine, still breathing, remained in a kind of lethargy; she even moved one of her feet, and pressed the hand of one of her women. About ten in the evening she appeared suddenly to revive; a terrible rattling was heard in her throat; the family crowded around her; when, uttering a piercing shriek, she expired, thirty-seven hours after her first seizure. She betrayed no symptom of pain till the moment before her decease: a prosperous life was terminated by a happy death.

The young Grand-Duchesses bewailed in their grandmother the source whence all their pleasure flowed; the ladies and courtiers who had enjoyed her private society, and experienced the captivation of her manners, paid a tribute of tears to her loss; the happy evenings of the hermitage, the freedom and pleasure which Catherine so well knew how to diffuse, were contrasted by them with the military constraint and formal etiquette which were likely to succeed. The domestics of the Empress sincerely mourned a good and generous mistress, whose mild and equal temper, superior to petty caprices or sudden gusts of passion, whose noble and dignified character, had rendered their services equally easy and pleasant.

Catherine still retained, though seventy years of age, the vestiges of beauty. She was of the middle stature, and, carrying her head high, appeared tall; her hair was auburn, her eye-brows dark, and her eyes blue; her countenance, though not deficient in expression, never betrayed what passed in her mind; a mistress of dissimulation, she knew how to command her features. She became corpulent as she advanced in years, yet her carriage was graceful and dignified. In private she inspired, by her conciliatory manners, confidence and good humour; youth, playfulness, and gaiety appeared to surround her; but in public, and on proper occasions, she knew how to assume the Empress, to appear the 'Sémiramis of the North,' and to awe by her frowns. She usually dressed in the Russian mode; she wore a green gown or vest, with close sleeves reaching to the wrist; her hair lightly powdered, and flowing upon her shoulders, was crowned with a small cap covered with diamonds; in the latter periods of her life she put on a great quantity of rouge. In her habits and diet she was strictly temperate; she took a light breakfast, ate a moderate dinner, and had no supper.

The estimate of her character must be formed from her actions; her reign was perhaps for her people rather brilliant than happy. Within the circle of her influence, her government was moderate and benign; at a distance, terrible and despot; under the protection of her favourites,

justice, order, and law, were sometimes violated, and the most odious tyranny practised with impunity. Her situation in the empire, delicate and often critical, restrained her judgment; it was by suffering her power to be abused that she was enabled to preserve it; she knew how to reward, but dared not always punish.¹

For her licentiousness as a woman, no excuse can be offered; as a sovereign, she must be allowed the title of great. If her love of glory too often assumed the features of a destructive ambition, the praise of an enlightened and magnanimous mind cannot be denied to her.

It has been well observed, that the splendour of her reign, the magnificence of her court, her institutions, her monuments, and her victories, were to Russia what the age of Louis XIV. had been to Europe; as an individual, the character of Catherine had a better title to great. The French formed the glory of Louis, Catherine that of the Russians; she reigned not like him over a polished people, nor had she his advantages. She had a nation to form, and her measures were her own; however deceived or seduced, she suffered not herself to be governed. Humane and generous, cheerful and amiable, she constituted the happiness of those who surrounded her. Her active and regular life, her firmness, courage, and sobriety, were moral qualities of no mean value; corrupted by prosperity, and intoxicated with success, her crimes of a darker hue were those of her station rather than those of her heart. The barbarous country over which she reigned, the grossness of its manners, and the difficulties with which she had to struggle, must not be forgotten in forming an estimate of her character. Whatever may have been her faults, and doubtless they were great, her genius, her talents, her courage, and her success, must ever entitle her to a high rank among those women whose qualities and attainments have thrown a lustre on their sex.

She aspired to the character of an author, to which, by her celebrated 'Instructions for a Code of Laws,' her dramatic pieces and proverbs, her tales and allegories for the improvement of her grandchildren, she is justly entitled. Among the productions of her pen, her Letters to Voltaire are accounted the most interesting. She composed also for the Imperial family a plan of education, compiled principally from the writings of Locke and Rousseau, which reflects infinite credit on her liberality and discernment.

There are few reigns more interesting than that of Catherine, more strictly biographical; few that involve more important principles, that afford a wider scope, or that more forcibly tend to awaken reflection.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN :

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESC.

[Continued from Page 235.]

SHAH GERAL was (we know not wherefore) so well satisfied with the narrative of the philosopher Danishmende, particularly with the conclusion of it, that he immediately ordered him to be paid five hundred baham-d'ors from his treasury. Whenever the place of superintendent of the dervises and bonzes, added ~~die~~, shall become vacant, Danishmende shall have it.

It was not by chance, but because the Sultan of Nurmahal had been previously informed that the dervises were displeased with the conclusion of the doctor's story, that the principal iman of the court received a command to attend upon the Sultan that night at bed time. His majesty was not a little delighted in the embarrassment which he conceived the iman must feel at the metamorphosis of the emir into a dervise. But probably because the iman, without being therefore more cunning than others, could not fail of perceiving why he had the honour of being there, kept so strict guard over himself that not the least sign of uneasiness escaped him. However, he could not refrain from making the remark—that even if there were, which he might reasonably doubt, such a tribe in the world as these pretended children of nature, yet he thought it would be much better, either entirely to suppress the account of it, or at least not let it get abroad among the people.

And for what reasons, if we may be so bold with your reverence? asked the Sultan.

I extend this my opinion, returned the iman, to all those accounts of I know not what ideal beings, who are feigned to lead, under the pretended sceptre of nature, an unsollicitous life, consisting of one continued tissue of voluptuousness and agreeable sensations. The more innocent and amiable their manners are represented to be, the more mischievous is the impression such figments will make upon the great multitude. To speak honestly (continued he, in a soft insinuating tone, expressly adapted to his courteous looks), I cannot see what utility can be expected to result from them, or how we can conceal it from ourselves that they can tend to

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no other purpose than to disseminate a spirit of effeminacy throughout the world, deterring the members of the community from all laborious exertion and arduous enterprise, and by exciting the general desire to become as happy as these imaginary darlings of nature, whose voluptuous proclivity is given us for wisdom, to bring matters to such a pass that nobody will any longer be willing to cultivate the ground, to execute laborious works, and to venture his life at sea, or against the enemies of the country. In general, to the perfecting of any branch of the political welfare, it is necessary to have people who are not averse to labour, and who vie with each other in such obstinate patient industry as no effeminate character is capable of, * for bringing some particular useful occupation to perfection. Is it ever to be expected that a voluptuous merchant can become rich, a voluptuous artist expert, or a voluptuous scholar famous? Will not this remark infallibly hold good, at least, in general? or shall we imagine that a voluptuous judge will execute his function the more punctiliously and conscientiously, or an effeminate commander conduct himself more gallantly for coming from the lap of luxury, better sustain the hardships of a campaign, and more quickly and surely lay the enemies of the Sultan, our master, prostrate at his feet? You see, Mr. Danishmende, that I can have recourse to the weapons which my peculiar station furnishes me with against you.

While the iman was making this fine speech, The Sultan, with half shut eyes, and in a languid tone, amused himself with singing *La faridondaine la faridondon, dondaine dondon dondaine,*

* Although it is not to be denied that the iman here produces some truths, yet we cannot forbear to observe, that this last position is false; Solon, Pisistratus, Alcibiades, Demetrius Poliorcetes, Julius Cæsar, Anthony, and ten thousand other instances have in all ages shewn the contrary. But, indeed, this iman might not have travelled much in history.—*Note of the Latin translator.*

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dondaine donduine dondon,—for he was well versed in the tags of old ballads. Now, doctor, exclaimed he, let us hear what arguments thou hast to bring against this.

I shall, with your majesty's permission, returned Danishmende, do nothing more than briefly shew, that the arguments of the iman, in the first place, prove too much; secondly, too little; and thirdly, nothing at all. Too much—since all his objections apply as forcibly against nature herself, as to the accounts or figments, which to him appear so dangerous; the maxims of the wise Psammis, the general observations and experiments, on which his morality is built, are no fictions.* If the state in which his plan of legislation places the inhabitants of the blissful vallies, is the properest possible for humanity, if it be that wherein mankind suffer the least, which occasions the least evil, least allows them to abuse the bounties of nature, and at the end of their course least causes them to regret that they have lived,—who can, or who has any right to object to it? Are the agreeable sensations offered us on all hands by nature only like the confectioner's devils for garnishing our table? Are they merely temptations, intended to discipline us in a meritorious abstinence? If this has been her view, it must be owned that nature has surprising whims. Can it be taken amiss if we are rather inclined to regard them as whimsical people, who would make her such a fool? Or what blame shall we incur if we look upon these curious mortals, who in sober sadness take pleasure for a snare to their virtue, as victims of their tormenting effort to destroy the half of their existence? Would they with their splenetic humour, with their melancholy, with their anxious dread of every moment making a false step, in short, with all the spectres that haunt their morbid fancy, be most qualified to promote their own perfection and the true interests of society? Your reverence, who are so highly honoured as to be admitted to the table of the Sultan of India, to have the superintendence of the private concerns of five or six of the most beautiful ladies in Delhi, and every month slip a hundred baham-dors into your purse, to provide which a hundred poor peasants must work and famish themselves to skin and bone,—imagine, perhaps, the condition of a poor fellow who lives upon stale crusts and tank water, and that the delicacy of his senses may not be seduced, has burnt out his eyes in the sun, is not quite so disagreeable, as I will be sworn for it, it must be—

Bravo, Danishmende, said the Sultan, in an under voice, and an encouraging nod, that did not escape the iman.

I say, therefore, continued the doctor, unless the design of nature was to decoy us into snarcs

by beautiful and charming objects, the arguments of the iman prove too much; for the most charming descriptions cannot possibly have half the effect upon us that the objects themselves would have. Has nature, on the other hand, benevolent views, which are only defeated by the generosity, by thoughtlessness, false taste, or corrupt principles; it is then both honourable and useful, by such descriptions as those which have the misfortune to displease the iman, to lead them back to the path of nature, and to invite them to a wise enjoyment of her bounties.

Secondly, his arguments prove too little; for, if even the whole world were filled with pictures of fortunate islands and happy persons, yet we might bet ten to one, that the passions, which have in all ages been the movers of the moral world, would nevertheless continue their play. The desire of leading an easy life, in every government which is founded on the inequality of conditions, will produce the desire of riches, and riches the desire of authority, grandeur, and arbitrary power. These passions will bring to light a multitude of talents, as they are more or less encouraged by the political constitution, or the accidental nature of the administration; and the avidity for the most agreeable enjoyment of life, from which the iman dreads a general inactivity, will have a directly opposite effect; it will supply us with industrious people, inventors, improvers, virtuosos, and heroes, as many, and perhaps more, than we have need of. The ideal delineations of the voluptuousness of the senses, of the imagination, and of the heart, will therefore, from the nature of the case, powerfully assist in promoting the grand object which his reverence has so much at heart. I have not the least doubt, that as long as we are delighted with these paintings, we shall wish ourselves to be in those fortunate islands, those Elysian scenes, or however else you choose to call them, where the most agreeable life costs so little; we should, however, soon be weary of wishing, and without expecting suddenly to find a beautiful scollop-shell car, with six winged unicorns standing ready equipped at our gate, to convey the wisher into the ideal worlds, we should condescend to apply ourselves to those methods for procuring a happy life which lie within our power, and are included in the constitution of that world in which we are placed. The arguments of the iman therefore prove too little and too much, and consequently—nothing at all, which was the third proposition I promised to evince. However, we will suppose the worst instance that can be conceived to result from the fictions or descriptions in question; suppose they should have the effect of bringing all the nations that dwell between the Ganges and the Indus to adopt the resolution of

• abdication of their former habits of life (although it is much rather to be feared that my emir-derwise would convert all Indostan to his fanatical morality, than that Psammis would persuade the most inconsiderable province of it to take up his); we will nevertheless suppose that might be the case, what mighty harm, does your reverence think, would ensue? Psammis would then have effected what the sages of all countries have been labouring at for some thousands of years with very moderate success, or, to these gentlemen aim at something else than to render more happy the condition of mankind?

In fact, said the Sultan smiling, I myself, and the iman with his brethren, would have the most to lose on such a transformation.

The danger seems greater than it is, said Nurmahal; sixty millions of people, even though

their lawgiver were the angel Jesrad himself, would not be able to subsist ten years without a Sultan and without an iman.

I hope so, returned the Sultan. In the mean time I abide by what I promised thee, Danishmende. Ifere, iman, your reverence sees the appointed successor to the superintendant of the dervises.

The choice does honour to your majesty's wisdom, replied the iman, with a look that plainly spoke the contrary.

It ill becomes a slave to have any wish but the will of his lord, said Danishmende; but, if I might presume to beg of your majesty some other trifling office.—

Not a word more, said Shah Gebal; Danishmende is the man,—and good night!

[To be continued.]

THE PRUDENT JUDGE.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A MERCHANT whose affairs called him abroad, entrusted a purse of a thousand sequins to a Dervise, whom he looked upon as his friend, and begged him to take care of it till his return.

At the expiration of a year the merchant returned, and demanded his money; but the Dervise denied ever having received any. The merchant, enraged at this perfidy, complained to the Cadi. "You have trusted him imprudently," answered the judge; "you should not have placed so much confidence in a man whose fidelity you had never experienced. It will be difficult to compel this knave to restore a deposit which he received without witnesses; but I will see what I can do for you. Return to him, speak to him amicably, but do not let him know that I am acquainted with this affair, and call here to-morrow at the same hour."

The merchant obeyed, but instead of recovering his money, he was grossly abused. During the altercation a slave of the Cadi came and gave the Dervise an invitation from his master.

The Dervise attended, was introduced into the principal apartment, received in a friendly manner, and treated with the consideration which is usually shewn to persons of distinguished rank. The Cadi discoursed on different subjects, and, as opportunity offered, mingled in the conversation encomiums on the learning and wisdom of the Dervise. After gaining his confidence by such flattering discourse, he added:—"I sent for you to give you a proof of my confidence and esteem; an affair of the greatest importance obliges me to be away from home some months;

I do not care to trust my slaves, and I wish to place my treasure in the hands of a man who enjoys, like you, the most unblemished reputation. If you can take charge of it without inconvenience to yourself, I shall to-morrow night send you my most precious effects; but as this business must be conducted with secrecy, I shall order my confidential slaves to deliver them to you as if they were a present from me."

A gracious smile appeared on the face of the Dervise; he made numberless bows to the Cadi, thanked him for his confidence, swore he would keep the treasure as carefully as the apple of his eye; and retired as contented as if he had already cheated the judge.

The next day the merchant went again to the Cadi, and informed him of the obstinacy of the Dervise. "Return to him," said the judge, "and if he persists in his refusal, threaten him that you will complain to me; I think you will have no occasion to repeat the menace."

The merchant immediately went to his debtor; he no sooner pronounced the Cadi's name, than the Dervise, who was afraid of losing the treasure which was to be entrusted to him, returned his purse, and laughingly said,—"My dear friend, why should you have recourse to the Cadi? your money was safe in my house; my refusal was only for the joke's sake, to see how you would take it."

The merchant was wise enough not to credit this joke; and returned to the Cadi to thank him for his generous succour.

In the mean time the night approached, and

the Dervise prepared himself to receive the promised treasure; but it passed without any of the Cad's slaves appearing. This night was to him of an inexpressible length. As soon as it was day-light, he went to the judge: "I come," said he, "to learn why his honour has not sent his slaves to me." "Because I have been informed

by an honest and worthy merchant that you are a rogue, whom justice will punish as you deserve, if a second similar complaint be made against you."

The Dervise made a low bow, and retired, without speaking a word.

THE MONK.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following narrative was written by M. de la Harpe, and was first printed a little before the French Revolution, or rather at the time when the first symptoms of that great political crisis appeared, just at the epocha when it was in agitation to suppress all religious vows. This was in 1789. Thirteen years after, it was expected that the re-establishment of monasteries would be demanded; and this paper was re-printed. It has never been translated, and may, perhaps, be thought worth preserving in your Magazine.

On the pleasant and cultivated hills, which at a distance command the delicious landscape formed by the banks of the *Rhone*, not far from *Avignon*, the woods belonging to a famous monastery of the order of *Camaldules* are seen. A more agreeable, more fresh, more solitary umbrage may be sought for in vain. Nature is there simple without being savage, and beautiful without ornament. This walk being near my retreat, is the most frequented by me: it shelters from heat, and is an asylum for reveries. I entered it not long since, towards the decline of day, when the calm of the country and the cool of the evening excite tender sensations, which are best enjoyed in silence. Never had those woods appeared more beautiful to me; I fancied every thing I saw was tranquil and happy. Whilst I was ruminating on this idea, I perceived at the end of an alley a man advancing, covered with a long white robe, he was walking with slow steps; and at that moment, where all around me seemed Elysium, I was willing to fancy him a happy shade. But I soon had reason to entertain a very different opinion. As he drew nearer, I saw on his face the prints of sorrow and misfortune; a gloomy and fatal character was engraven in the wrinkles of his front, and in the furrows of his hollow cheeks. From time to time, he cast sinister looks around him, and concluded with dropping them towards the ground; it appeared as if the fine day and beautiful country, were to

him afflictive and importune. Thus Milton represents to us the angel of darkness apostrophising in his anger the planet of light; or thus might be painted Arimanes, the genius of evil, viewing the creation to curse it, and disturb it.

I approached him: "Father," said I, (for he was one of those men who are always called *Fathers*, and who are prohibited from ever becoming so), "how charming are these woods which encompass your dwelling! and how greatly must you enjoy them! Those souls who are no longer agitated with the passions of the world are the more sensible of the attractions of nature and solitude, and the enjoyments of your age, are repose and a fine day."

"Young man," said he, "you are mistaken in every thing: what you term my dwelling, is my prison; in solitude the passions ferment with more bitterness: Nature is never beautiful to the wretched, and without peace of mind, there is no fine day."

"Ah! what can now disturb that peace? your white hairs attest long experience—What errors can still molest the old age of a solitary being?"

"Certainly—I have lived long, and lived alone. Do you fancy our chain becomes lighter for having worn it fifty years?"

"But that chain; did not you choose it?"—

"Those who have chosen it often finish with detesting it, but it was forced upon me." "And who exercised that abominable tyranny on you?" "My father." "He was then a barbarian!"—

"No, he was only weak, and dominated by an imperious wife. We were many children. It entered into my mother's arrangements that I should take the monastic habit; it was she who governed: I showed great repugnance to obey her, and my father resisted for a long while. This contrariety of opinions caused a domestic war, which embittered his life. He conjured me with tears in his eyes to embrace that condition which he began to think indispensable. I could not bear to see my father unhappy, and I resolved to become so myself; I even hoped to be less so

than I had imagined at first. I fancied one might soon be accustomed to what might appear hardships; youth is susceptible of all kinds of courage. But courage exhausts itself when it sees no term to its efforts. The time came when all the illusions of enthusiasm, all the errors of imagination, gave place to overwhelming truth. Then all my fantastic props fell around me; I looked and saw nothing but a desert, and despair. I was surrounded with unhappy wretches become wicked, who watched each other, and sought to surprise in the hearts of others complaints which they smothered in their own. I held them in exegeration, I avoided their society. After the death of my mother, I made vain efforts to get released from vows which were involuntary.—These useless steps gave my companions a fatal advantage, of which hypocrisy always abuses. The slave willingly becomes an oppressor. I had only one means of revenge. The greatest ambition of my fellow-monks was to make proselytes: mine was to drive them away; I resolved that every one I might converse with should know from me the dangers, the shame, and the horrors of the monastic life. These woods are pretty well frequented. Solitude speaks to the imagination. There is an age where nothing more is wanting to give birth to a transient delirium which produces irremediable evils. I do not believe you to be attacked by this madness; but at all events look at that fatal dwelling, and read on the threshold these words, which an Italian poet says he read on the gates of hell:—"You who enter into this place, renounce hope."

I was shocked to hear him. "You have led a terrible life," said I, "but it nevertheless appears, and is to me a consolatory idea, that evils have not blemished your soul. The care which you take to warn imprudent persons of the snare in which they might fall, bespeaks a sensible and compassionate heart."

"You forget," replied he, "I told you that care was only a vengeance. I hate my companions because they have injured me; but I cannot love men who tolerate those barbarous institutions. Unhappy ever since my birth, to whom can I owe a sentiment of benevolence?"

"Perhaps to him who pities you."

"When these abominable retreats are burnt to the ground, then will I believe in piety and justice."

"But you must be sensible how many men can say to you, as I do: it is not my fault if a fanatic founded this house, and if a cruel mother forced you into it."

"My mother!"

He remained silent a moment; his looks made me shudder.—"My mother! I cursed her a long while, when each revolving year returned the day

on which I first pronounced my vows. But I no longer curse her."

"You have ceased hating?"

He looked at me for some time, then he continued with a bitter smile: "I have nothing to conceal from you; I have nothing to fear. I believed I pronounced maledictions, that a just and avenging being heard them. I no longer believe it."

I was struck with these words—"What! you have suffered so much in this life, and you will not hope any thing from the other?"—"It no more depends on us to adopt errors than to discover truths. Without doubt religious ideas are the charm of misfortune; they would be more valuable to me than my sad conviction. But can we cast our eyes on this dreadful chaos of evils and crimes, and believe it to be the work of a perfect being! I look on all men as feeble parcels of a perishable matter, the sport of an invincible necessity, as long as for them shall last that system they suppose to be the essential order of things, and which is only one of the transitory combinations which are lost in the innumerable revolutions of eternity. My lot has been bitter. I must fulfil my destiny: it will end."

"Thus, in your future, a single instant fixes your attention."—"Yes, that which will be my last; it comes very slowly."

"Your ingenuousness," said I, "must excuse mine. I must communicate one reflection. I do not comprehend how; when for you the other life is a chimera, and this one a torment." I hesitated—"Make an end," said he. I continued, "I cannot conceive after all I have heard, how I should meet you this day, walking quietly in these woods."

"I understand you. There was a time when I might have taken that step: then I dared not, I was still fearful. I now fear nothing. But when my reason became enlightened, my soul was dejected; I was in despair, and had lost my courage; I abandoned myself to the habitude of suffering. There is an age at which man will not part with life; it continually afflicts him, and quits him by degrees, without his having the force to cast it off."

Whilst we were thus conversing, the face of nature was changed. The storm approached on heaps of clouds; the night was growing dark. We walked on without speaking a word; but from time to time flashes of lightning shed a livid light over his features, which made them more hideous.

We were advancing towards the convent, and were already near it. It seemed as if the tempest had settled on its roof; the thunder rumbled all round with redoubled claps.

I perceived the forehead of the old monk to

brighten for a moment. "O! if the fire of heaven," cried he, "could but consume that odious inclosure, and all the wretches it contains!"

"You have then not one friend there?"

"A friend—we all call one another brothers, and we are all slaves."

After these words he entered into the dwelling he had just been cursing, and the door shut him in.

"My soul was deeply sorrowful. I saw that misfortune, when extreme, ends with rendering the heart callous, and that the complaints of despair become blasphemies. This wretch, who might have found consolation and refuge in the

idea of a God, preferred to renounce it, in order to have the more right to hate mankind.

O! thou supreme and necessary Being, in whom I believe, because every thing announces thee, thou hast not created beauty that men should avoid admiring it; thou hast not spread out the riches of the creation that men should inhabit dungeons; thou hast not planted in our hearts the want we feel of loving our fellow-creatures, in order that we might unceasingly frustrate that want, and love nothing.

Men have disfigured thy works, before they denied their author; and the atheist has dared to say; *Thou hast not made me*; and the fanatic has said, *Thus hast thou made me*.

CELESTINA.—A SPANISH TALE.

CELESTINA, an orphan, and heiress to an immense fortune, was, at seventeen, the most celebrated beauty in Granada. She lived with her uncle, a cross, avaricious old man, named Don Alonzo, who was occupied all the day in counting his ducats, and all the night in silencing the serenades which were played before Celestina's windows. Alonzo had the design of marrying his ward to his son Don Henriquez, who, for ten years, had been pursuing his studies at the University of Salamanca, and began to explain Cornelius Nepos with tolerable facility.

All the young cavaliers of Granada were in love with Celestina: the only opportunity they had of beholding her was at mass; and every day the church she frequented was filled with young and fashionable men. Amongst these was a captain of cavalry, named Don Pedro, who had attained this rank at the age of twenty. His fortune was small, but his family was one of the most ancient in that country; and so eminently was he distinguished for his wit and handsome person, that he attracted the attention of all the ladies of Granada. But he had eyes for Celestina alone; and she, who had perceived this, began to return his glances.

In this manner passed two months, and Don Pedro had not yet dared to address his fair enslaver; his eyes, however, had been very eloquent. At the end of this time our lover found means to convey a letter to his mistress, which informed her of what she already knew. The rigid Celestina had not sooner perused it than, with much dignity, she caused it to be returned to Don Pedro. But as she possessed a very retentive memory, she did not let a word of its contents escape her; and, at the end of a week, was able to answer every sentence of it.

Our two lovers corresponded, and were mutually delighted with each other; but Don Pedro wished for something more; he had long solicited the permission of conversing with Celestina at her lattice, according to the custom of Spain, where a window is much more useful at night than in the day, as it is the general place of rendezvous. At midnight, when the streets are deserted, the young Spaniard, wrapped in his mantle, and armed with his sword, walks, invoking love and darkness, towards a lattice, grated on the outside, and within inclosed by shutters. Soon they are slowly opened; a fair damsel appears, and in tremulous accents enquires if any one be there. Her lover, transported with joy, reassures her; they converse in a whisper; the same things are repeated a thousand times; vows fly through the grating. But day begins to dawn, and they must separate. Another hour is spent in adieu; and they quit each other, without having uttered an infinite number of interesting things which they had intended to say.

Celestina's lattice was on the ground floor, on a retired ill-built spot, inhabited only by the lowest order of people. Here Don Pedro's old nurse occupied a miserable chamber, directly opposite to Celestina's window. Our hero, upon making this discovery, paid the old woman a visit; and said to her, "My good mother, I have too long allowed you to remain in poverty, for which forgetfulness I am very culpable, and am determined to repair my fault by giving you an apartment in my own house. Come and take possession of it immediately, and yield this miserable one up to me." The worthy woman, surprised and affected to tears by his kind offer, would have refused, but he urged her so warmly that it was impossible to resist his entreaties;

and, kissing the hand of her beneficent nursing, she consented to the exchange.

Never did a monarch take possession of a palace with more joy than Don Pedro felt while establishing himself in his nurse's chamber. As soon as night arrived, Celestina appeared at her lattice; she promised to do the same every other evening, and faithfully kept her word, for each twilight found her there. These nocturnal meetings increased the passion which these lovers felt, and soon every hour was stolen from sleep, and the whole day employed in writing to each other. They enjoyed, for some time, this delirium of happiness without interruption, when, unexpectedly, Alonzo's son, Henriquez, Celestina's destined husband, arrived from Salamanca, bringing with him, for his intended, a declaration of love, written in Latin, which his professor had obligingly composed for him.

The lovers held a consultation at the lattice, meantime the old guardian was preparing the marriage contract; and the day was fixed which was to make Celestina the wife of Henriquez. What was to be done? No alternative remained but flight. This, at length, was agreed upon. They determined to seek a refuge in Portugal, to begin by being united, and then to plead their cause with the old guardian. Celestina was to take with her a casket of diamonds, which had belonged to her mother. These were very valuable, and were to support the young couple until Don Alonzo was appeased. Never was an undertaking conceived with more prudence.

Nothing remained but to escape unperceived; and to accomplish this, it was necessary to possess the key of the lattice. Celestina soon succeeded in this; and immediately it was settled that the following night, at eleven o'clock, Don Pedro should, after having left horses in waiting at the extremity of the town, come and fetch Celestina, who was to descend into the street by her window; and they were both to take the road leading to Portugal.

Don Pedro employed all the day in making preparations for his journey. Celestina, on her side, arranged and deranged the casket which was to accompany them, twenty times. She was very careful in placing in it a very fine emerald, which she had received from her lover, and was ready at eight o'clock in the evening; ten had not struck, when Don Pedro, who had left a carriage in waiting, in the road to Andalusia, with a heart palpitating with joy, approached Celestina's dwelling.

He was on the point of arriving, when he heard a cry for help, and saw two men attacked by five ruffians, who, armed with swords and sticks, make use of them with all possible dexterity. The brave Pedro forgot every thing to fall on the

aggressors: he soon wounded two, and made the other three save themselves by flight. What was his surprise at recognizing in those he had delivered, Don Alonzo and his son, Henriquez! The young cavaliers of the town, who all paid homage to Celestina's beauty, knowing that Henriquez was going to rob them of her, had been wicked enough to cause their rival to be assaulted by assassins, a species of villains too common in Spain; and without the valour of Don Pedro, the old miser and young scholar would have had some difficulty in escaping from their daggers.

Pedro attempted to escape; but Henriquez, who prided himself in having learned politeness at Salamanca, swore that he should not leave him that night. Pedro, in despair, had already heard eleven strike. Alas! he little knew the misfortune that awaited him.

One of the ruffians he had put to flight, with his face concealed in his mantle, passed before Celestina's window. The night was very dark, and the unfortunate maiden, who had opened the grating while waiting for Don Pedro, when she perceived the assassin, thought she saw him approach. She held out her hand to him with a mixture of impatience and joy, and presenting the casket, said: "take our diamonds, while I descend." At the word diamonds, the ruffian suddenly stopped, seized the casket, and, without saying a word, precipitately fled, while Celestina was employed in quitting her abode.

Judge of her surprise, when alone in the street; she gazed around her, and could no longer descry the person she had taken for Don Pedro. She at first imagined he had proceeded onwards to avoid suspicion; hastily walked forwards, and sought him with her eyes, called him in a low voice; but no one answered her. Terror seized her, and she knew not what to do. Should she return home, or leave the town and seek the carriage Pedro had promised to have in waiting? Not knowing how to decide, she walked forward, with trembling steps, and soon lost her way, while solitude and darkness augmented her fears. At length she met a man, and, in a faltering voice, asked him how far were the gates of the city? The man directed her. Celestina began to breathe, and proceeded with renovated courage. She soon passed through the walls of Granada; but could descry no carriage in waiting. She did not yet dare to accuse her lover, but still hoping to find him farther on, she continued to walk, terrified at the sight of every bush that crossed her path; at every step she called on the name of Pedro; and the more she advanced, the more she was bewildered, for this road was the opposite one to that of Portugal.

Don Pedro, however, had not been able to

get rid of the grateful Henriquez and his father. Without leaving him for a moment, they obliged him to accompany them home. Pedro, thinking that Celestina would soon be made acquainted with the cause of his delay, agreed to follow them. As soon as they were arrived, Don Alonzo repaired to his ward's chamber to acquaint her with the peril he had encountered; he called, but received no reply; entered, but perceived the lattice open. His cries spread an alarm through the house. Pedro, on hearing that Celestina was gone, determined instantly to follow her; and Henriquez, thanking him for the interest he took in his misfortune, wished to accompany him.—But, to be certain of success, Pedro proposed that they should take different routes. He ran to the spot where he had left a carriage in waiting; and, not doubting that Celestina had taken the road to Portugal, killed his horses to fly from the object of his affection; while Henriquez galloped towards the Apulchares, the very road Celestina had followed.

The unhappy maiden journeyed on towards the Apulchares, enquiring for her dear Pedro of every person the darkness would permit her to distinguish. She at length heard a trampling of horses behind her, and her first thought was, that it might be her lover; but then she feared it might proceed from travellers, or even banditti; and, trembling with apprehension, quitted the road and hid herself behind some bushes. Soon Henriquez passed by, followed by several domestics. Our heroine shuddered at this sight; and fearful, if she continued pursuing the main road, of falling into the power of Don Alonzo, forsook it, and plunged into the thickest recesses of a wood.

The Apulchares form a chain of mountains which extends from Granada to the Mediterranean: they are inhabited by shepherds and husbandmen. A barren and sandy soil, towering oaks here and there, waterfalls, the noise of cascades, and some goats climbing the rocks, were the only objects which presented themselves to Celestina's view at the dawn of morning. Sinking with fatigue and pain, her feet torn by the stones, she stepped beneath a rock, through which flowed a limpid stream. The silence of this cave, the sylvan scene which surrounded her, the distant sound of torrents, the murmur of that water which fell drop by drop, into a basin hollowed by the rude hand of nature, all combined to make Celestina more acutely feel that she was alone, in the midst of a desert, abandoned by the whole universe. Reclined beside the stream, in which her tears dropped at intervals, reflecting on the misfortunes with which she was menaced, her heart filled with the image of Don Pedro, she still flattered herself that they should one day

meet. "It was not he," would she exclaim, "who fled with my diamonds. How could I mistake another for him? How is it possible that my heart did not apprise me? He, doubtless, is now seeking me; I am certain he is, he is in despair at my loss; and I shall die unknown, far from him I love."

As Celestina pronounced the last words, she heard the sound of a rustic flute, which proceeded from the foot of the cave in which she was seated. She listened, and soon a pleasing, though uncultivated voice, sang the following words to a rural air:—

"Fleet as the passing breath, is love's delight,
"As lasting as the dream of life, his sorrow!
"To-day the sun sheds beams of light,
"Where tempests rage to-morrow.

"While down the rugged rock yon stream shall flow,
"Responsive to thine heart my heart will beat."

"Why, Sylvia, soothe me with deceit,
"And bid my soul with hope to glow?

"Ah! down the rugged rock yon stream still flows,

"But soon thine arms a rival will entwine;
"Farewell! in solitude no falsehood grows,
"Be joy thy lot, whilst woe is mine.

"Fleet as the passing breath, is love's delight,
"As lasting as the dream of life, his sorrow!
"To-day the sun sheds beams of light,
"Where tempests rage to-morrow."

"Who can appreciate the truth of thy lay better than the unhappy Celestina!" exclaimed our heroine, as she arose to seek the young musician. He, whose wild notes had so afflicted her, was a goat-herd, whom she soon discovered seated at the foot of a weeping-willow; his eyes were filled with tears as he gazed on the clear stream that gently meandered over the rude pebbles: in his hand he held a flute, by his side lay a stick, and a small bundle of clothes wrapped up in a goat's skin. "Shepherd," said Celestina, "since you have been forsaken by her you loved, have pity on a stranger who has also been forsaken, and instruct me how I may find, in these mountains, an habitation where I may seek, not rest, but bread."—"Alas! Madam," answered the herdsman, "I would conduct you to the village of Gadara, situated behind these rocks; but you will not ask me to return there, where, you must know, that this day I should see her I love, the bride of my rival. I am quitting these mountains never to return; and take nothing with me but my flute, one suit of clothes, which I have in this bundle, and the remembrance of what I have lost." "These few words

gave rise to several ideas in Celestina's mind.—“My friend,” said she to the herdsman, “you have no money, and you will need some when you have quitted this country. I have a few pieces of gold, which I will share with you, if you will give me the dress you have in that bundle.” The young man readily agreed to her offer. Celestina gave him twelve ducats; and, after he had pointed out the path which led to Gadara, bade him adieu, and re-entered the cave to assume the dress of a shepherd. *

She left it clothed in a jacket of chamois skin, gandyked with sky blue, the hat was ornamented with ribbands of the same colour; and in this habit she looked more lovely than she had ever done when covered with diamonds. Celestina proceeded the way she had been directed, till she arrived at the village; and, stopping in the market-place, enquired of the peasants whether they knew any one who wanted a servant to attend a farm. She was soon surrounded with gazers; the young maidens in particular contemplated her beautiful flaxen tresses which flowed on her shoulders, her mildly brilliant eyes, her elegant shape, all combined to surprise and delight them. No one could guess from whence came so handsome a young man. One imagined her to be some great lord in disguise; another, a prince that had fallen in love with a shepherdess; and the schoolmaster, who was also the poet of the village, maintained that it was Apollo reduced a second time to lead a flock. *

Celestina, who had taken the name of Marcello, soon found a master. He was the old Alcade of the village, who was universally esteemed as the most honest man in that country. This good labourer, for Alcades are chosen from that class, soon conceived a tender friendship for our heroine. Scarcely had she watched over his flocks one month, when he gave her the employment of superintending the affairs of his house; and the pretended Marcello acquitted himself with so much mildness and fidelity, that the master and servants were equally delighted with her. At the end of six months, the Alcade, who had the weight of upwards of eighty years on his head, gave Marcello the entire management of all he possessed; he even went so far as to consult her on all the causes which came under his jurisdiction; and never had he displayed so much justice as since he had been guided by the advice of her who was the model and delight of the whole village; her mildness, grace, and wisdom, made her beloved by all.—“Look at the handsome Marcello,” said mothers to their sons, “he is always with his master, incessantly occupied in endeavouring to render his old age comfortable; and does not quit his duty, as you do, to run after shepherdesses.”

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Two years thus rolled away. Celestina, whose mind was continually filled with Don Pedro, had secretly sent a shepherd, in whom she could place confidence, to Granada, to try to get some intelligence of her lover, Don Alonso, and Henriquez. He brought her word, that her guardian was dead, and his son married, and that for two years Don Pedro had not been heard of in that part of the country. Celestina now no longer hoped to see him, and resigned herself to pass the remainder of her days in the village, in the bosom of peace and friendship, and endeavoured to accustom her heart to exist only for the latter sentiment; when her master, the old Alcade, fell dangerously ill. Marcello paid him all the attentions of the most affectionate child, and the good man treated her like a grateful parent; and died, leaving all he possessed to his faithful Marcello. This inheritance did not, however, console the successor for her loss. *

All the village wept at the death of their Alcade; after having bestowed on him funeral honours, which rather consisted in tears than pomp, they assembled to elect his successor. In Spain, some villages have the right of choosing their Alcade, that is to say, their magistrate, who judges their law-suits, takes cognizance of crimes, causes criminals to be arrested, examines them; and afterwards gives them up into the hands of superior judges, who generally confirm the sentence passed by these peasants; for good laws always agree with simplicity.

The assembled villagers unanimously elected him whom the deceased Alcade seemed to have intended for his successor. The old men, followed by the young ones, came in procession to Marcello, to bring him the mark of his office, which was a white wand. Celestina accepted it; and, affected to tears at the testimonies of friendship which she received from these good people, resolved to consecrate to their happiness, a life at first dedicated to love.

While the new Alcade is employed with the duties of his station, let us return to the unfortunate Don Pedro, whom we left galloping to Portugal, and always flying from her he wished to meet.

He arrived at Lisbon without having heard a word of Celestina, and returning on his steps, once more sought her in the places which he had already explored, and came back to Lisbon without more success. After six months spent in useless trouble, being assured that his beautiful Celestina had not again appeared at Granada, he imagined that she was, perhaps, at Seville, where he heard she had relations, and immediately set off for that place; but when he arrived there, he learned that Celestina's relations had sailed with the last fleet for Mexico. Pedro imagined

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that his mistress had accompanied them, and embarked in the only ship that remained behind. On his landing, he soon discovered the persons he had followed; but they knew nothing of Celestina. Stung with disappointment he sailed for Spain. When he arrived on the coast of Granada, a violent hurricane arose, and they were wrecked. Don Pedro, with some other passengers, swam ashore, and proceeded, amongst the mountains, to obtain relief; when chance, or love, guided him to Gadara.

Don Pedro, and his companions in misfortune, entered the first inn they met on their way. They felicitated each other on their escape; and while they were giving the relation of their sufferings, one of the passengers picked a quarrel with a sailor of the ship for a casket the latter had saved from the wreck, and which the former maintained was his property. Don Pedro, who wished to appease the disputants, proposed that the passenger should declare what were the contents of the casket, and opened it to witness the truth of the assertion. But what was his astonishment on discovering Celestina's diamonds, amongst which was the emerald he had given her! He remained transfixed to the spot with surprise; but soon examining the jewels more attentively, his doubts vanished; and, casting a furious look on the pretended owner, said to him, in a terrible voice, "Whence came these diamonds?" "What concern is that of yours?" haughtily answered the passenger; "they belong to me, and that is enough." He then attempted to snatch them from our hero; but Don Pedro, no longer able to contain himself, drew his sword and attacked him. "Traitor!" exclaimed he, "Confess your crime, or you shall instantly perish." Saying these words, he aimed at his enemy, who defended himself with valour, but was soon pierced with a mortal blow. A crowd assembled to witness this spectacle. Don Pedro was hastily surrounded, seized, and dragged into a dungeon. The landlord immediately sent his wife in search of the curate to assist the dying man, whilst he repaired to the Alcade to inform him of the affair, and deliver into his hands the valuable casket.

What a mixture of surprise, fear, and delight Celestina experienced in recognising her diamonds, and hearing the relation of the crime the prisoner had committed! She immediately determined to visit the dying man, and returned with the host. The curate had already arrived; and the man, affected by his pious exhortations, declared, in the presence of the Alcade, that two years before, as he was passing at night through a street at Granada, he saw a woman standing at a window, who, when he approached her, presented him the casket, telling him to keep it while she

descended; and confessed he had not waited for her, but, had immediately made off with the jewels; and concluded with asking pardon of God and the lady for the theft he had committed. After this relation, he almost instantly expired; and Celestina flew to the prison.

During the way her palpitating heart told her that she would soon see her dear Don Pedro; and she feared he would discover her. She flapped her hat over her eyes, wrapped herself in her mantle, and, preceded by the jailor, who held a light, descended into the dungeon.

Scarcely had she passed the threshold, when she recognised her lover. The sight, although she was prepared for it, almost deprived her of her senses. She supported herself against the wall, her head sunk on her breast, and her tears began to flow: she wiped them away, took breath, and, struggling to conceal her emotion, approached the prisoner. "Stranger," said she, disguising her voice, and stopping at intervals, "you have killed your companion!—What could have induced you to commit so criminal an act?" After having pronounced these words she could no longer support her agitated frame; and, covering her face with her hand, seated herself on a stone. "Alcade," replied Don Pedro, "I have not committed a crime, it was an act of justice; but I ask no more than death, death alone can put a period to the troubles of which the wretch I have destroyed was the first cause. Condemn me! and rid me of a life which is odious to me, since I have lost the only blessing I valued, and have no longer any hope of finding——." He did not conclude, but his lips murmured "Celestina".

Our heroine shuddered at the sound, and could no longer contain herself. She rose, and was on the point of rushing into her lover's arms; but the presence of a witness stopped her. She turned away her eyes, stifled her sobs, asked to be left alone with the prisoner, and was immediately obeyed. Then, no longer suppressing her tears, she advanced towards Don Pedro; and, looking at him, extended her hand, and said, while tears denied her utterance, "You, then, still love her who only exists for your sake?"—At these words, and the sound of that well-known voice, Pedro raised his head, but could scarcely believe himself awake. "Oh! heavens! is it you? Is it my beloved Celestina, or an angel that has assumed her form?—Ah! it is she; I no longer doubt it," cried he, pressing her to his breast, and bathing her with tears of delight. "It is my wife, my love. All my misfortunes are now at an end."

"No," replied Celestina, after a few moment's silence, "thou art guilty of murder, and I cannot break thy fetters; but, to-morrow, I will re-

veal all to the judge who presides over us. I will discover to him my birth, and relate our misfortunes; and if he should refuse to grant your freedom, I will return and end my days in prison."

Celestina immediately gave orders for Don Pedro's removal from the subterraneous dungeon to one less dreary; and, after having taken care that he should be in want of nothing, the affectionate Alcade returned home to prepare for the next day's journey. But it was decreed that a dreadful event should prevent her departure, and hasten Don Pedro's liberty.

Some galleys from Algiers, which for several days had followed Don Pedro's ship, after the storm, had arrived on the coast of Gadara. Not to lose by their voyage, they resolved to land during the night. Two renegadoes, who were acquainted with the country, took upon themselves to guide the rest to the village of Gadara; and these wretches directed them but too well. About an hour after midnight, the time when the labourer enjoys repose, after the fatigues of the day, and the assassin wakes, a cry was heard of, "To arms! to arms! the Turks have landed, and are massacring our inhabitants! and burning our houses!" These dreadful words, the darkness of the night, and the screams of the dying, filled every heart with dismay. The women, trembling, clung to their husbands; and the old men sought protection beside their youthful sons. In an instant the village appeared on fire; and then it was, by the red glare of the flames, that the terrible scymetars were seen to shine, and the white turbans of the Infidels were distinguished. These barbarous monsters, with a flambeau in one hand, and an axe in the other, broke open and set fire to houses; rushed through the blazing ruins, in search of plunder and new victims, and returned covered with blood and loaded with their booty.

Some seized the infant who slept peacefully in its cradle. The frantic mother in despair, unconscious of what she attempted, endeavoured alone to defend it; nothing terrified her. She braved, she contemned death; she supplicated, she threatened: while the tender infant, already in the grasp of those merciless tygers, bathed them with tears, extended its little arms, and, screaming, asked them not to kill its mother.

Nothing was sacred for these barbarians. They forced open the doors of the house of God, overthrew the altars, tore off the gold from precious relics, and trampled the bones of saints under their sacrilegious feet. Alas! their sacred function afforded no protection to priests, their silver hair to old men, to youth their beauty, and to children their innocence. All were stabbed or

bound in chains; and soon the village would have been nothing but a heap of stones and corpses.

At the first cries, the first acclamations, the watchful Alcade arose, ran to the prison, caused the doors to be thrown open, and apprised Don Pedro of their danger. The brave youth asked for a sword for himself, and a shield for the Alcade; took Celestina by the hand, made his way through the crowd, and arrived at the market-place. There he addressed the fugitives! "Friends!" exclaimed he, "you are Spaniards, and you fly! fly, and abandon your wives and children to the fury of infidels!" These words arrested their steps; he ranged them around him in order of battle, inspired them with his courage, and, sword in hand, rushed on a body of Turks who were advancing. These were soon put to the rout and dispersed; and shouts of victory soon rang through the air. All the inhabitants, animated by the example of their companions, instantly joined them. Pedro, without quitting Celestina, and always occupied in sheltering her with his body, attacked the barbarians, struck them with terror by his shouts, destroyed all those who resisted him, and drove the remainder out of the village; retook the spoils, freed the prisoners, and gave up the pursuit of the vanquished to return and assist in extinguishing the flames.

The day began to dawn, when a company of soldiers, who had been too late apprised of the descent of the Infidels, arrived from a neighbouring town. The Governor, who conducted them, found Don Pedro surrounded by women, children, and aged men, who, weeping, kissed his hands, thanking him for having restored to them their husbands, fathers, and sons. The Alcade, standing beside him, enjoyed the dear delight of witnessing him she loved an object of universal admiration. The Governor, being informed of Don Pedro's exploits, overwhelmed him with praise. But Celestina now entreated to be heard; and declared, before the Governor and the whole village, who were assembled, her sex and her adventures, the murder Don Pedro had committed, and the motives that rendered it excusable. All the inhabitants fell at the Governor's feet to entreat pardon for their deliverer. Their request was granted; and the happy Pedro was embracing Celestina, the Governor, and the principal inhabitants, when an old villager advanced towards him:—"Brave stranger," said he, "you are our liberator; but you take our Alcade from us, and this loss will, perhaps, be greater than the good you have bestowed on us. Increase our happiness; remain in this village, and deign to become our Alcade, our master, our friend; and honour us by giving us an opportu-

nity of showing our gratitude. In a large city, the cowardly and the wicked, who enjoy the same rank, will think themselves your equals; but here, each virtuous inhabitant will love you as a father. After God, it is you we shall most honour; and every year, on this day, each father shall come and present to you his children, saying, this is he who saved your mothers."

Don Pedro embraced the old man who had thus spoken. "Yes, my children," he replied; "yes, my brothers, I will remain here. I will devote my life to Celestina and you. My wife has considerable estates at Granada, our worthy Governor will cause them to be restored to her; and the produce shall be employed in rebuilding

your houses that have been burned by the Infidels. On this condition only will I accept the situation of Alcade; and when I have consecrated to your use my fortune and my life, I shall not have sufficiently recompensed you for having restored me my long lost Celestina."

All the spectators pressed around Don Pedro to embrace his knees. The Governor promised to arrange every thing according to his wishes; and two days after this Celestina was united to her lover. Notwithstanding the recent calamity, the villagers found means to prepare a feast in honour of their nuptials; and the two lovers lived to an advanced age, happy in themselves, and shedding bliss on all who surrounded them. E.R.

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

[Continued from Page 244.]

"SCARCELY knowing whether I ought to receive him as a friend or an enemy, for it had many times occurred to me that he had betrayed to the Prince the important secret of my appointment with the fair Zoe, I remained motionless and speechless. He advanced with open arms, and by his words and manner, soon convinced me I had injured by suspecting him. He left me not long in suspense as to the object of this visit: he ordered me to follow him, in terms very laconic indeed, and with the air of a man who has not an instant to waste, but in a way which impressed on my mind the transporting conviction that I should soon be at liberty. The mephitic air of my dwelling seemed to be nought at all to his taste, and with rapid steps he ascended the steps that led from my dungeon.

"Under the guidance of this my tutelary angel, I reached a low arched door-way, which opened on an opposite part of the rock to that by which I had been dragged into my prison, and led to an ill cut flight of steps, at the bottom of which was a boat. My deliverer made me a sign to be silent, and seizing the oars, he rowed me safely to a small creek, where we landed. He hurried along, and I followed without daring to utter a word. In about an hour we reached a solitary house, which we entered by a back door, of which my conductor had the key. We groped our way through several dark passages, till we reached a room where was a single light burning on a table. Having gently closed the door of the apartment, Theophrastus embraced and bade me

welcome to a place of safety. He then unfolded the secret of my extraordinary deliverance.

"Thank your stars," he exclaimed, "and the power of love, for having escaped the horrible death designed you; and prove that you are not deficient in gratitude, by hastening from the neighbourhood of a place which has cost you so much suffering. A jealous Prince is more to be dreaded than Argus or Briau: he has a thousand eyes to observe what is passing, and a thousand arms to avenge it. Zeus is the husband the most amorous, and the enemy the most vindictive, that exists in the world. The blood of a tyger circulates in his veins; love alone can restrain his fury. But even to this he refused your pardon. Zoe protested your innocence in vain; he swore your life should be the forfeit of your presumption, and your fate had been the same as that of numbers who have perished in the tower, if the Princess had not hazarded every thing for your sake. Her ferocious husband having set out for the chase, she profited by his absence in bribing the guard of the tower to convey to you the means of support. Her anxiety to do more for you, and the little prospect there appeared of procuring your liberty, brought on a severe illness. Consumed with fever, she approached rapidly the end of her days: a mortal paleness had succeeded the hectic flush of her cheek, and the flame of life seemed just extinct. She beckoned me to her bed-side, where, in a voice scarcely audible, she besought me to attempt something in your favour. Touched, penetrated to the soul, I swore to effect

your deliverance or perish in the attempt. One of your guards had received from me some important services, which he gratefully remembered; I sounded him, and found he was willing to risk much to oblige me. To be brief: I gained admittance into your prison, and it now rests with you to preserve at once my secret and yourself. A vessel is ready to sail for the Hellespont, prepare yourself then, I conjure you to depart in it.

"Is she then dead?" I exclaimed in a transport of grief. "Zoe, the enchanting, tender Zoe, lives she no longer, and shall I survive her? No, I swear, solemnly swear—"

"Ma man!" cried Theophrastus, seizing me by the arm, 'the Princess lives, and may recover; but for her peace, you must quit this place to return to it no more."

"How! quit Naxos without seeing her? I cannot, will not do it. The charms of Zoe, ever present to my thoughts, had made such an indelible impression on my heart, that it appeared to me far less terrible to part with life than to tear myself from this object of my adoration.—My friend, I added, your last words are to me the words of death. If you had let me remain in the tower, I should speedily have been freed from a life, which can be to me nothing but a life of misery if I am to be separated from Zoe. You have done nothing for me if you do not do more; contrive, therefore, that I may see the Princess, or leave me to perish by my own hands."

"The good Theophrastus regarded me with the air of a physician, who discovers the violence of his patient's malady in his ravings. 'Your project,' cried he, 'is that of a maniac: you have escaped death by a miracle; talk not of giving him a willing victim. But since I see that your passion triumphs over every consideration that it ought to yield to, I must secure your safety, my own, and that of the beautiful Zoe herself, by imparting a secret, by which you may both one day benefit. Learn, then, what is known but to a few; and what neither threats, nor promises, nor any thing short of the most lively friendship, could extort from me. This beauty whom you adore, this enchanting Zoe, is descended, as are many other beauties of Greece, from the race of the fairies. The ancient traditions of the divinities who formerly inhabited Greece, are not, as many pretend, mere chimeras. The poets, it is true, have mingled with them so many fables, that it has become as difficult to separate the false from the true, as to separate silver from mercury. It is nevertheless certain, that the gods of the ancient world are a set of aerial beings who inhabit the superior regions of the atmosphere, that is to say, who dwell on the summit of Mount Olympus. They lived formerly

in habits of familiarity with the human race, they intermarried with the children of Adam, and the posterity resulting from these unions is perpetuated in these our days. The swan who surprised in her bed the beautiful Leda, and whom the poets have termed the god of thunder, was nothing more than one of those beings, and the females who sprung from this connection have possessed from generation to generation, the power of assuming, under certain circumstances, and with certain views, the form of a swan.

"There exist, in some particular parts of the world, three springs, which belong to the aerial beings of whom I have been speaking. Their waters have the property of preserving in eternal youth and beauty those immortal proprietors, and all who are descended from them, provided they bathe in the springs at a certain part of the year; but as those sources are very remote, and the descendants of Leda alone have the power of using wings, many of the progeny of the fairies cannot avail themselves of the prerogatives of their birth; though descended from the immortals, they undergo the fate of the children of Adam, and fade and die like the flowers of the field.

"How strange soever the assertion may appear to you, noble cavalier, it is nevertheless most true, that the fair Zoe, the lovely object of your wishes, can trace her ancestors up to Leda. The strongest proof I am able to give you of it is, that every year she assumes the figure of a swan, and pays a visit to the baths of beauty. This annual journey lasts nine days; and not a female who has the power to make it, ever neglects to gratify her vanity by an immersion productive of such extraordinary effects as a renewal of youth and beauty. If then, you are willing to encounter the fatigue of repairing to one of those marvellous fountains, you will have the happiness of again beholding the object of your affections. The first of them is situate in the kingdom of Abyssinia, and is the source of the celebrated Nile. The second is a lake without bottom, at the foot of Mount Ararat; and is the same that swallowed up the waters of the deluge. The third is placed in Germany; it is called the Lake of the Swans, and occupies the middle of an extensive and romantic valley. This last being nearest Naxos, is the one which Zoe commonly visits. You will readily distinguish the fairy swans from the others, by a crown of plumes which ornaments the heads of the former; and as they resume their natural form the instant they plunge into the water, you will be at no loss to perceive if the beautiful Zoe be among them. If you have the happiness to see her, lose not an instant in admiring her matchless form, but fly to snatch up the plumage she has discarded, which

you will find on the banks of the lake. The Princess will then be completely in your power, having no longer the power to resume her flight. Love will teach you how to profit by the advantage.

"Theophrastus ceased to speak, and I remained silent, ignorant whether I ought to consider what I had heard as no more than a fiction, invented solely to delude me. He swore to me, however, in the most solemn manner, that he had asserted nothing but what was true, and with a tone of sincerity that left me without the power of distrusting him any longer. Embracing him, therefore, with transport, I submitted myself to his guidance, and was conducted on board the vessel of which he had spoke to me.

"I crossed the Hellespont, and arrived at Constantinople, where I purchased the habit of a pilgrim. I then set out for Germany, in which country I wandered a considerable time before I discovered the object of my search, the tranquil Lake of the Swans. At last I found it, and here I formed this hermitage, concealing my real views under the hypocritical mask of devotion. I was presently visited by several pious men, who believed me to be a saint, and came to be enlightened by my experience. Little did they suspect that my desires were all terrestrial, that I nourished in my heart an ardent passion for a bewitching mortal, and that nothing occupied me less than cares and preparations for that state towards which they believed all my views directed. My eyes, it is true, are continually elevated towards heaven, but it was to feast them with the sight of tracks which I trusted would soon be pursued by the lovely descendants of the race of the immortals.

"One of my first cares was to construct, on the brink of the lake, a cabin of rushes, to serve me as a place of observation, when the time arrived for the beautiful bathers to make their appearance. There I passed the greatest part of every day, and I soon found that Theophrastus had not imposed upon me.

"Just before the summer solstice, I beheld with transport several groupes of swans arrive at the lake. They plunged into its undulating waters, and instantly losing the form of birds, appeared as so many divinities. But she for whom I anxiously looked, arrived not. I saw not Zoe, and no other beauty could fix my eyes for a single instant. For three successive summers my hopes were disappointed in like manner; yet I remained constantly at my post; despair did not yet assail me.

"Towards the solstice of the fourth summer, I heard one night the sound of the flapping of wings, and presently after I perceived several nymphs bathing in the lake, and who, not sup-

posing themselves seen, positively floated on the surface. As soon as it was sufficiently light to allow me to discover their features, I beheld,—O, transport indescribable! beautiful Zoe herself. My heart beat with tumultuous delight, and such was the agitation of my soul, that I entirely forgot the important instruction I had received from my friend Theophrastus. Instead of securing the possession of my angel, by seizing the plumage which had floated to the brink, in the excess of my joy I darted from my concealment, and extending my arms, exclaimed,—“Enchanting Princess of Naxos! soul of my existence! thou whom I have never ceased to adore! recognize your faithful lover, who for four years has attended at the fountain of beauty, with all the ardour and impatience the most impassioned tenderness can inspire.”

"The nymphs, astonished and terrified, uttered a general shriek, and collecting water in the palms of their hands, threw it in my face to prevent me from seeing them. This brought to my recollection the fate of Acteon, and instantly retreating, they slid among some rushes, and remained there concealed. But presently seven swans rose from the lake, and flapping the air with their wings, elevated themselves in the horizon and presently disappeared. It was then, and then only, I remembered my fatal omission. I tore the clothes from my back, the hair from my head, and committed a thousand acts of frenzy. A sort of stupor succeeded this despair, and I began to retrace, almost unconsciously, the path to this my hermitage. In passing the spot where the cygnets had commenced their flight, I saw on the sand the impression of a delicate foot, which I knew to be that of Zoe, and near it a small packet, which I eagerly seized. On opening it, I found a white silk glove, which could have been formed for no hand but hers, and a ring in the centre of which was a ruby of exquisite beauty, in the form of a heart. Imagining these objects were left by design, I pressed them to my lips as a happy omen of my future success. "Without doubt," I exclaimed, "Zoe is willing I should understand that she leaves her heart behind her; and that though the laws of decency would not permit her to quit her companions to remain with me, I may expect she will return alone as soon as she finds it possible."

"This sweet hope served even for years to console me, and sustain my patience, under repeated disappointments. Each year flights of swans appeared at the usual time, and I cautiously carried on my observations, which discovered to me forms celestial, but not that which alone was capable of moving my heart or gratifying my senses. My eyes sought Zoe only; alas! she returned no more. I preserved her ring and her

glove in a casket, her image was impressed on my heart.

"Around the place where I found my treasures, I planted odoriferous shrubs and flowers, and thus arose my little garden. Year after year flew away in the hope, always disappointed, of seeing the beloved of my soul return. My limbs are now tremulous with age, which has also furrowed my cheeks, and bleached my hair: nevertheless, the arrival of the swans never fails to agitate me with pleasure, to recall the memory of the pleasures and hopes of my youth, and the dreams of felicity which then gave the highest zest to every enjoyment which I found in the society of Zoe. It is true, that when I reflect on the occupations of my early life, and the frustration of some of my fondest hopes, I cannot but regard myself as an inconsiderate prodigal, who squanders his wealth without enjoying it. My days have vanished like a vision of night, and the close of life ap-

proaches without finding me in possession of one consolation, but what arises from the conviction that my fate has been that of millions of others. The life of man is a dream; he is continually occupied in the pursuit of pleasure, flying after that which he is not destined to seize, and spending his strength in vain efforts to accomplish what mocks his exertion. To marry, and devote his days to promoting the happiness of his wife, and the interests of his rising family, is what man was designed for. Fulfil then, my son, this destiny; when my eyes are closed, watch at the stake, and if fortune favours thee, thou mayest procure an amiable wife of the race of Sires. Thou knowest how to secure her; if she is willing to live with thee, try to indemnify her by love, for what she renounces; if her heart be already given, and she cannot recall it, set her free: thou hast no right to constrain her."

[to be continued.]

DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

BETWEEN A FAKIR AND A VESTAL.

Fakir. WHAT benefit have I received for having for forty years sat upon nails, slept standing, suspended myself by a rope, and hung over flames until my nose began to take fire? I thought I should have ascended in a direct line to the paradise of the Holy Prophet, and there inclose in my arms the lovely forms of the blue-eyed Houris. But how sadly I have been deceived! I have neither wife nor body; I am only a poor wandering shade, that a blast of wind beats to and fro; I have no longer the same desires, which I heretofore curbed that I might be better enabled to enjoy celestial happiness.

Vestal. It well becomes you to complain!—You were not buried alive. I suppose they did not confine you in the sepulchre before you had ceased to breathe.

Fakir. You must then have fallen into a terrible swoon.

Vestal. No; a senate who called themselves the legislators of the whole world, and a people celebrated for their conquest, condemned me to this dreadful punishment.

Fakir. You had then betrayed the state?

Vestal. No.

Fakir. What then was your crime?

Vestal. Ah! my crime!

Fakir. You hesitate.

Vestal. There are some things which are painful to relate.

Fakir. Why? The deeds we have committed in the terrestrial world with our bodies, no longer concern us; it is a sort of covering which we have thrown off, and which now does not belong to us. Let us candidly confess our past follies. I have been a fool all my life—starving, lashing, and lacerating my poor body, that was ready to sink under the torments I inflicted upon it. But you do not appear to have done the same.—Come, come, do not blush; tell me all; what signifies the stains of a garment which is no longer our property?

Vestal (sighing.) Have you heard of Rome?

Fakir. Never.

Vestal. How! It has conquered the whole world.

Fakir. The whole world! Not quite; for I profess I never heard this Rome mentioned. But what concern is there between this city and your extraordinary burial.

Vestal. This city, which swayed the universe, saw me born. The inhabitants thought their preservation depended upon twelve shields, which were said to have fallen from heaven, and the existence of a fire said to have descended from the same channel.

Fakir. A singular superstition truly, to be credited by a people, whom you represent as having swayed the earth by their laws and force of arms.

Vestal. The care of this sacred fire, which burned in a temple, was confided to the care of young maidens. I was chosen to watch beside this celestial flame; and as the empire would be considered in danger if it were extinguished, our negligence was punished with death. We were also ordered to remain virgins, under the threat of being buried alive.

Fakir. Ah, madam! I now plainly guess, why you have descended into the tomb before your death. But I cannot help admiring this mighty and powerful nation who entrust their future grandeur to the frail seal of virginity.

Vestal. They did every thing to make us forget our sacrifice. Rank, dignities, honours, riches, all was bestowed on us. The best seats at the theatre were consecrated to our use. The axe and the fasces preceded us, and those of the consuls were lowered in our presence. If a criminal crossed our path, this meeting determined his pardon, and saved him from death.

Fakir. These are fine privileges; but surrounded by all these honours, still you did not think yourselves sufficiently repaid.

Vestal. Notwithstanding the dreadful law, the disgrace, the cruel death with which I was menaced, I became—sacrilegious.

Fakir. Your temptations must have been very great to make you brave so awful a punishment.

Vestal. The satallites, the executioners, the desolation of Rome, of my family, of the pontiffs, the threats of heaven and earth—all disappeared at the sight of my lover's tears.—He had as much to fear as myself.

Fakir. I can say no more.

Vestal. When I took the vow, an universal calmness filled my soul, and the innocence in which I lived could not teach me the extent of my sacrifice. Soon, in solitude, the veil of infancy was torn asunder—I felt an insupportable void; my imagination pierced the temple's walls, and from its gloomy vaults wandered in search of the being whom I fondly believed was possessed of every earthly perfection. The duties of my office became tiresome and appeared too severe; overwhelmed with honours, I longed to enjoy the small portion of liberty granted the wife of the most obscure citizen, and, in that sacred fire lighted on Vesta's altar, I beheld a faint image of the flame which devoured my heart.

Fakir. Your blindness at least was not equal to mine; I was really the dupe of all my extravagancies before I proved their victim. In the simplicity of my heart I became a martyr, and that is more than many others have done. But let me hear more of your lover.—Tell me his name; for I am interested in your destiny.

Vestal. His name was Valerius; the first

time I saw him in the temple, he was attentively observing me; and I felt as though a burning arrow had stung my heart; I met one of his glances, and it seemed as though a new day shone around me, and a new existence thrilled through my veins. Nature smiled more lovely, and for the first time I enjoyed a foretaste of happiness. Whenever I fancied my lover had entered the temple, my walk became more graceful and dignified: concealed in the midst of the crowd, I thought he contemplated me, and often while acclamations of praise rose around me during our festivals, those who attended there were ignorant of the cause which induced me to display the elegance of my shape, and increase the solemnity of the sacrifice. But when the crowd departed, the temple gates were closed—all around me seemed desolate; and my soul felt no other sensations than those of melancholy and despair. With stifled sighs I hailed the awful solitude of the edifice—"I love," said I, "and far from me, surrounded by numerous fascinating females, Valerius will disdain a triumph that will cost him so much; for he will not have the courage to brave death; he will only have to choose among the Roman ladies, who are all endeavouring to ensnare him. Shall I then never know whether he loves me, and am I condemned to remain in this cruel subpence?"

Fakir. Your lover, perhaps, on his side, was making similar reflections.

Vestal. He had read my thoughts, and from that moment he became worthy of me. The next festival he repaired to the temple; my companions and myself, ranged in order for a procession, and bearing in our hands the sacred vases, with slow steps traversed the interior of the sanctuary; a thin veil permitted us to see around us, though it partially concealed us from the gaze of others. Valerius had placed himself among the first row of spectators; when I arrived near him, I cast a look at him which was half extinguished by my veil; for answer, he laid his hand upon his heart, and instantly, I perceived his eyes illumined, and then filled with tears, while mine were nearly deprived of the faculty of seeing. Almost fainting, I endeavoured to grasp the vase, which nearly fell from my trembling hand; but joy and hope filled my heart: proud and satisfied, I advanced with a more steady step towards the altar, not doubting but my lover would undertake and overcome every difficulty.

Fakir. You interest me, Priestess; I, who never would speak of love during my life, you make me listen to its picture after my death. I still feel it is something: come, go on, and let me know the end of your adventures.

Vestal. The following night I was watching in the temple; we alternately passed the whole night beside the sacred fire to supply it with fuel. This trembling flame alone served to light the majestic enclosure; when it became pale, the distant vaults inspired me with religious dread; but in this imposing solitude, I seemed to see the image of my lover floating around me: I stretched my arms towards heaven, uttering inarticulate moans, not daring to offer up my guilty vows; and embracing the statue of Vesta from a contrary sentiment, I exclaimed, "Oh, goddess! if I offend thee, make the coldness of this marble enter my heart! I burn, and I belong to another god! Of what importance is it to thee, that the sacred fire be constantly replenished by the hand of a virgin? Why should my homage be less pure, if my heart were divided between religion and love?" In pronouncing these words, I heard a noise in the vaults of the temple; I turned my head, and at one of the open windows beheld a man in the act of leaping from the height which separated us. I would have screamed, but my voice died away. With the help of a cord he slid, and fell with all the weight of his body upon his knees. I shuddered, and thought he must have covered the pavement with his blood. I ran towards him, and raised him, but he could not speak. For some time he leaned his head and hands against one of the pillars: my heart was torn with fear; but he soon recovered, and we wandered through the deep and solitary recesses of the temple; our hands were joined together, and our souls melted with love, whose inebriating delirium snatched away every idea of my situation and the fire entrusted to my care. Overwhelmed with transports of joy I had never felt before, the rapid hours winged their flight; but the past and the present were equally indifferent to me; I existed for Valerius alone—he was the god of the temple; and, entirely occupied in listening to him, I did not heed that darkness which began to envelope us on all sides; it increased, and soon would have reached the sacred spot. The fire still threw a wavering flame, but perhaps it might be the last; I perceived the danger, and tearing myself from my lover, ran towards it—the flame became paler, trembled; seemed to spring up again for an instant, but its last spark expired as I arrived at the altar. A light smoke seemed to pronounce my dreadful sentence. Valerius followed my steps, took my cold hand, and supported my almost dying frame. I implored Vesta, I implored love.—Valerius blew the sparkless embers; ye gods! he was not then guilty, for on a sudden I saw the sacred fire light up, sparkle, and spring up from its ashes.

No. XVIII. Vol. II.

Fakir. How fervently you must have thanked Vesta!

Vestal. How fervently I thanked love!—Valerius appeared to me a thousand times more amiable; the danger I had run endeared him still more to my heart, and the tears of gratitude for once, equalled those of love.

Fakir. It appears you were not ungrateful?

Vestal. Alas! in the midst of his vows of eternal love, I did not feel happy; I already experienced the horrors of separation.—The day began to dawn, and I was obliged to exert more than mortal courage to drive him from the temple. The seventh day again brought my office of priestess.

Fakir. How much you must have been attached to each other?

Vestal. I directed him to come to the same spot at the same hour; he was very certain of my love, for I could have wished to bury in oblivion the six tedious days which would separate us!

Fakir. You made me shudder at your danger, at the moment when I thought the flame had expired; and how came you to dare again the same peril?

Vestal. Ah, Fakir! you have never loved! I see it plainly; you have only viewed hours in imagination.—Learn then what you have never before conceived—learn that youth and inexperience might have induced me to take the first step; but love compelled me to the second. I was proud of my passion; so new a sentiment gave every object that accelerated my happiness the same warmth with which I was penetrated. I called upon the seventh day; I gazed on the sun, and accused its tardiness: I always longed for its going down, and could have wished to make it accomplish in one day, its course of seven. Ah, Fakir! I may be allowed now to expose in all its extent, a weakness which I have so cruelly expiated.

Fakir. I cannot help admiring, madam, how much you were an anti-vestal.

Vestal. Placed far from this horrid temple, I should have been a wife, and a mother.

Fakir. That is well said. And I, who have flagellated myself for forty-five years, what benefit has it produced to the world? I piously thought this was a virtuous act. The people of Rome, then, were as mad as those of my country; this at least is consoling, and I imagine that this epidemical distemper is universal.—Well, did Valerius return on the seventh day?

Vestal. Alas! he did, for our mutual misfortune.

Fakir. How?

R r

Vestal. We were suspected — his footsteps had been discovered.

Fakir. Ah! I tremble for him; this was much worse than the extinguished fire.

Vestal. Vesta was avenged, Fakir.

Fakir. Here is a cruel goddess—but why innocent such?

Vestal. She reigned before me, and in coming into the world I was subjected to her laws.—Ah, Fakir, pity me! I abandoned myself wholly to the delight of again seeing my lover. Fear was entirely banished from my mind; but how shall I pourtray the horrors which disturbed our happiness, when loud and repeated shouts resounded through the depths of the temple, and when armed satellites, carrying flaming torches, dispelled the obscurity of the place, and angry priests—

Fakir. Priests! did you say!—Ah, then all is over! I already see you in the fatal tomb.

Vestal. The affliction of my sister vestals, the reproche I saw written in every face, the indignation I read in every look, and more than all, the sight of my lover chained, vainly struggling, and casting a last look at me; consider these objects, they all attacked at the same instant my eyes, my heart, and my ears; I saw the constitution, which from the narrow limits of the temple, would soon extend throughout Rome and its empire; and one would have thought it verged upon its ruin. The ornaments that I wore as a priestess, were torn from me and only touched with fearful hands; the state expected nothing but the most dreadful disasters; all affairs, as well public as private, were suspended; and one would have said that Valerius had broken the talisman that supported the empire.

Fakir. It is very singular that so austere a people should have chosen such a talisman.

Vestal. Soon a sentence was pronounced by all the Pontiffs, which condemned me to descend, living, into a species of vault, where, thro' an insulting pity, would be deposited some bread, some milk and water, and a gloomy lamp, as though to make the victim taste the preparations of her death, and the prolongation of her punishment. Conducted to the place of my sepulchre, the crowd dared not cross my path; friends, parents, all abandoned me: I found myself only surrounded by priests, judges, and executioners, who, with

their eyes fixed on the earth, kept a dismal silence. The grand Pontiff, on the point of making me descend the fatal ladder which was to separate me from the living, wished to exhort me, and spoke to me of his gods; but I silenced him.—“Stop, barbarian,” said I, “Such me not, I will descend into the bowels of the earth without thy assistance; there I shall no longer hear thy bloody rites mentioned. Does it belong to thee to dare to judge of love? If Valerius be not condemned, I die content. I have transgressed against the laws of Vesta, but those of nature are more ancient and more sacred. If at an unexperienced age I blindly bore the chains of superstition, I had a right to burst from my bondage at that of reason and sentiment. The fire which you feed on Vesta's altar will die away, but love will never be extinguished, because it is lighted by the mighty hand of Nature. This is the fire which I have cherished, which I have preserved with care, and which I never will abandon but in death, or rather which will survive my mortal frame.”

Fakir. Did not this speech affect the priest?

Vestal. No; I descended into the tomb which awaited me, and was enclosed in it. Judge of my feelings when I saw the earth fall around me, and bury me in a narrow grave, beside a lamp which would be extinguished with my life. What remains for me to tell cannot be expressed. Suffering a thousand deaths, passing from despair to annihilation, and from annihilation to despair; what anguish I endured for the crime of having loved! But amidst all my pangs of misery I never once reproached love; it was still in my heart, and seemed to calm my torments. I pronounced the name of Valerius, and my most acute pain was the reflection of having caused his misfortune; I forgot my own, and only ceased to think of my lover when I had ceased to exist.

Fakir. We must forget the past, as it is now nearly the same, whether we have lived happy or miserable. Life is for us but a confused dream, and let no unpleasant remembrance trouble the peace we enjoy. Leave that miserable Rome and its priests. Do you believe that they still have vestals?

Vestal. Do you think that fakirs still exist?

Fakir. Yes, Adieu, priestess.

E. R.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF MOZART.

[Concluded from Page 261.]

MOZART dedicated a set of *quartetti* to him. The Dedication is a monument of his modesty and of his respect for this great man.—“I owe him,” says he, “that homage; for it is from Haydn that I have learned to compose *quartetti*.”

• Another composer of Vienna, able and learned enough, but without genius, and who only since the death of Mozart has been in some repute, delighted in nibbling and carping at Haydn's glory; he often importuned Mozart, by bringing him symphonies and *quartetti* of that composer, which he had taken the pains to write in partition, in order to scan them, pointing out all the slight negligences which might have escaped that great master. Mozart always interrupted and cut short the conversation; but one day he lost his patience, and said to him, with vivacity,—“Know, Sir, that if we two were cast in one, we should not equal Haydn.”

His disinterestedness was extreme. He has even furnished malignity with puerile anecdotes, little pertaining to the superiority of his genius; but more just appreciators have gathered traits, which to genius add the charm of nobleness and of goodness. Mozart frequently composed sonatas and other pieces for his friends, which he gave them without retaining a copy; the music-merchants, who were always on the catch, collected those pieces, and published them for their own account. When he was told this:—“They are shabby fellows,” said he, “what would you have me do?” He once composed an opera gratuitously, to retrieve the affairs of a country manager, upon the sole condition that no copy should be taken of it, that if it succeeded he might dispose of it to others, and reap its emoluments: the opera did succeed, and shortly appeared in several theatres without Mozart's permission:—“They are shabby fellows,” was again all his vengeance, and he thought no more of the matter.

Whilst he was at Leipzig several *motets*, or pieces for eight voices, were performed in his honour in St. Thomas's college. He was charmed with the precision of the execution, and acknowledged that neither Prague nor Vienna possessed such a perfect choir. Among the forty singers who formed it, he was particularly pleased with a counter-tenor. He afterwards entered into conversation with him, and took an opportunity of privately slipping a considerable present into his hand.

An old harpsichord tuner came to put some

strings on his travelling forte-piano. Mozart asked him what he charged, saying he was going away. This poor man, who looked on him almost as a god, answered quite disconcerted, humbled, and stammering:—“Imperial Majesty! lord and master of the chapel of his Imperial Majesty! I cannot.—It is true, I have attended several times.—Well, you shall give me half a crown.” “Half a crown?” cries Mozart, “for shame, such a clever man as you are should not undervalue his talents;” and he gave him a few ducats. The old man retired with numberless bows, and continually repeating,—“Ah! Imperial Majesty!”

It must be here observed, that for tuning a harpsicord or piano, in Germany, sixpence, or at most a shilling is charged; but the most remarkable part of this anecdote is not the generosity of Mozart, but the motive for the respectful stupefaction of the old tuner in his presence. It was not his fame, his genius, or his skill, which had this effect, the poor man knew nothing of those matters; but Mozart was the Emperor's Master of the Chapel; this title was to him as something magical and sacred, which surrounded Mozart like a glory; and he, prostrating himself, stammered,—“Imperial Majesty.”

The French translator of the foregoing anecdotes from the German of C. F. Cramer, here mentions again the *Enchanted Flute*, one of Mozart's masterpieces, and that those who translated it into French, and who have taken various parts of it to form the grand opera of the *Mysteries of Isis*, were severely censured for having done so. He takes their part on several points, and particularly justifies them for having introduced pieces of Mozart into that opera, saying that there is little more unity in the original work, of which the grossest defects were left out in the French translation. He adds, that the greatest masters in Italy and in Germany, sometimes insert in one opera pieces which they made for another; that Mozart frequently took that liberty; and, lastly, that Gluck himself, that greatest of dramatic musicians, never scrupled to do the same.

He quotes first the grand air in *Iphigenie en Tauride*, “O malheureuse Iphigenie!” which is not for note the air in *Ezio*, formerly composed at Naples, “Se mai sentai spirarti nel volto.” We might ask what relation can there be between the sentiment of *Ezio* and that of *Iphigenia*? between the words of Metastasio, “If

thou ever feeblest respiring on thy face a light breath which slowly environs it," and these verses of Guillard, "O unhappy Iphigenia, thy family is annihilated."

Secondly, in that same Iphigenia, the chorus, "Let us contemplate the sad preparations," which is usually omitted on the stage, and which is only the chorus of *Iphigenie en Aulide*, "What attractions! what majesty!" transposed into another key.

Might we not here again ask whether there is much relation between the preparations for the sacrifice of *Oreste* and the attractions of *Iphigenia* entering the camp of the Greeks in triumph?

After having cited two or three more examples from the same master, he adds: "I say more; Gluck has sometimes permitted himself to borrow certain sublime chords of his tragic lyre, from other composers; he has taken the subject of one of the most energetic airs of his *Iphigenie en Tauride*, "I implore thee, and I tremble," from a work where one would least think to find it, from an old jig, by the father of German Fugues, Sebastian Bach, whose profound works although not much known, will always form an abundant source and inexhaustible treasure of grand and learned harmony. In proof of this assertion, the German author has given an engraving of the entire jig, wherein may be seen, but conducted and handled with all the science and mastery of that great harmonist, the bass-motive, of which the return produces such a remarkable effect in the air of the above-mentioned opera."

To return to Mozart. Towards the end of his life, already weakened by illness, especially by the irritation of his nervous system, and being naturally timid, he was continually disturbed with doleful ideas of destruction and death. He then set himself to work with such activity, that it appeared as if he wished to escape from the sensible world, and take refuge among the creations of his own genius. He carried this proceeding to such a pitch, that he not only forgot every thing which surrounded him, but sometimes almost annihilated himself, and sunk senseless in his armed-chair, from whence he was carried to bed. Every body perceived that such fatigue would quite exhaust him. The exhortations of his wife and his friends, with the efforts which were made to divert him, were not of the least use. Sometimes he was persuaded to take an airing in a carriage; but he paid no attention to any thing, but remained absorbed in his imaginations, which brought on involuntary shiverings. His wife invited some of his friends to visit him; he was pleased to see them, but continued his work. He did not listen to their conversation, and when they spoke to him, he was not angry,

but answered in monosyllables, and went on writing.

In this state of mind he wrote his *Enchanted Flute*, and his *Clemency of Titus*. In composing the first of those two operas, he abandoned himself to his genius, and knew neither day nor night; he frequently during this labour fell into the most absolute exhaustion, and into swoons, which lasted many minutes. This opera was represented at Vienna a prodigious number of times, but the languor of Mozart increased so much, that he was unable to direct the orchestra above ten nights. When he could no longer attend the theatre, he fretted, and placing his watch before him, fancied he heard his music, and observing the hours, said,—"Ah! the first act is now finished; now they are playing such an air," &c. All at once the idea that every thing would soon finish for him, made him shudder, and sink into profound melancholy.

He was sitting one day immersed in gloomy thoughts, when a carriage stopt at his door, a stranger was announced, and entered his apartment. He was an elderly gentleman, whom neither Mozart nor his wife had ever seen. He required Mozart to compose a *requiem*, to celebrate the anniversary of the death of a person of distinction, whom he declined naming. This proposal, and its mysterious air, greatly affected Mozart. He consented to the request. The unknown person left a hundred ducats on the table and disappeared. Mozart, buried in his afflictive ideas, heard not his wife's observations on this incident; after a quarter of an hour's silence, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, and went to work. His interest appeared to increase in every bar; he toiled day and night. He could not long undergo such fatigue, and fainted several times; he was with difficulty prevailed on to go out for a few minutes in a carriage; he remained mute, and lost in thought. He had persuaded himself he was composing the hymn for his own funeral; this idea never left him, and he continued his work, like Raphael, who absorbed in the sentiment of his approaching death, still laboured at his picture of the Transfiguration.

The journey he made to Prague, where he composed the *Clemency of Titus*, for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, averted his gloomy thoughts for a while; but as soon as he got back to Vienna he returned with renewed energy to finish his *requiem*.

The stranger called on him again; Mozart excused himself for not being ready with the music, but promised it should be finished in a month. The stranger was satisfied, and left him another hundred ducats, always declining to make himself known. A servant was ordered to follow him, but soon returned, saying, he was unable to keep

up with the carriage.* Mozart took it into his head that this man came from the other world, and was the angel of his death. This idea exalted him still more with the hope of erecting an immortal monument to his memory. During this intense labour he became gradually more feeble, and more subject to fainting fits, notwithstanding which he persevered with the same obstinacy and ardour. At the expiration of the

month he had terminated the work; a few days after the stranger returned,—but Mozart was in the grave.

In 1782, a theatre was opened in Paris, consecrated almost exclusively for the performance of the original masterpieces of Mozart, hitherto disfigured by translations and inaccurate performance.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM ROBERT BURNS.

BEING THE FOUNDATION OF ONE OF HIS MOST EXCELLENT POEMS.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Me!*
A better never lifted leg.
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire:
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round with prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and howlets nightly cry.—

In a collection of miscellaneous papers of the antiquary Grose, which I purchased a few years since, I found the following letter written to him by Burns, when the former was collecting the Antiquities of Scotland; when I premise it was on the second tradition that he afterwards formed the inimitable tale of “*Tam O'Shanter*,” I cannot doubt of its being read with great interest. It were “burning day light” to point out to a reader (and who is not a reader of Burns?), the thoughts he afterwards transplanted into the rhythmical narrative. . . . O. G.

LETTER OF ROBERT BURNS TO FRANCIS GROSE,
F. A. S. CONCERNING WITCH-STORIES.

Among the many witch stories I have heard relating to Alloway Kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

Upon a stormy night, amid whirling squalls of wind and bitter blasts of hail, in short, on such a night as the devil would chuse to take the air in, a farmer, or farmer's servant, was plodding and plushing homeward with his plough-irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the Kirk of Alloway, and being rather on the anxious look-out in approaching a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrors of the

storm and stormy night, a light, which on his nearer approach, plainly shewed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout supplication, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of satan; of whether, according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay, into the very kirk.—As good luck would have it, his temerity came off unpunished. The members of the infernal junta were all on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or caldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c. for the business of the night. It was, in for a penny, in for a pound, with the honest ploughman; so without ceremony he unhooked the caldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family a living evidence of the truth of the story.

Another story, which I can prove to be equally authentic, was as follows:—

On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the gate of Alloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business till by the time he reached Alloway, it was the wizard-hour, between night and morning. Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet as it is a well known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old gothic

window which still faces the highway, to see a dence of witches around their old sooty black-guard master, who was keeping them all alive with the powers of his bagpipe.—The farmer stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly decry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say; but the ladies were all in their smocks; and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purposes of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, “Weel luppen * Maggy wi’ the short sark!” and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Luckily it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of the horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing vengeful hags, were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse’s tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal gripe, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tail-less condition of the vigorous steed was to the last hour of the noble creature’s life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

The last relation I shall give, though equally

true, is not so well identified as the two former with regard to the scene; but as the best authorities give it for Alloway, I shall relate it.

On a summer’s evening, about the time that nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Alloway Kirk, had just folded his charges and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant ragwort. He observed, that as each person pulled a ragwort, he or she got astride of it, and called out, “Up, horsie!” on which the ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his ragwort, and cried with the rest “Up, horsie!” and strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt, was a merchant’s wine cellar in Bourdeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their casuals.—The poor shepherd had, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep, and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one’s herd in Alloway; and, by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale. I am, &c.

“ROBERT BURNS.

‘AUTHENTIC BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE LATE

DR. JOHN DOUGLAS, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

The late Dr. John Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, was born in 1721. He was son of Mr. Archibald Douglas, a respectable merchant at the port of Pittenweem, in Fifeshire. His grandfather (being a younger brother of the family of Douglas of Talliquilly, in the shire of Kinross, which is one of the oldest branches of the house of Douglas now in existence), was an eminent clergyman of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and the immediate successor of Bishop Burnet, in the living of Salten, in East Lothian, from which preferment he was ejected, at the Revo-

lution, when Presbyterianism was established in Scotland.

The Bishop was, for some years, at school at Dunbar; in 1736, he was entered a Commoner at St. Mary Hall, and remained there till 1738, when he removed to Baliol College on being elected an Exhibitioner on Bishop Warner’s foundation. In 1741, he took his Bachelor’s degree; and in 1742, in order to acquire a facility of speaking French, which he had previously learned grammatically, he went abroad, and remained for some time at Montreal, in Picardy, and afterwards at Ghent, in Flanders. On his return to college, in 1743, he took his Master’s degree, and having been ordained Deacon in

* Luppen, Scots, participle passive of the verb to leap.

1744, he was appointed to officiate as chaplain to the third regiment of Guards, which he joined when serving with the combined army in Flanders. During the time he remained with the army, he employed himself in the study of modern languages. He was not an inactive spectator of the battle of Fontenoy, which happened April 29 1745; as, on that occasion, he was employed in carrying orders from General Campbell to the English, who garaded the village in which he and the other Generals were stationed. In September 1745, he returned to England with that detachment of the army which was ordered home on the breaking out of the rebellion; and having no longer any connexion with the Guards, he went back to Balliol College, where he was elected one of the Exhibitioners on Mr. Snell's foundation. In 1747, he was ordained priest, and became curate of Titchhurst, near Reading, and afterwards of Dunstons, in Oxfordshire, where he was residing when, at the recommendation of Dr. Charles Stuart, and Lady Allen, a particular friend of the Bishop's mother, he was selected by Lord Bath as a tutor to accompany Lord Pulteney on his travels.

Of the tour which he then made there exists a manuscript account, in his own hand-writing: it relates principally, if not exclusively, to the governments and political relations of the several countries through which he passed. In October 1749, he returned to England, and took possession of Eaton Constantine, and the donative of Uppington, in Shropshire, on the presentation of Lord Bath. In November 1750, he published his first literary work, "The Vindication of Milton," from the charge of plagiarism brought against him by Lauder. In the same year, he was presented by Lord Bath to the living of High Freal, and vacated that of Eaton Constantine. He only resided occasionally on his livings; and, at the desire of Lord Bath, took a house in a street contiguous to Bath House, where he passed the winter months. In the summer he generally accompanied Lord Bath in his excursions to Shrewsbury, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, and Bath, and in his visits to the Duke of Cleveland's, Lord Lyttelton's, Sir H. Bedingfeld's, &c. In September 1752, he married Miss Dorothy Perhouse, sister of Richard Perhouse, Esq. of Reynold's Hall, near Walsall, in Staffordshire, and within three months became a widower. In the spring of 1754, he published the "Criterion of Miracles," in the form of a letter to an anonymous correspondent, since known to have been Dr. Adam Smith. In 1755, he wrote a pamphlet entitled, "An Apology for the Clergy," against the Hutchinsonians, &c. and shortly afterwards, another pamphlet entitled, "The Destruction of the French foretold by Ezekiel," against the

same sects, being an ironical defence of them against the attack made on them in the former pamphlet, and a burlesque of their style of expounding the Scriptures. In 1756, he published his first pamphlet against Archibald Bower; and in the autumn of that year, a pamphlet entitled, "A serious Defence of the Administration," being an ironical justification of their introducing foreign troops to defend this country. In 1757, he published "Bower and Tillemont compared;" within a very short time afterwards, "A full Confutation of Bower's three Defences;" and in the spring of 1758, "The complete and final Detection of Bower." In the Easter term of this year, he took his Doctor's degree, and was presented by Lord Bath to the living of Kenley, in Shropshire. In 1759, he published "The Conduct of a late Noble Commander candidly considered," in defence of Lord George Sackville. He was induced to take this side of the question by no other motive than the palpable injustice of the attack made on Lord George Sackville by Ruffhead, before it could be known whether he really deserved censure; nor did any one ever know that he wrote this pamphlet except Millar, the bookseller, to whom he made a present of the copy. In the same month he wrote and published, "A Letter to two great Men on the Approach of Peace," a pamphlet which excited great attention, and always passed for having been written by Lord Bath. In 1760, he wrote the preface to the translation of "Hooke's Negotiations." He was this year appointed one of his Majesty's chaplains. In 1761, he published "Seasonable Hints from an honest Man," as an exposition of Lord Bath's sentiments. In November 1762, he was, through the interest of Lord Bath, made Canon of Windsor. In December of that year, on the day on which the preliminaries of peace were to be taken into consideration in parliament, he wrote the paper called "The Sentiments of a Frenchman," which was printed on a sheet of paper, pasted upon the walls in every part of London, and distributed among the members as they entered the House. In 1763, he superintended the publication of "Henry Earl of Clarendon's Diary and Letters," and wrote the preface which is prefixed to those papers. In June of this year, he accompanied Lord Bath to Spa, where he became acquainted with the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick (the late Duke), from whom he received marked and particular attention, and with whom he was afterwards in correspondence. It is known that within a few years there existed a series of letters, which were written by him during his stay at Spa, and a book containing copies of all the letters which he had subsequently written to and received from the Prince of Bruns-

wick, on the state of parties, and the characters of their leaders in this country, and on the policy and effect of its continental connections. But as these have not been found, there is reason to apprehend that they may have been destroyed, in consideration of some of the persons being still alive, whose characters, conduct, and principles were the topics of that correspondence. In 1764, Lord Bath died, and left him his library; but General Pulteney wishing that it should not be removed from Bath-House, he relinquished his claim, and accepted a thousand pounds in lieu of it. General Pulteney left it to him again at his death, and he again gave it up to the late Sir W. Pulteney for the same sum. It has been erroneously stated, that his own valuable library had been derived from this source, whereas it was entirely collected by himself. In 1764, he exchanged his livings in Shropshire for that of St. Austin's and St. Faith's, in Watling-street, London. In April 1765, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Rooke, Esq. During this and the preceding year, as also in 1763, he wrote several political papers, which were printed in the Public Advertiser; and all the letters which appeared in that paper, in 1770 and 1771, under the signatures of *Tacitus* and *Manlius*, were written by him. In 1773, he assisted Sir John Dalrymple in arranging his MSS. In 1776, he was removed from the Chapter of Windsor to that of St. Paul's. During this and the subsequent year, he was employed in preparing Captain Cook's Journal for publication, which he undertook at the urgent request of Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty. In 1777, he assisted Lord Hardwicke in arranging his miscellaneous papers, which came out the following year. In 1778, he was elected a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. In 1781, he was again applied to by Lord Sandwich, to reduce into a shape fit for publication, the Journal of Captain Cook's third and last Voyage; the Introduction and the Notes were supplied by him. In this year, he was elected President of Sion College for the year, and preached the Latin sermon before that body. In 1786, he was elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Antiquarian Society; and in 1787, one of the Trustees of the British Museum. In September of this year, he was appointed Bishop of Carlisle; and in 1788, succeeded to the Deanry of Windsor, for which he vacated his Residency of St. Paul's. In 1789, he preached before the House of Lords, and of course published the sermon, on the anniversary of King Charles's martyrdom. In June 1791, he was translated to the See of Salisbury. In 1793, he preached the anniversary sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which is prefixed to

the annual printed account of their proceedings. He has been often and very urgently requested by many of his literary friends, to publish a new edition of the *Criterion*, which had been many years out of print, he undertook so lately as last autumn (1806) to revise that book. He had many years ago collected materials for a new and enlarged edition of that work, but unfortunately they had been either mislaid or lost, or more probably destroyed through mistake with some other manuscripts. This circumstance, and his very advanced age, sufficiently account for his not having attempted to alter materially, or to add to this original work.

In this statement, all the avowed publications of the Bishop are enumerated; but he has been concerned in many others, in which he was never supposed to have had any part, and in some of no common celebrity, whose nominal and reputed authors he permitted to retain, and enjoy exclusively, all that credit of which he could have justly laid claim to a considerable share. During a great part of his life, he was in correspondence with some of the most eminent literary and political characters of the age. Such were the habits of incessant application in which he persevered, almost to the last hour of his long protracted life, that few men could have read more, if indeed any one so much, for he never deemed any space of time too short to be employed in reading, nor was he ever seen by any of his family, except when strangers were present, without having a book or a pen in his hand.

The accounts which were inserted in many of the newspapers, of the illness which terminated in his death, were as incorrect as most of those which have been given of his life and writings. Instead of falling a victim to the gout, he can scarcely be said to have latterly any specific complaint. He retained his faculties to the last, and till within two days of his death amused himself, for some hours each day, by reading.—After a life thus devoted to the cause of literature and religion, and not spent in solitary seclusion from the world, but in the midst of its most active and busy scenes, he drew his last breath on Monday the 18th of May, without a struggle and without a pang, in the arms of his son, who, in order to correct the mis-statements, and supply the deficiencies of those accounts of him which have appeared in many public prints, has hastily extracted the above particulars from authentic documents now in his possession.—He was buried in a vault in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, with a condescension not less honourable to his own feelings than to the memory of the Bishop, attended at his funeral.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

[Continued from Page 203.]

LETTER III.

Is the philosopher, to whom you showed my last letters, really astonished at my assertions, does he long for convincing proofs? I will give him a striking one. Let me have his picture; it will not be the first time I shall have delivered a just opinion upon a person I have not seen. I must repose a large share of confidence in you, and am persuaded you will send me an exact description, for my honour is interested in the result. You must not think, however, that I am in the habit of doing always the same, because the most expressive feature of a man often escapes our observation, and the eyes of others are not so skilled in tracing it out as those of a physiognomist himself. This time I will do my best, and do not fear to be for once mistaken. I am like one who delights in treating his friends, and whose hospitable nature is well known, he dreads not their arrival when least expected, because the joyful surprise he experiences pleads his excuse for his deficiency in providing them with a sumptuous fare. Do not inform your acquaintance of your intention; he might, perhaps, oppose it, or assume a different cast of countenance; and in this case, the exertions of your natural sagacity might prove fruitless, as philosophy, though it profess aloud to be a foe to falsehood, serves but too often, in this age, as a cloak to shelter deceit and treachery. I will candidly own, that I admire those who unfold their true temper to the sight of others; and am the more inclined to forgive their defects, which I would find more difficult to overlook, were they to attempt to conceal them carefully from me. The being whose violent passions I may excuse, should he acknowledge their impetuosity, becomes hateful, should he withhold that confession from those whom he calls his sincere friends. Every man has been endowed with passions, and any effort made to hide, not to conquer them, must lead others to think that they are either very vicious or dangerous, since so much trouble is incurred to spread a belief of their non-existence. Such a temper must create mistrust, and compel people to be incessantly on their guard; this is the reason why I delight in finding them out, and when I have lifted the veil that covered them, to honour them with my contempt. Yet this is not sufficient to overbalance the grief I feel, when I witness how they succeed in deceiving less vigilant persons, who thus pay dear for
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their ignorance of physiognomy; the knowledge of which would render it impossible for vice to wear the mask of virtue, and insincerity the garb of good faith.

I have perceived more than once that these wily hypocrites dread my presence; and when in company with me, their embarrassment is too great to be overcome, and too plain not to be remarked. This continual fear of being detected envenoms their minds; and I have often incurred the effects of their hatred without, however, repining at the knowledge I had acquired. Is it not very criminal to detest and torment a fellow-creature, because we cannot pass, in his eyes, for what we are not? But I must interrupt this epistle till I have read a letter which is just come; it will, probably, contain some questions relative to physiognomy; and if they deserve an answer, I will let you know it.—I was right; I am asked whether it be proper to improve the science I cultivate; and three reasons are adduced to prove I ought to give up this useful study, which I thus desired to answer as well as I can. The first is, “there are more wicked than just men, and how can a knowledge which unfolds all the depravity of human nature to our eyes, be advantageous to us? Sorrow is the only harvest we may expect to reap from it; for we cannot help being saddened by the reflection, that the immense family to which we belong is composed of such despicable beings. The sole effect of this science will, therefore, be that of increasing the number of misanthropes, who fear and avoid all intercourse with their fellow-creature, because they dread to fall victims to their unruly passions.”

The second proceeds from the first:—“It is very dangerous, I am told, to know men so well: nothing will deter them so much from cultivating our acquaintance; they are not fond of being studied, and feel embarrassed when they meet with people whom they deem capable of penetrating through the veil of deceit with which they envelope their true nature. But when, especially, they are conscious that such a knowledge can lead us only to despise them, it is more than embarrassment; it is hatred that agitates their breast.”

The third and last is:—“That such information must prove useless to those who have lavished their time away upon acquiring it; and who, being equally the sport of events as the rest of mankind, can neither foresee nor turn them to their own advantage. In a word, the study of

physiognomy is neither honourable to the human race, whom it degrades in our sight, favourable to individuals, whose share of grief it increases, nor useful to those who possess it, and derive no benefit from it."

The person who wrote this letter is so fully persuaded that his reasons cannot be answered, that he has no doubt of my adopting his way of thinking, and giving up this dangerous, and at best, useless study! His triumphant tone might awe another being, less accustomed to such boasting adversaries, but it has no effect upon me; and I will let you have my reply, as you may have occasion for it when the same sophistical arguments are brought forward by your friends.

Folly is more natural to men than wickedness; and when we scrutinize into their temper, their good qualities burst into notice as well as the bad, and they gain as much as they lose in our estimation. It has been often remarked, that the best artists are always most indulgent in judging the productions of those who follow the same profession; it is the same with physiognomists, the more they are acquainted with men, the more they are inclined to forgive their errors.—True and moral philosophy, upon whose base their science rests, will teach them, that graces may compensate for defects, virtues for vices; and that, far from avoiding all communication with their fellow-creatures, they ought to derive as much advantage from their good qualities as it will be in their power to do, and provide against the bad, taking such measures as will screen them from their resentment, or the violence of their passions. To study mankind deeply, it is said, is wishing to become a misanthrope; but does in reality any dangerous evil lurk in a moderate share of misanthropy, would it not, on the contrary, prove useful to many persons. As to the sentiments of contempt for men, which this science is reported to inspire, it is the same with physiognomy, which unfolds their secret nature, as with history, which relates their actions. The annals of the world present us with good and bad, but no one has yet declared that we should not peruse them, since they teem with instruction. Are those of physiognomy more pernicious, because they spread before us a true image of the human mind, free and unshackled by the events and circumstances in which we are often placed.

As to the second objection, as it proceeds from the first, the same answer will suffice; but upon the whole, I believe that individuals gain more than they lose, by being thoroughly known. It seldom, if ever, happens that they are entirely deprived of virtues or talents; yet such is the bent of our nature, that we bestow, in general, a larger share of attention upon their defects than their excellencies; and reflection, and deep

researches alone, can enable us to dive into the truth of things. How many people are censured by the world, without having committed any particular offence? I feel, by experience, that when we obey the single impulse of our understanding, we are more inclined to esteem our fellow-creatures, and have found in some, virtues which had never been revealed by the officious persons who had proclaimed their defects aloud. A wise physiognomist ought to remain silent, when he perceives no symptoms of good; and I have always found, in those who profess this science, a greater wish to praise what deserves their approbation, than to blame what required censure.—What advantage should we reap from declaring ourselves the severe judges of other men's actions? But I will ask, also, the gentleman who thinks that the study of physiognomy ought to be given up, because it may create misanthropy, whether he has ever forsaken his friends, because they were not perfect; and whether he has not rather felt sorrow at the sight of their excesses, without withdrawing his love from them?

The third objection is so purely sophistical that I am almost ashamed to answer it. Physiognomists acknowledge that divination lies beyond their reach, they therefore cannot pretend to foresee or prevent events and circumstances. It is sufficient for them to be well acquainted with those whom the connexions of society have placed around them, in order to watch their passions, and guard against their effects. Truth heightens the taste of the enjoyments this science produces; for it may be compared to geometry, in which the pleasure of coming to sure results does not always permit us to employ them in any ways that might prove useful. I expect the picture I have asked you with impatience, and you shall not hear from me till I have received it.

LETTER IV.

You have played me a sad trick, by sending me two portraits instead of one, and refusing to tell me which of the two was your philosopher. You have turned against me the weapons with which I had supplied you to contend with him; but it causes me no trouble, and I am glad you have afforded me such a favourable opportunity of convincing you. Let us examine the first; his complexion is sallow, his eyes are small, hollow, weak, and almost entirely shut when he laughs; his way of laughing is satirical and unpleasant, for he opens his mouth too wide, and when it is closed it gives a surly cast to his countenance; his nose has no elevation in the middle, a settled gloom overspreads his features, and

his forehead has nothing extraordinary. I had no occasion to know that his shape is bad, his stomach pointed, that he is knock-kneed, and his legs are thin and withered. You have written more than was necessary to make me almost repent having undertaken to describe his temper; and did I not trust in your discretion, I would keep the result of my observations concealed; but as I must not break my promise, I am sorry to inform you that envy rules the breast of your friend. Every good action he beholds or hears of awakens the pangs of jealousy in his heart; and, because he is incapable of performing any himself, he wishes that nobody should dare to be generous and beneficent; and as it is out of his power to hinder others from acting rightly, he attempts incessantly to diminish their share of merit; and is only satisfied, when his sarcastic arguments have persuaded his hearers, that it would be better to imitate his inaction than follow the example of more active and virtuous beings. I believe him to be interested, and a flatterer, fond of praising virtues which never dwell in his soul. His mind does not soar above mediocrity; he exalts the dead as much as he degrades the living; interested motives must soften his manners, though mildness be entirely foreign to his nature; he is rather a coward, and would not like me, were we ever to become acquainted together. Of all this, I beg you will believe only what experience shall have showed you was true; for I may have committed a mistake, and not comprehending well some parts of the description you sent me, have formed a wrong idea upon which I ground my reasonings. But, on the other side, if he has dedicated his time to the cultivation of the sciences, he may have made some progress in them, and knows how to give proofs of it now and then. Yet he has studied them less than the art of turning them to his advantage; his way of laughing tells me that his understanding is neither clear nor just. It appears to me that the seat of his physiognomy is placed on the upper lip; the length of which, united with the under one, makes his mouth assume the appearance of that of a fish. I should be very sorry were this man your philosopher; and fear much, lest he should have added your name to the list of those he has deceived. Beware not to consult his opinion in what relates to others; he would insert false ideas into your soul, for it is his advantage to find them wicked, and he is incapable to think them good.

The next portrait is more promising, and I wish the person it represents may rank higher in your estimation and friendship than his predecessor. His smiling and open countenance indicates a cheerful temper; his mouth, according to your

description, declares him to be frank and sincere, and I would rely upon that last quality. The clearness of his eyes is a sure sign that his mind teems with just notions on the sciences it has explored, though some of its discriminating powers may have been sunk in the corpulence of his person; while he has gained, in calmness and equanimity of temper, what he has lost in fire and vivacity. The shape of his lips may be praised by certain people; and the only remark I will make upon it is, that I believe they express mildness and faithfulness in friendship.—From your account, I think he ought not to have followed a learned profession; but he is not the first who has mistaken his element, and he may acquit himself of whatever he undertakes with the approbation of those who have to deal with him: this is, perhaps, one of the greatest praises that can be bestowed. If I do not extend my observations further, it is because you did not put it into my power, for your eyes are as yet too little exercised to grasp at once the small shades of difference which express some good or bad quality. You will find it strange that vices and virtues, habits and inclinations, tastes and talents, that seem to flow from a superior source, the mind, from which we cannot separate them, should become sensible to our sight, in material features, such as the hues and the shape of the clay with which our mortal frame is built. You will ask me, perhaps, what colour ambition assumes, and whether anger wear any resemblance to a square or a circle. I shall not check your harmless jokes, for to amuse you I have already done much; and if I do not succeed in rendering the truth of my system plain to your eyes, I shall, at least, make you own that it is likely to be true.

Every voice continues to thunder aloud against the ingenuity of my science; and this question is incessantly put to me, "what benefit have you derived from it?" This is a weak and ungenerous attempt at insulting me on account of my present situation; and I answer, that when it is made use of only as an amusement, it will not be a source of riches. I have found many opportunities when, had I followed a different line of conduct, it would have crowned my exertions with wealth. But the fairest way is to class physiognomy with virtues and talents, and we shall not wonder if it do not raise men to affluence; for whatever be the stamp, must rest contented with mediocrity during life. The only advantage I have derived from this study, and I place it far above the acquirements of fortune, is that of having chosen sincere friends, who can depend upon me, as I do upon them. You know that M*** and M**** have vainly attempted, by every means

in their power, to obtain my friendship, physiognomy alone saved me from the poison of their intimacy. We should beware of forming too close an acquaintance, as we are no more at liberty to break it when we find it dangerous; and we cannot help being deceived, when the habit of living with a person has blinded us to his defects. You may therefore ascertain the opinion I entertain of you, by the pledges of attachment I have given you, and I shall not hesitate to say, that few people can love you as much as I, because few can penetrate so deeply into the secrets of your heart. Physiognomy in many cases comes to the support of humanity, and vindicates its rights; the greatest part of men, dwell upon the evil they descry in others without

considering whether it be overbalanced by any good, whilst a physiognomist pierces through the bark that envelopes the mind, and discerns what other eyes cannot perceive. How many men would be beloved, were they well known, and how much shorter and easier it is, instead of following them through the intricate maze of action, to explore the mysterious meaning which nature has imprinted on their features. But it is now time to explain the principles of this science, which form its true and solid basis, and you will find that we shall not have the Gordian knot to unfold. In my next letter, I will begin giving you this necessary information.

E. R.

[To be continued.]

THE LADY AMONG MURDERERS.

A TRUE STORY.

IN the preceding numbers of our miscellany we have already given some remarkable instances of presence of mind; but all of them are far surpassed by that of a female, the subject of the present history, whose soul was proof against every impression of terror when inevitable death seemed impending over her head.

In a charming villa, situated in a truly romantic country, but at a considerable distance from the high road, Baron R. was accustomed to spend the summer. His mansion, built on an eminence, was perfectly adapted to his fortune. It was a spacious building, elegant both within and without, and displayed a good style of architecture. It was about two hundred paces from the village.

Business obliged the Baron to take a journey of a few days. His wife, a young and beautiful woman, scarcely twenty years of age, remained at home. He took with him two of his best servants, and two others were left with the Baroness. No violation of the public security had ever been heard of in that part of the country; and as the Baroness did not belong to the timid portion of her sex, the idea of danger were far from entering her mind.

The second evening after the Baron's departure, she was just stepping into bed, when she heard an alarming noise in an apartment near her chamber. She called, but received no answer. The noise, screaming, and confusion grew louder every minute. She was at a loss to conceive what could be the matter, and hastily putting on a light garment, went to the door to discover the cause. What a horrid spectacle presented itself! Two of her servants half naked, were extended lifeless

on the floor; the room was full of strange and ferocious looking men; the Baroness's chambermaid was kneeling before one of them, and instead of the mercy she implored, received the fatal stroke. No sooner did the door open than two of the barbarians with drawn swords rushed towards it. 'What man, not to say what woman, would not have been struck with the utmost terror, and have given up life and every thing for lost? A loud shriek of despair, a flight of a few paces, a fruitless intreaty for mercy, would probably have been the last resource of many thousands. The Baroness, however, conducted herself in a different manner.

"And are you come at last?"—exclaimed she with a tone of heart-felt joy, and advancing towards her who assailants with a haste which highly astonished them both, and fortunately stopped their uplifted weapons. "Are you come at last?" repeated she, "Such visitors as you I have long wished to see."

"Wished!" muttered one of the assassins. "What do you mean by that? But stay, I will——"

He had already raised his cutlass, but his comrade averted the stroke. "Stop a moment, brother," said he; "let us first hear what she would have."

"Nothing but what is also your pleasure, brave comrades. You have made charming work here I see. You are men after my own heart, and neither you nor I shall have reason to repent it, if you will but listen for two minutes to what I have to say."

"Speak! speak!" cried the whole company.

"But be brief," added one of the fiercest of

them, "for we shall not make much ceremony with you heither."

"Nevertheless I hope you may, if you but grant me a hearing. Know then, that I am, to be sure, the wife of the richest gentleman in this country; but the wife of the meanest beggar cannot be more unhappy than I am. My husband is one of the most jealous and niggardly wretches on the face of the earth. I hate him as I hate the devil, and it has long been the most fervent wish of my heart to get out of his clutches and at the same time to pay him off all old scores. I should have left him many a time, had I been able to contrive how to escape. All my servants were his spies; that fellow, whose business you have done so completely, was the worst of them all. I am scarcely twenty-two, and as I flatter myself at least not ugly, if any of you chose to take me along with him, I should have no objection; I would accompany him, no matter whether to the woods or to the village alehouse. Nor shall any of you have reason to repent sparing my life. You are in a well-stored mansion, but it is impossible you should be acquainted with all its secret corners. These I will shew you, and if I do not make you richer by six thousand dollars, then serve me as you have done my chamber-maid."

Robbers of this kind are certainly villains, but nevertheless they are still men. The wholly unexpected tendency of the Baroness's address, the unaffected tone with which she spoke, the more than ordinary beauty of a young half-naked female, altogether produced a powerful effect on men whose hands were yet reeking with the blood they had shed. They all stepped aside and consulted together in a low tone for some minutes. The Baroness was left quite alone, but she betrayed not the least wish to escape. She heard two or three thus express themselves: "Let's dispatch her, and the game will be up." She, however, scarcely changed colour, for the opposition of the others did not escape her acute ear. One, who was probably the captain of these banditti, now advanced towards her.

He asked twice or thrice whether they might absolutely rely on the truth of what she had said; whether she actually wished to be released from the tyranny of her husband and go with them; and whether she was ready to resign her person to one of them, to himself for instance, during the few peaceful nights they could enjoy? Having replied in the affirmative to all these questions, having not only suffered the warm embrace of the robber, but even returned it—for, what will not necessity excuse? He at length said: "Come along then and lead us round. The devil trust you ladies of rank, but we'll however venture for once. But let me tell you beforehand, that,

were you ten times as handsome, this weapon shall cleave your skull, the moment we observe the least disposition to escape or to betray us."

"Then it will be safe enough; and were this the only condition of my death, I should outlive you all, and even the wandering Jew himself." The Baroness smiled as she pronounced these words, hastily snatched up the nearest light, as though she had been as anxious as any of them to collect the plunder and be gone; conducted the whole company through every apartment; opened unasked, every door, every drawer and every chest; assisted emptying them and packing up the valuables; joked with the utmost vivacity; jumped with indifference over the mangled bodies; spoke with the familiarity of an old acquaintance to each of the horrid troop, and willingly aided with her delicate hands, in the most laborious occupations.

Plate, money, jewels, clothes and other valuables were now collected together, and the captain of the banditti was already giving the order for their march, when his destined bride suddenly caught him by the arm. "Did I not tell you," said she, "that you should not repent making a friend of me and sparing my life. You may indeed have your fling in places that you find open; but 'tis a pity that you cannot so easily come at treasures that are somewhat more concealed."

"Concealed!—What?—Where is something more concealed?"

"What, do you suppose, that among coffers so full of the most valuable effects, there are no secret places? Look here, and then you will be convinced of the contrary."

She pointed to a secret spring in the Baron's writing desk. They pressed upon it, and out fell six rouleaus, each containing two hundred dollars.

"Zounds!" cried the leader of the robbers, "Now indeed I see that you are an incomparable woman. I will keep you for this like a little Duchess."

"And perhaps better still," rejoined she, laughing, "when I tell you one thing more. I am well aware that you must have had spies who informed you of the absence of my tyrant; but did they not tell you of the four thousand guilders which he received the day before yesterday?"

"Not a syllable; where are they?"

"O, safe enough! under a half a dozen of locks and bolts. You would certainly not have found them and the iron chest, in which they are deposited, had it not been for me.—Come along, comrades; we have finished above ground, and now we'll see what is to be done under it. Come along with me, I say, into the cellar!"

The robbers followed, but not without precaution. At the entrance of the cellar, pre-

vided with a strong iron trap-door, a man was posted as a centinel. The Baroness did not take the least notice of this. She conducted the whole troop to a vault at the very farthest extremity of the cellar. She unlocked it, and in a corner of this recess stood the chest she had described. "Here," said she, giving the captain the bunch of keys, "here, unlock it, and take what you find, as a wedding gift, if you can obtain the consent of your companions as readily as you have gained mine."

The robber tried one key after another, but none would fit. He grew impatient, and the Baroness appeared still more so.

"Lend me thern," said she, "I hope I shall find the way sooner. Indeed, if we don't make haste, morning might overtake.—Ha! only think, the reason neither of us could unlock it is clear enough. As welcome as your visit is to me, yet I have no scruple to confess that the unexpected arrival of so great a pleasure has flurried me a little. I have brought the wrong bunch of keys. A moment's patience, and I'll soon set that to rights."

She ran up stairs, and presently they heard her coming down again; but she went more slowly, as if out of breath with the haste she had made. "I've found them! I've found them!" cried

she at a distance. She was now within about three steps of the centinel placed at the entrance of the cellar; when she made a spring at the wretch, who as little expected the dissolution of the world as such an attack. A single push with all her strength tumbled him down the stairs from top to bottom. In a twinkling she closed the trap door, bolted it, and thus had the whole company secure in the cellar.

All this was the work of a single moment. In the next, she flew across the court-yard, and with the candle, set fire to a detached pig sty. It blazed like a heap of straw. The watchman in the neighbouring village perceiving the flame, instantly gave the alarm. In a few minutes all the inhabitants were out of their beds, and a crowd of farmers and their servants hastened to the mansion. The Baroness waited for them at the gate of the court-yard. "A few of you," said she, "will be sufficient to put out this fire, or to prevent it from spreading. But now provide yourselves with arms, which you will find in abundance in my husband's armoury; post yourselves at all the avenues of the cellar, and suffer not one of the murderers and robbers shut up in it to escape."

Her directions were obeyed, and not one of them escaped the punishment due to their crimes.

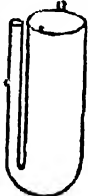
FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

HYDROSTATICS.

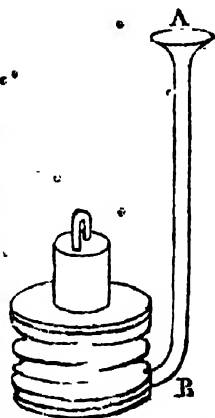
[Continued from Page 263.]

OF THE WEIGHT AND PRESSURE OF FLUIDS.

THE tendency of fluids to exert a pressure equal to their perpendicular height, gives rise to what is called the hydrostatical paradox, namely, that any quantity, however small, of the same fluid may be made to balance any quantity however great. Thus, if a tube of very small bore be inserted into the side of another tube which is a foot, a yard, or twenty yards in diameter, water, when poured into the larger tube, will rise in the smaller one till it is level in both. It is therefore apparent, that the small quantity of water in the lesser tube balances the superior quantity contained in the larger one; were it otherwise the inferior quantity of fluid would be forced upwards out of the mouth of the tube that contains



The annexed figure is a representation of what is called the Hydrostatic Bellows; it resembles a pair of common bellows, with this difference, that it has no valves. The brass pipe, A B, communicates with the inside of the bellows, the boards of which are not very smooth, so that water can readily insinuate itself between them. Before making the experiment, a large weight is placed on the bellows, by which its interior sides are brought nearly in contact. Now if water be poured into the tube it will gradually raise the

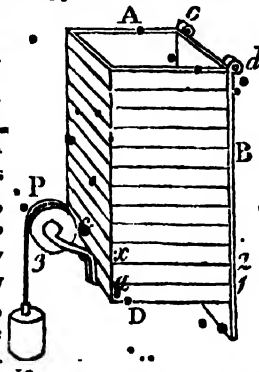


weight to the extent of the leather that connects the two surfaces of the bellows; for the column of water in the tube would press as much against the inner surface of the bellows as if it were a cylinder of water of the same height as the column of water in the tube, and of equal circumference with the bellows.

Thus it is evident, that the pressure of fluids increases as does this perpendicular height, and that by diminishing the bore of a pipe, and increasing its length, a very small quantity of any fluid may be made to raise the largest weights. The knowledge of this principle has been applied by a very ingenious mechanic to the construction of a powerful machine for the compression of hay, clothes, &c. Those persons who cannot procure an hydrostatic bellows, may make the preceding experiment by inserting a tin pipe into the mouth of a bladder, and then putting the bladder into a box with a moveable lid, and laying weights, upon this last.

The pressure of fluids against the side of any vessel, increases as the square of the depth increases: that is, if the pressure at the depth of one inch or foot, be equal to an ounce or a pound, at the depth of two inches or feet, it will be equal to four ounces or pounds; at the depth of three inches or feet, to nine ounces or pounds, and so on, according to the laws by which falling bodies are governed.

Suppose A D to be a cubical vessel, of which the front and side A are of glass made water tight, a thin board B hangs by two hinges b d, and is held close to the glass sides by means of the pulley P, and a weight, which, if water be poured into the ves-



sel, will balance its pressure against the board B till the fluid rises to the line 1. We will suppose this weight to be a pound, and that the remaining lines divide the vessel into so many parts, exactly equal to the part 1 a 2; now if the pound weight be exchanged for one of four pounds, then water may be poured into the vessel till it rise to 2 x c, when the moveable side B will give way, and let such a portion of the water out as makes the difference between the pressure and the weight, when the latter will again draw the side close to the glass panes; when the water has risen to the line 3, a weight of nine pounds, suspended from the pulley, will be required to keep the side B close to the glass sides. Hence it is apparent that the increase of pressure is as the increase of the square of the depth, and therefore if the

vessel was filled with water up to the top, there would be a pressure against the whole side equal to 144 pounds, 144 being the square of 12.

The knowledge of this principle is of the utmost importance in the construction of canals, since, if the sides were not made to increase in strength and solidity in proportion to the increase of pressure, they would be borne down by it.

The pressure of any fluid upon the bottom of a vessel, is always proportional to the area of the base multiplied into the perpendicular height at which the fluid stands, without any regard to the form of the vessel, or the quantity of fluid it contains. In a vessel of which the sides are perpendicular to the bottom, and the bottom parallel to the horizon, as in the last figure, the pressure and the weight will be equal; and the pressure upon any one side of such vessel will be equal to half the pressure upon the bottom. Therefore the pressure upon the four sides and the bottom will be equal to three times the weight of the fluid.

The weight of a cylindrical vessel of any fluid, may be found, by multiplying the area of the base by the perpendicular height of the cylinder, and dividing the produce by 1728. The quotient will be the contents of the cylinder, in cubic feet and inches, and each foot will be equivalent to a 1000 ounces of water.

The weight of a conical vessel of any fluid, is found by multiplying the area of the base by one third of the perpendicular, and thus pursuing the same process to bring it into ounces.

HYDRAULICS.

The velocity with which water spouts out at an orifice in the side or bottom of a vessel, is as the square root of the depth of the fluid at the orifice. Thus, if through an orifice at the depth of one inch, water flows with one degree of velocity in a second of time, at the depth of four inches it will flow with two degrees of velocity in a second, and at the depth of nine inches with three degrees of velocity, in the same time; that is, provided the vessel is kept constantly full of water, and that the bore of each orifice be the same.

The depth of the orifices being the same, and their bore equal, the velocity of the fluid flowing through them will be the same, whatever the species of fluid may be, or whatever its density. For though the pressure of the denser fluid is greatest, yet the mass it had to move is more considerable, and when the powers are proportioned to the masses which they put in motion, the velocities are always equal.

The velocity with which water flows through orifices of equal bore, in a vessel allowed to empty itself, is continually decreasing according to the odd numbers, 1, 3, 5, 7, &c. taken backwards; that is, if through a hole at the bottom of a vessel, water flows with such velocity that it

surface descends seven inches in the first minute, it will but descend through five inches the second minute, through three the third minute, and through one the next.

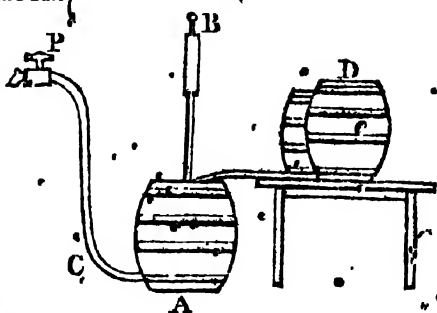
The greatest distance to which water spouts from different holes in a vessel kept constantly full, is from that pipe which is exactly in the centre of the top and bottom of the fluid.

When the velocities of spouting fluids are the same, the elevation of that which ascends the whole way through a pipe, will be greater than the elevation of that which ascends through the air; because the latter meets with a degree of resistance from the atmosphere, which checks its ascent.

The different play of fountains, or *jets d'eau*, is occasioned by the different heights of their reservoirs. The velocity of a spouting fluid being as the square root of the fluid's depth, the water of that fountain will necessarily rise the highest, whose reservoir is the fullest and the highest. It is on this principle that houses are supplied with water; but as friction opposes the rise of fluids through pipes, as well as through air, the surface of the reservoir is always considerably more elevated than the point to which the fluid is intended to rise.

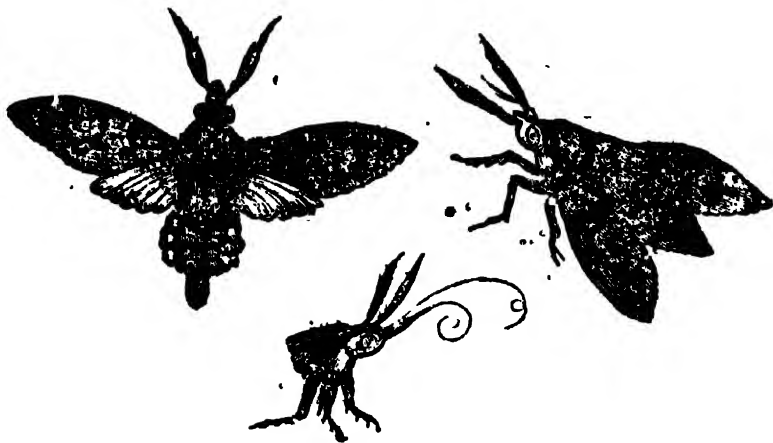
The subjoined machine, which has now found its way into every tavern, will illustrate how fluids are made to rise above their level. It is used for

the purpose of raising liquors from the cellar to the bar.



The vessel A, after being made air tight, is sunk about half its depth into the floor of the cellar. This vessel, which is called the receiver, is then filled to a certain height from the butt D, when all communication between the vessels is stopped. B represents a forcing piston and pipe, which extends to or near the bar, and by means of which a quantity of air is condensed in the upper part of the receiver. This air, by its compression on the surface of the liquor, constrains it to ascend through the pipe P C, to the extremity of which a cock is attached, by which the liquor in the receiver is drawn off. When the fluid ceases to run or runs slowly, a few strokes of the piston will restore its velocity.

THE HUMMING-BIRD SPHINX, OR HAWK-MOTH.



DURING the summer months, especially in July and August, may be seen flying with the utmost velocity in fair days, from morning till dusk, among flowers, particularly geraniums, an insect which is the most singular and elegant of all those which are bred in England.

It is the moth called by Linnæus *sphinx stellatarum*, from the plant on which it feeds whilst in the caterpillar state, *aparine laris stellata*, goose-grass, or cleome; it also lives on *gallium*, bedstraw; but in those countries which produce the *rubia tinctorum*, madder, the caterpillar in-

habits and feeds on that plant in preference to any other.

Ray styles this insect *papilio velocissima*; Harris the *colibri*, or humming-bird moth, by which name it is described likewise in Donovan's British Insects.

This slight account is only intended to inform the curious what insect it is that they may see flying in the gardens a few miles round London, with a swiftness equal to that of humming birds, which they likewise resemble in hovering over a flower and thrusting their long double trunk, or sucker (which they usually keep rolled up spirally), into its nectarium without settling, whilst the motion of their wings is so rapid that their shape cannot be distinguished.

In the hottest weather great numbers are seen, and may easily be caught whilst they remain for a few seconds stationary in the air, with a small

forcep gauze net, and can be preserved alive some hours in a large glass vessel such as gold-fish are kept in, where their flight may be inspected.

The caterpillar is without hair, shagreened, sixteen legged, and carries on its tail a blue horn, tipped with red.

The body of the moth is thick, brown, and hairy like a bee, the first wings dark-brown, the second orange-brown, with black streaks; the breast white; and large shining eyes.

Their description and history may be found, large in the Dutch work of Sepp, which contains a coloured print, with the egg, the same magnified, six of the caterpillars of different ages and sizes, the *chrysalis*, and two of the moths, or *sphinxes*.

These insects abound in all the southern parts of Europe.

ON MUSIC.

An Essay on Earl Stanhope's "Principles of the Science of Tuning Instruments with fixed Tones." By A. F. C. Kollmann, Organist of his Majesty's German Chapel at St. James's.

THOUGH persons of rank and fashion (amongst whom LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE is particularly circulated), cannot be expected to apply themselves to the tuning of their piano-fortes and organs, they may be desirous to know whether their instruments are in tune, and according to what principles they can be tuned; and in this they are encouraged by the publication of Earl Stanhope, on which I presume to write the present Essay.

But before I proceed, I think it proper to observe, that the reason why I take up this subject is my having, prior to Lord Stanhope, treated of musical temperament in two of my theoretical works, viz. in my Essay on Musical Harmony, p. 2, and in my New Theory of Musical Harmony, p. 8, on account of which several distinguished possessors of those works have requested of me an explanation concerning the difference between his Lordship's system and the doctrines advanced by myself; and that as my time would not permit me to answer each of them as fully as they could wish, I have endeavoured to satisfy them, and the public in general, by the following remarks, which I hope will be intelligible to musical amateurs, as well as to professional musicians.

By instruments with fixed tones, Lord Stanhope seems to understand keyed instruments alone; being those which contain fixed notes, or notes that can be rendered sharper or flatter by the performer. And as keyed instruments

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contain that complete diatonic scale, according to which all modern compositions are written and explained, the proper tuning of their notes produces what may be called a standard scale of modern music.

But that mode of tuning cannot be perfectly explained or understood, before a standard idea is fixed concerning the nature and requisites of our modern scale; and this I flatter myself to have done in my New Theory, chap. ii. where I shew that the twelve notes of our chromatic octave, with their octaves, are to be considered as a compound of twelve modern diatonic and chromatic scales, each of which must be calculated for the same use in harmony and melody as all the others.

Our modern scale therefore cannot contain that strict perfection of every interval which it might have as a simple scale of one key note; and its compound state requires that some of its intervals lose a little of their individual perfection, for the purpose of producing a greater perfection and agreement in the whole. This distribution, by which some intervals are rendered a little sharper, and others a little flatter, than strictly perfect, is called the temperament of our scale; and its different sorts can be brought under the two general heads of an equal, or some unequal temperament.

By an equal temperament, is understood that distribution which renders the distances between the twelve notes of our scale so much alike that

T t

the ear cannot find any difference between them. And an equal one is that by which the same intervals are rendered more perfect in some keys than in others. But before I enter into a comparison between these two sorts of temperament, or into the examination of the temperament proposed by Lord Stanhope, I must shew what temperament our scale requires in the whole, and how much of it can properly be laid on every particular interval.

The temperament which our scale requires in the whole, is so little (as will be shewn,) that it is astonishing how there could hitherto be made so much of it. And concerning the portion of it which may be laid on every particular interval, all the writers on temperament agree, that it may be more and more, according to the greater deviation of the ratio of an interval from unity.

According to this principle the octave, as a repetition of unity itself, in the acute, admits of no perceptible temperament at all, because its two terms are the same note, though in a different acuteness. The perfect fifth therefore, or ratio 3-2, as nearest to unity, requires our first attention, because it admits of some, but of the least temperament among all the other intervals; and fortunately a progression from one perfect fifth to another disposes of all the twelve notes in a modern octave, in such a manner, that the twelfth fifth brings us again to the same note in the acute from which we set out below.

But if every one of those fifths is taken strictly perfect, the last of them is, as we call it, a major comma sharper than the true note in which it should terminate. This comma is the only deduction to be made from the strict perfection of the twelve fifths in our compound scale; and it is so very small a ratio, that at least one third of it may be deducted from a fifth, without making it lose the effect of a perfect fifth and consonance. When therefore that comma is, as equally as possible, divided among all the twelve fifths, it produces no sensible imperfection at all, and leaves every fifth as good as perfect.

Now it must be observed, that, according to what has been said already, all the major and minor thirds, as ratios 5-4, and 6-5, admit of a greater temperament than the perfect fifth, and the minor and major sevenths, as ratios 16-9, and 15-8, of a still greater one than the thirds; and that all the fourths, sixths, and seconds, as mere inversions of those intervals, are included in the temperament of them. It may therefore be supposed, and experience proves, that if only the described major comma is properly distributed among the twelve fifths of our scale, the whole temperament of it is completed; and all the other intervals are rendered as satisfactory in their kind, as every perfect fifth is in its kind. This renders

the art of tempering a keyed instrument so very simple, that any person endowed with a good ear, may easily learn, and perfectly execute it, without the least concern about the numerous intricate things pointed out as very essential in the Stanhope temperament.

The only question therefore still remains, whether it is better to temper organs and other keyed instruments equally, or according to some unequal distribution? Concerning this I have observed in both treatises quoted before, that to play with accompaniments, or in concert with voices or instruments, the equal temperament is best; but, that for playing without any accompaniments, a good unequal one would be better. Yet if one of these temperaments was to be adopted universally and exclusively of the other, the equal one undoubtedly must have the preference, as I could shew by numerous important arguments, which the limits of this essay will not permit me to enter into.

But Lord Stanhope most decidedly condemns that temperament, and in the little work before us proposes a new unequal one, to which I shall now give some consideration.

The work begins thus:—"Several of the first mathematicians, as well as many of the most distinguished musicians, have spent much time in endeavouring to discover the best manner of tuning instruments with fixed tones; but their efforts have not, as yet, been attended with the desired effect." This I humbly conceive to be a mistake; for the art of temperament has long been taught so perfectly, that nothing material remained to be added. And the wolf, or that imperfection which arises from the compound state of our scale, as described, has been more clearly demonstrated by Marpurg, Kirnberger, Klein, Koch, Chladni, and several other respectable authors, than it is in the work before us, as will appear hereafter.

Lord Stanhope then proceeds:—"When I began this inquiry, I had the curiosity to converse with sixteen or eighteen of the most eminent musicians in England upon this subject. Half of them did then approve of what is called the equal temperament; the other half, on the contrary, reprobated that mode of tuning, as never satisfying the ear perfectly in any one key whatever."

"A science is evidently in a very imperfect state, when the first proficients in that science not only differ, but even hold decided opinions diametrically opposite to each other." &c.

Concerning these two passages I beg leave to make three remarks, viz.—first, Lord Stanhope quotes sixteen or eighteen persons, as the most eminent musicians in England, and yet thinks their science in a very imperfect state, merely

because one half of them were not partial to an unequal temperament; secondly, his Lordship does not allow that when the votes of such competent judges, as the quoted persons undoubtedly must be, are equally divided, there is a probability of equally strong arguments on both sides; and thirdly, the science of tuning, or rather of tempering the modern scale, is confounded with that of music in general, though the one is as different from the other, as the art of writing or inventing a book, is from that of printing it. The necessity of these remarks will be evident, when it appears that a great part of the work before us depends on the mistakes pointed out in them.

In the third and fourth pages, the use of an instrument for the mensuration of sounds, called the *monochord*, is shewn, with the ratios of a perfect octave, fifth, fourth, and third, which arise from the division of a string into two, three, four, and five aliquot parts; and in these particulars Lord Stanhope is very correct. But in a note to the fourth page it is added:—"There

are two sorts of major thirds, namely, perfect thirds and imperfect thirds. And the imperfect thirds are also of two species, viz. sharp thirds and flat thirds. The minor thirds are likewise of two species, namely, perfect minor thirds and imperfect minor thirds; and the imperfect minor thirds are (in like manner as the imperfect major thirds) of two species also, viz. sharp minor thirds and flat minor thirds."

Thus, however, is to be understood only according to his Lordship's new system of temperament, which if it was to be attended to, would require similar distinctions in major and minor fifths, fourths, sixths, sevenths, and seconds, as in the major and minor thirds; and thus, added to the numerous distinctions in the wolves, and the other intricacies contained in that temperament, would render the doctrine of it more complicated than the whole science of practical harmony.

[To be concluded in our next]

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

MR. GRIZZLE, AND MISS WRINKLE.

AN ENTIRE NEW SONG.

WHEN violets blossom in the grove,
And linnets whistle notes of love,
When jocund swains with milk-maids rove,
To tell the musical tale,
Miss Molly Wrinkle, faltering cries,
"I feel emotions constant rise,
"O spare a blushing virgin's sighs
"For Mr. Grizzle in the Vale."

Now Grizzle's face would give the lie
To every feeling Love might try,
His tender heart was *all my eye*,
"Twould blunt a rusty nail..

Says he, "Pray Molly don't be rash,
"Your smiles I cannot turn to cash;
"Hearts, darts, and Cupids, are all trash
"To Mr. Grizzle in the Vale."

A wither'd lily Molly lay,
The rose-bud, Time had cut away,
And ebony locks had turn'd to grey,
Alas! what could prevail?
Stiff as a ram-rod Molly grew,
And every art she tried anew,
To win that little—worse than Jew,
Mr. Grizzle in the Vale..

A monument of skin and grief,
Miss Molly moan'd without relief,
While Mr. Grizzle eat his beef,
And sipp'd his can of ale.

Ye gods! what havoc Love can make,
For Death thought fit at last to take
Miss Molly from that barbarous rake,
Mr. Grizzle in the Vale.

The village gossips soon arose,
Grizzle at last uneasy grows;
He bit his lips, and blew his nose,
To hear the woeful tale.
A Chorus'er 'quint her exit tried,
The verdict, no one there denied,—
Miss Molly Wrinkle, *spinsters*, died,
For Grizzle in the Vale.

E. B.

TO ANNA.

HASTE, Cupid, from thy woodbine bow'r,
On tender Love's impetuous wing;
And shut its rose-mantled door,
And here thy shafts in triumph bring.

Full many a tender heart hath bled,
(Its joy in love-sick graves cut off'd)
Which thou to Hymen's smiling bed
And length of sweetest hours had doom'd.

Oft fatal Love to ruin owes
The fairest plume that Science wears:
Oft tears the laurels from its brows,
And marks beneath the manly tears.
T t 2

Oft have I burn'd ; in vain now burn
To place that plume on Anna's head—
She now forgets the vows oft sworn,
And soon must see Leander bleed.

Forgive, ye brave, the gen'rous fault,
If thus my fortune fails alone ; e
My Anna stole my early thought,
And fram'd my feelings by her own.

My tender heart so torn with woes,
Shall beat (Heav'n grant it!) soon no more.
My youth to Melancholy bows—
And wishes now a happy shore!

But stop, my Clío, wanton muse,
Indulge not this unmanly strain :—
Beat, beat the drums, my ardour rouse,
And call my spirit back again.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
Throughout the sensual world proclaim,
One passing hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Go then, thou little lovely boy,
I cannot—must not hear thee now ;
No more thy tender arts employ,
Nor hurt my dearest with my woe.

If I, in all the flower of youth,
The scythe of fatal love must meet ;
Go, bear my laurel—pledge of truth,
And lay it at my Anna's feet.

In after life, some fond regret
May give the tribute of a tear ;
May sometimes mourn Leander's fate,
And think he sold his love too dear.

Such tears shall keep my laurels green,
And crown my image in her breast—
Till Heaven shall close the hapless scene,
And call her angel form to rest.

LEANDER.

MARY.

O VELL the warm and living rose
That freshens o'er the virgin cheek ;
O bend thy speaking eyes on those
Who can sustain the things they speak !
The cheating hopes, the wayward fears,
That juggled with my tender years,
Resign at length their feverish sway ;
And I have sworn to be no more
The thrall of love's insidious lore,
But sterner powers obey.

Yet, Mary ! when again I view,
With thrilling nerves and sinking frame,
The winning form, the feeling hue,
The breathing look without a name !

O blame me not if, while I gaze,
The perished hopes of former days
Should swell the tear in vain repress ;
How can they thence away be torn,
Nor leave my bleeding heart forlorn
And widow'd in my breast ?

So, o'er the couch where faint and low,
The wreck of parting life is laid,
When friendship bends in speechless woe,
And weeps to feel how vain her aid ;
If chance athwart the darken'd bed,
The morning sun one ray should shed,
Straight to the dying man appear—
The woods, the fields in vernal bloom,
And verging to the cheerless tomb,
He drops the human tear.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES, AT ETON.

SCENE of my boyish years !—there is a charm
Inwoven with each shade of circumstance
That marks our infant pleasures ; every sight,
And every sound ; the tree, the field, the stream,
Like friends long sever'd seize upon the heart ;
And joys almost forgotten, re-assume
A shape, and twine around the memory ;
Till dreaming Fancy paints them more than joys.
Scene of my boyish years ! I not disown
These natural feelings. Let me rest awhile
Here on this grassy bank : beneath these elms,
Whose high boughs murmur with the leafy sound
That sooth'd me when a child : when, truant-
like,

Of the dull chime that summon'd me afar
Nought heeding, by the river-wave I lay
Of Liberty enamour'd, and the Muse.
Fairest of Rivers ! I have seen the Rhine
Roll its blue waters wide, midst sunny vines,
Now flashing o' the noon, now dark revolv'd
Midst forest glooms, while mould'ring abbey-
towers ..

And rocks, bow'd awful o'er the sullen flood ;
Yet owns my heart thy pastoral imagery,
Fairest of Rivers !—flowing calm and clear
Midst the green islets, while the Swan divides
The silver wave, and the swift gliding sail
Recedes in distance midst thy winding shores.
As yon grey turrets rest in trembling shade
On thy transparent depth, the days long past
Press on my fond remembrance ; when adverse
From sport, I wander'd on thy loneliest banks ;
Where not a sound disturb'd the quiet air
But such as fitly blends with silentness :
The whispering sedge—the ripple of the stream—
Or bird's faint note ; and not a human trace,
Save of some hamlet spire in woods immers'd,
Spake to the sight of Earth's inhabitants !

Then, have I rush'd prone from the topmost
bank,
And given my limbs to struggle with the stream,
And midst thy waters felt a keener life.
Healthful thy mky temperature of wave,
Reviving Thames! associate with delight
Thy stream to thrilling Fancy flows, when faint
I languish in the sun-blaze: and with thee
Ingenuous friendships, feasts of liberty
That bore not harsh control, and gravely sweet
The toils of letter'd lore, and the kind smile
Of him, who ev'n upbraiding could be kind,
On sooth'd remembrance throng. Some heaviness
Blends with my joyful spirit, as I pause,
To bid thee, Thames! farewell: the years of
youth
Return no more: and sad Reflection sighs,
To know that youthful gaiety of heart,
And youthful innocence, no more return.

E.

SUMMER TO THAIS.

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ALREADY, in the circle bright
The sun has gain'd his utmost height;
And the infuriat'd lion†, lo!
Pours flush his heat on all below.
The grateful grove, my garden's pride,
Sweet courts you to its shade aside;
Where's never known at noon to fail
The freshness of the morning gale;
And where the pebbled streamlet flows,
Murm'ring, meet, to charm repose;
And shy, unseen, the tufts among,
The chaffinch frames his artless song;
And the fragrant scented rose,
Around its chastest incense throws,
Wafled from th' arb'ræcin's shrub,
Whereon is seen the moss-clad bud,
Beauteous infant of the hour!
Close beside the full blown flow'r:
And there, yet young, the orange twines,
As the playful hand inclines;
Its pliant branches gaily drest,
With fruit at once, and blossom blest,
Mild glisten with a silv'ry ray,
And bright the gleam of gold display.
Here also now, fast rip'ning grow,
'Neath the sun's meridian glow,

* The Zodiac.

† At the summer solstice the sun is in the sign of Leo.

The od'rous rasp, the currant too,
In clusters of a crimson hue;
And the strawberry, couch'd on ground,
Its amber scent dispensing round.
Come then,—the marble domes forego,
And from the pride of courts withdraw.
Who would beneath th' umbrageous trees,
In peace, enjoy the balmy breeze;
Or the grotto's cooling shade,
Where innocence, blest heav'nly maid!
In search of silence oft repairs,
And gives to sleep her fancy'd cares;—
Or the hidden winding wave,
Where timid beauty's wont to lave
Her graceful form, secure, unseen
By the eye of man profane;
Or when is pass'd a day serene,
Who would enjoy an ev'ning scene
In the deep sequester'd grove,
Where, to the whispering sighs of love,
Hush'd is ev'ry red rery
That might their thrillings soft annoy.
O, hither haste, the city leave,
The basket let your arm receive,
The hat of straw your temples grace,
The morning robe your frame embrace.
To please you anxious Flora will,
With lib'ral hand your pannier fill
With ev'ry flow'r the pasture shows,
And ev'ry fruit the orchard grows.
Nor to others will I leave
A chaplet for thy brow to weave;
For this the myrtle shall entwine
With the amaranth divine.
The flaming pink, and jasmine white,
Too, shall thy snowy bosom dight,
Which sportive waving, they shall kiss,
Unconscious of the balmy bliss.
Tuberoses, niggards yet,
Now exhale your odours free;
Tulips trim, and gaudy gay,
Your varied colours proud display;
Accomplish'd murrain, laurels true,
The meed to gen'rous victors due;
And thou, lily, monarch high,
Of ev'ry flow'r blooming bright,
The lovely rose, thy boasted bride,
Chastely blushing by thy side;
Brilliant fruits! of pleasure torn,
Engender'd by the tears of morn;
Nurtur'd by mild Zephyr's sighs,
Foster'd by love's tender ties;
Fall and languish, as 'tis meet
At another Flora's feet;
On your wrecks shall Venus raise,
Wrecks how charming! to her praise,
A throne whereon shall rapt'rous reign
A nymph belov'd, and faithful swain.

T. L. Tr

THE MORNING DREAM.*

'Twas in the glad season of Spring,
 Asleep at the dawn of the day,
 I dreamt what I cannot but sing,
 So pleasant it seem'd as I lay:
 I dreamt that on ocean afloat,
 Far hence to the westward I sail'd,
 While the billows high lifted the boat,
 And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
 Such, at least, was the form that she wore,
 Whose beauty imprest me with awe
 Ne'er taught me by woman before:
 She sat, and a shield at her side
 Shed light, like a sun on the waves;
 And smiling divinely, she cried—
 "I go to make *Freemen of Slaves*."

Then raising her voice to a strain,
 The sweetest that ear ever heard;
 She sung of the slave's broken chain,
 Wherever her glory appear'd.
 Some clouds, which had over us hung,
 Flew, chased by her melody clear;
 And methought while she liberty sung,
 'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
 To a slave-cultur'd island we came,
 Where a Demon, her enemy, stood—
 Oppression, his terrible name;
 In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
 A scourge, hung with lashes, he bore,
 And stood, looking out for his prey,
 From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land,
 That goddess-like woman he view'd,
 The scourge he let fall from his hand,
 With blood of his subjects imbued!
 I saw him both sickened and die,
 And the moment the monster expir'd,
 Heard shouts, that ascended the sky,
 From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse
 At what such a dream should beide?
 But soon my ear caught the glad news,
 Which serv'd my weak thought for a guide—
 That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves,
 For the hatred she ever has shewn
 To the black-scepter'd rulers of slaves,
 Resolves to have none of her own.

* We trust an apology is needless for introducing this month, the following highly-beautiful lines of Cowper. They were written when the subject of the Slave Trade was first brought forward by Mr. Wilberforce. The last verse is peculiarly impressive and appropriate at the present time.

TRANSLATION FROM MOSCHUS.

O'er the smooth main when scarce a zephyr
 blows
 To break the dark-blue Ocean's deep repose,
 I seek the calmness of the breathing shore,
 Delighted with the fields and woods no more.
 But when, white foaming, leave the deeps on
 high,
 Swells the black storm, and mingles sea and sky,
 Trembling, I fly the wild tempestuous strand,
 And seek the close recesses of the land.
 Sweet are the sounds that murmur through the
 wood
 While rolling storms upheave the dangerous
 flood;
 Then, if the winds more fiercely howl, they
 rouse
 But sweeter music in the pine's tall boughs.
 Hard is the life the weary fisher finds
 Who trusts his floating mansion to the winds,
 Whose daily food the fickle sea maintains,
 Unchanging labour, and uncertain gains.
 Be mine soft sleep, beneath the spreading shade
 Of some broad leafy plane inglorious laid,
 Lull'd by a fountain's fall, that, murmuring near,
 Soothes, not alarms, the toil-worn labourer's ear.

THE MARRIED MAN'S ADDRESS TO
THE LIBERTINES.

I AM married and happy, with wonder hear this!
 Ye rovers and rakes of the age
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
 Whom none but loose pleasures engage.
 You may laugh—but believe me, "you're all in
 the wrong,"
 When you merrily marriage deride;
 For to marriage alone lasting pleasures belong,
 And in them we can only confide.

Of the joys I possess, you know not one jot,
 They contain what you cannot conceive;
 Contented and happy, I am pleas'd with my lot;
 Whilst all your false-pleasures deceive.

Do you ask—from what source my felicity flows?
 My answer is short—from a wife,
 Whom for virtue, good sense, and good man-
 ners I've chose;
 Such as these are the blessings of life.

To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
 Every moment each strives for to seize;
 And we find ourselves happy from morning 'till
 night,
 By mutual endeavours to please.

T. W. C.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JUNE.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

[Continued from Page 271.]

ACT II. SCENE I.—*LOUISE and URSULE.*

Ursule. Let us seek the solitude of this saloon; no one will disturb us, and we may converse together at liberty. Now let me hear; you said that Samville pleased you at first sight.

Louise. The few words he spoke produced a deeper impression upon me than the graces of his person, and I feel no reluctance in fulfilling my father's wishes who destined him to be my husband.

Ursule. I congratulate you on the happiness you are going to enjoy with such a man; and will afford you every assistance in my power to make the conquest of his heart.

Louise. Is it necessary to make use of any stratagem to please him? If we suit each other, no impediment can arise to delay our union.

Ursule. Well spoken like a country girl! but I who, in my boarding-school and learned books, have studied the ways of the world, will instruct you how to act. Your artless sincerity, which impels you to own your true sentiments too soon, will perhaps be mistaken for forwardness. I fear also you will be led by the advice of others, your rivals for instance, Agathe and Pauline, and as I am your friend and think you have a better title to Samville's hand than either of them, will, if you choose, exert all my talents in insuring your marriage.

Louise. But I would not conceal any thing from them; have we not engaged our word we would open the secrets of our hearts to each other? No, the only way is to become as amiable as I ought to be, and by flattering attentions to secure Samville's affection, without employing any unfair means.

Ursule. Trust me, all will be fair, and follow my advice I will let you know what I have already done. I met Corsignac, and obtained as much information from him about your future husband's taste, temper, and intentions, as will suit our purpose.

Louise. Well?

Ursule. You must not fancy that he means to spend all his life on the estate he is about to purchase; six months in the country, and six in town, such is the way he intends to dispose of his time; for the pleasures and dissipation of Paris, balls, playhouses, &c. are very much to his taste.

Louise. I am very sorry for it, for the quiet life I had in the country seems so sweet and so pleasant; yet I should not object to leaving Paris.

Ursule. He wishes also that his wife should shine in the highest circles; and his elegance of dress, and her beauty, should become an object of general admiration.

Louise. Alas! I am so timid, so fond of avoiding being noticed; yet I could yield to his desire of moving in the world, provided he should make ample amends for it when we retire from its noisy scenes.

Ursule. He is a very honest man, but never refuses to join in a convivial meeting, or take a hand at cards, and is very gallant to the ladies. This is all his friend could tell me.

Louise. Heavens! I should not like such a man for my husband.

Ursule. Be not terrified at this description; such dispositions are very amiable; and when once we find the means of fixing their inconstancy—

Louise. But how?

Ursule. How! by making them purchase dearly the avowal of our sentiments in their favour. Yes, my dear Louise, if you seem to fly from him, he will be the more ardent in your pursuit.

Louise. But this is acting exactly like a coquette.

Ursule. Coquetry may sometimes prove useful; when it is innocently indulged, it only increases the charms of a woman.

Louise. I shall be so awkward.

Ursule. A young lady be awkward on such an occasion, when coquetry is in the question, is impossible. A look of indifference and disdain, affecting at the same time to be particularly polite to his friend Corsignac—

Louise. O, no, I cannot act thus—I will not, I'd rather give up all thoughts of marrying Samville; for could such a line of conduct lead me to happiness? yet I feel that my heart is engaged, and that I would forgive his faults with pleasure.

Ursule. Well, only follow my directions, and let me speak of you to him.

Louise. I agree to it; do not forsake me.

Ursule. Hush! here he comes.

Louise. He comes; after the information you have given me, I do not know how to behave in his presence.

Enter SAINVILLE.

Sainville (to Louise). Since I have found you alone with your amiable neighbour, I will not suffer such a favourable opportunity to escape. You may recollect that during breakfast your father pronounced a few words which have filled my soul with hope, and given birth to many projects.

Louise. What projects, Sir.

Sainville. I have teased him so much about finding me an estate, that he has at last resolved to conduct me this very day to see one which lies contiguous to his own.

Ursule. It is pleasant to live near one's friends.

Sainville. But I meant to speak of a certain marriage which Mr. Jaquennus mentioned during our conversation.

Louise. Well, Sir?

Sainville. Well ma'am; your father, who looks upon me with the partiality of a friend, hinted that I might make a choice among his young ladies. I have not the presumption to think that I deserve the approbation of your handsome companions nor yours, yet while every thing around you proclaims your talents, I cannot resist—

Louise. Sir!—*(Aside to Ursule.)* It is delightful to listen to him.

Ursule (aside to Louise). Listen, but beware.

Sainville. Could an honest heart, a pure soul, and sincere affection cause my defects to be overlooked, and increase the little merit I possess—

Ursule (aside to Louise). Answer him as you ought.

Louise. Do you mean to make a declaration?

Sainville. A declaration! No; I have been so little in your company as yet that I should not dare; and my greatest hope is that you will be indulgent.

Louise. Indulgent, Sir! men are so vain, I am told, that I ought to be severe. *(Aside to Ursule.)* No, Ursule, I cannot follow your advice, I cannot become a coquette.

Ursule. The best way then is to leave us.

Sainville (to Louise). You seem agitated?

Louise. Not in the least, Sir, I am perfectly composed, but do not feel well, and must beg to be excused. *(Aside.)* What a pity! *[Exit.]*

Sainville (aside). She scarcely answers me, and withdraws when I speak of love. Corsignac, who assured me that all these girls, even the neighbour, had some intentions upon me, must have committed a very great mistake. *(Aloud.)* This reception is not very encouraging.

Ursule. Her heart is excellent, her soul is the abode of virtue, and if she be a little capricious—

Sainville. Capricious?

Ursule. She has so many good qualities that so

slight a defect is scarcely perceived.—You told me at breakfast you intended to pay a visit to my mother, I will go and prepare her to receive you; she will be delighted at becoming acquainted with the son of an old friend. As to Louise, I will scold her, and make her feel she was in the wrong, to tax with vanity what seemed to me the expression of modest and respectful esteem. *(Aside.)* I'll hasten to let my mother know what a good match now presents itself. *[Exit.]*

Sainville. This young neighbour appears to be endowed with a kind heart, and I might hesitate between the two.—O, no; I have almost pledged my honour to Mr. Jaquemin, and the impression her charms produced upon me would have led me to declare my love, had she not left me so precipitately. I should not like her, however, to indulge her whims too often; yet what woman is not capricious?

Enter FULINE dressed in white, with a straw hat and a book in her hand.

Pauline (looking at her book). He is alone; excellent.

Sainville. What misfortune has happened, ma'am; if I mistake not, you are weeping?

Pauline. I beg your pardon, Sir, I did not see you, *(pointing to her book).* Yes this is such an interesting situation, a young man and a young lady who behold each other for the first time, and feel such a violent perturbation in their hearts! I am used to melt into tears at every novel I read.

Sainville. I interrupt your lecture, and I will immediately retire.

Pauline. One moment more, if you please, you have undoubtedly read the "Dangers of Sensibility".

Sainville. I read very few novels, especially since so many have been written.

Pauline. Heavens! Sir, you do not peruse these delightful works! In the name of God, whence have you derived that love for the retirement of the country, and those pure and exquisite feelings I took so much pleasure in hearing you analyse this morning!

Sainville. What affectation! *(Aloud.)* I have said nothing more than the truth, when I spoke of my partiality for the country; I am destined to live far from towns, I therefore will try to be happy, wherever fate will place me. And as to my private feelings, I think it is perfectly useless to peruse novels to be a man of honour, and my ambition does not aim at a higher title than that of a virtuous member of society.

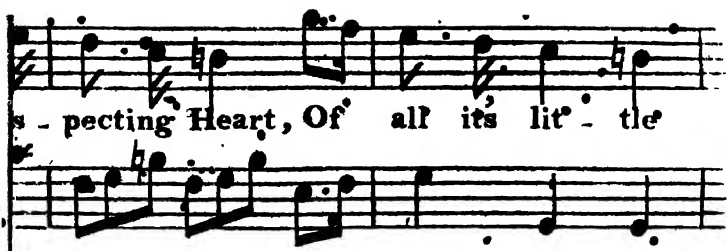
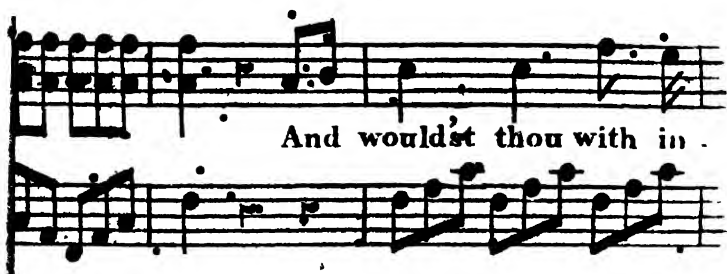
Pauline (aside). What dryness in his expressions!

E. R.

[To be continued.]

N^r

only with that Work.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

FASHIONS

For JULY, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES IN HER COURT DRESS, AS WORN ON THE BIRTH-DAY.

THIS dress, for taste and magnificence, stood unrivalled amidst the splendour and elegance displayed on the Birth-Day of our justly revered Sovereign; and we consider ourselves fortunate in having it in our power to procure a representation of it for our fair correspondents.

The body and ground of the drapery was formed of a rich silver and lilac tissue; with a most superb border, composed of emeralds, topazes, and amethysts, to represent the vine-leaf and grapes. The train and petticoat of silver tissue; bordered all round like the drapery; and each terminated with a most brilliant silver fringe of a strikingly novel formation. Rich silver laurel and arrow on the left side, to loop up the train. Head-dress of diamonds and amethysts, tastefully disposed; with high plume of ostrich feathers. Neck-dress, the winged ruff, *à la Mary Queen of Scots*; sleeve ornaments to correspond. Amethyst necklace and earrings, with Maltese cross; diamond armlets and bracelets. White satin shoes, with rich silver rosettes. French kid gloves, above the elbow. Fan of Imperial crape, studded with amethysts and topazes.

No. 2.—PARISIAN FASHIONS, TAKEN FROM A GROUP OF CONVERSATION FIGURES AT THE FRESTATI, IN PARIS.

LADIES DRESS.—A white Italian crape robe, over a white satin slip, ornamented round the bottom and drapery, with a border of shells, painted to nature. Plain scalloped bosom cut

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very low, and made to sit close to the form. Waved sleeves, easily full, formed of alternate stripes of crape and pink satin. Hair, bound in smooth bands, confined on the forehead, and ornamented behind with wreaths of wild roses. Earrings and necklace of pearls. Shoes, pink satin, trimmed with silver. White kid gloves, rucked.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON,

With a complete List of Ladies in their Court Dresses, as worn on the Birth-Day.

As there is little alteration in the general style of personal decoration since our last communication, and as our elegant and extensive collection of Court Dresses will occupy much space, and we doubt not, prove highly acceptable to our readers, we shall simply notice a few particular articles, which strike us as most novel and graceful, and hasten to give our delineations of Court splendour.

The most distinguishable style of hat, is a complete gipsy, with the lowest possible crown; and some of our elegant females wear an entire round flat chip, tied across the crown with a coloured patent-net handkerchief, embroidered in a border of natural flowers. The small French bonnet, and cottage poke, are also in general request. The former are composed of coloured figured sarsnet; the latter of muslin, or leno, lined with coloured Persian; and each are usually worn with

U U

the promenade tippet, of the same materials.—For a morning, the fugitive coat, of cambic, or muslin, with a deep collar, pointed in front, and finished with the acorn tassel, is considered simple and elegant. With these last mentioned articles, the gipsy hat, of satin straw, with the magic or bee-hive crown, is most appropriate and becoming; but no flowers can be consistently admitted in the morning costume. The round French robe, the Algerine vest, and the mantle wrap, are each amidst the last offerings of taste and fashion; and are formed of undress crape, Angola silk, or muslin. Dresses and robes are often seen in plain coloured muslins, ornamented with Vandyke lace; and with them is worn the Anne Bullen cap, which is considered the most novel and simple article of the kind that has been introduced for a length of time. The head-dress continues in the antique and Grecian style; and the hair is parted on the forehead *à-la-Cleopatra*, or *Algodou*. The backs of dresses are a little advanced in fashionable circles, since our last information; and the bosom is usually made to sit close to the form. In full-dress, the sleeve is shorter than ever; but in the morning (and frequently in the evening dress) the long sleeve is adopted universally. Walking dresses are now made gather longer than we have witnessed for some time; so that, in walking, they just offer a graceful occupation for the hand. Trains again form a part of the evening costume, except for dancing, when they are invariably made short, and formed in the Arcadian style. Vandyke and shell-scollop trimmings, in lace or work, ornament almost every article of fashionable attire; and pointed drapery, tastefully disposed, has entirely expelled almost every other. The Flemish speckers, with flowing scarfs, are now become too general to find a place amidst a fashionable selection. The spencer is, however, so convenient and generally becoming an article, that we still continue our recommendation of it to those females who wish to adopt the intermediate style. Scarfs are less seen this summer than we ever remember them; but the Etruscan mantle, and the order of the gipsy and Spanish cloak, are still conspicuous amidst the gay and fashionable throng. Flowers, in full dress, are at this time the prevailing ornaments, both as decorations for the head, and trimmings for robes. Wreaths of the oak leaf, of the hop blossom, wild roses, honey-suckle, pea-blossom, horse chesnut, rock-foily, &c. &c. will be found distinguishable ornaments on the Birth-day.

The following correct list of Court Dresses, will at once exhibit the standard for full dress; as well as the most prevailing colours for the season. We give them *en train*.

BIRTH DAY DRESSES.

Her MAJESTY.—A lilac and silver tissue petticoat, trimmed with draperies of point Brussels lace, with point lace of the same description, flowered round the pocket holes; the front of the draperies superbly ornamented with large diamond rosettes, from which were suspended diamond bows and tassels. The under drapery fancifully ornamented with diamonds in diagonal stripes. The mantle to correspond with the drapery.

Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS of WALES.—The drapery and body of rich silver and lilac tissue most magnificently embroidered with emeralds, topaz, and amethyst stones, to form fine leaves and grapes, entwined with wreaths of diamonds in stars and shells; at the bottom of the drapery a very rich silver fringe of quite a new pattern, the train and petticoat of silver tissue, with a border all round to correspond with that on the drapery; also a rich silver fringe all round the train and petticoat, with rich silver laurel to loop up the drapery and pocket-holes: the head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE of WALES.—A pink and silver slip, with a beautiful Brussels lace frock to wear over it, and a pink and silver girdle.

Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS AUGUSTA.—A yellow crape petticoat richly embroidered with silver; a sash across with a border of honey-suckles, and rich pointed embroidered draperies. Body and train to correspond.

Her Royal Highness PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—A superb dress of apricot and silver tissue. The right side of the dress a magnificent drapery, composed of an Etruscan net of large silver beads, tastefully divided at distances by a thick bullion of beads, and this of beads in dead silver relieved with bright bullion, elegantly ornamented with massy wreaths of laurel in silver foil, and bouquets of chesnut blossoms, with the kernel bursting from the shell, formed the *tout ensemble* of this strikingly novel and elegant dress, which, for taste and effect, surpassed any dress of the kind we have observed. The bottom finished with a wreath of laurel in raised foil and beads. The whole looped up with large silver cords and tassels. Robe of apricot and silver tissue, trimmed with broad Vandyke silver fringe, point lace and diamonds.

Her Royal Highness PRINCESS MARY.—Wore a magnificent dress of brown crape, embroidered with silver and pink roses over a petticoat of royal purple; oval draperies, richly spangled all over, and terminated with marking borders of dead and bright foil in vandykes, with roses beau-

tifully interspersed lightly in the embroidery, the whole completed with elegant cords and tassels. Robe of brown, purple and silver tissue, trimmed with broad vandyke fringe, point lace, and diamonds.

Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS SOPHIA.—A pea-green petticoat, over which an elegant scarf drapery of the same colour, most magnificently embroidered in silver lines and branches; on the right side a wing of scale embroidery of uncommon richness, and on the left a richly spangled drapery, most tastefully hung round the bottom of the petticoat. The robe of green and silver tissue, most elegantly trimmed with silver, and looped on the sleeves with silver chains and acorns. Head-dress, an elegant plume of green and white feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

Her Royal Highness PRINCESS AMELIA.—Petticoat of white crape richly spangled, and border a mosaic pattern. Draperies of purple Albany net with silver acorns; pockets formed with rich sprigs of laurel; train of handsomely embroidered purple tissue; on the left, a beautiful formed drapery of shell-work, ornamented with Parisian trimming. The whole in appearance truly elegant and becoming to her Royal Highness, and we think it one of the handsomest dresses at Court.

Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF YORK.—A white sar-net petticoat, richly embroidered with an Etruscan border in silver draperies, a silver tissue drawn up and ornamented with a wreath of silver hoops, which had a very novel and elegant appearance. Train, silver tissue trimmed round with the wreaths of hop leaves; Brussels lace sleeves, with diamond armlets and brooches. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Her Royal Highness PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER—wore a dress of white and silver, superbly embroidered, and was much admired for taste and effect, the whole finished with a mas-y border at bottom. Her Royal Highness wore a robe of lilac and silver tissue, with rich embroidered sleeves and fronts.

PRINCESS CASTELCALA.—An elegant dress of lavender-coloured crape, fluted in divisions, trimmed with broad black lace, and ornamented with wreaths of fancy flowers, same colour as the dress, and bows of ribbon; robe of black lace trimmed all round with flowers.

Duchess of NORTHUMBERLAND.—A white crape petticoat, richly spangled in silver, and ornamented with silver grapes; train to correspond.

The Duchess of Rutland was elegantly dressed in a beautiful petticoat and train of straw coloured crape, with rich silver vine-leaves, and ropes of silver arros.

Duchess of Dorset.—A rich embroidered silver crape, ornamented with lilac crape and silver tassels; train lilac crape.

Duchess of Leeds.—A brown dress, very richly embroidered with gold.

Duchess of Montrose.—A yellow crape petticoat, with a rich painted Grecian border; train yellow crape.

Duchess of Athol.—A white satin petticoat, with a lace drapery of Reine Marguerite flowers, appliqued on white satin lace train.

Duchess of Buccleugh.—A very rich dress of brown and silver, superbly embroidered; brown train, elegantly ornamented with silver; head-dress brown and silver, with a profusion of diamonds.

Marchioness Dowager of Bath.—A petticoat of violet crape, embroidered in rich silver draperies, with a silver foil border, pocket-holes richly trimmed, silver cords and tassels; body and train to correspond.

Countess of Cardigan.—A most beautiful rainbow green crape petticoat, with rich silver foil border; the drapery superbly spangled with rich embroidered border, ornamented with silver mignon beads, and silver cords and tassels; the body and train to correspond.

Countess of Malmesbury (and the two Ladies HARRIS, her daughters) each simple elegant dresses of pale green crape, decorated with flowers; head-dress to correspond.

Countess of Uxbridge.—A sky-blue crape petticoat, richly grounded with Imperial silver rings, a silver Vandyke border, with stripes of silver lama, representing wreaths of oak and lilac, tastefully worked on the petticoat; blue crape body and train.

Countess of Grosvenor.—A white crape petticoat grounded with silver Imperial rings, with draperies richly bordered with silver embroidered wheat-ears and silver lama; the petticoat embroidered in waves, with an elegant foil border; Vandyke pocket-holes, with silver cords and tassels; body and train to correspond.

Countess of St. Vincent.—A white crape petticoat, grounded in silver spangles, and richly embroidered border, pocket-holes trimmed with silver, and silver cords and tassels; train to correspond.

Countess of Galloway.—A white crape petticoat, with rich silver foil border, the drapery richly embroidered with Trafalgar net border; body, sleeves, and train, richly ornamented with silver embroidered shell-work.

Countess of Oxford.—A white satin petticoat, with lace draperies, trimmed with pink, French beads and wreaths of apple blossom; train to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess ST. MARTIN ~~FRONT~~.—A dress of pale blue crine in draperies, ornamented with borders of net work, in beads and bands of the same, with handsome beads and tassels; robe pale blue sarsnet, trimmed with vandykes and beads, point lace, &c.

Countess of KINGSTON.—A white crape petticoat, most tastefully embroidered with silver wheat-ears; also embroidered drapery, drawn up with a very rich silver cord and tassels; the body and train of white satin, richly embroidered with silver, and trimmed with point lace.

Countess of MENDIP.—A white crape petticoat, with a rich Vandyke silver foil border, edged with the real silver Llama; under this border was a silver chain, linked with the Prince's plume; on the right side a Grecian drapery with a double Vandyke border, with sprigs of lilies of the valley; this drapery was looped up with a rich silver cord and tassels; the left drapery beautifully embroidered with silver roses, with the same border, and edged with a Trafalgar fringe; pocket-holes fancifully trimmed with wreaths of silver roses; train of silver tissue, trimmed to correspond.

The Countess of MACCLESFIELD.—A straw-coloured satin petticoat, with superb drapery of white crape embroidered with gold peacocks' feathers, in the heart or eye of each feather was a cluster of brilliant stones of various descriptions; the border *à la-Grecque*, also decorated with gold feathers and a variety of brilliant stones; the robe to correspond; the sleeves and breast most magnificently embroidered with gold feathers and coloured stones. The head-dress straw-coloured and white feathers, richly ornamented with diamonds, arranged in the most tasteful manner.

Countess of MENDEN.—A dress of white crape, magnificently embroidered with silver roses; at the bottom of the petticoat a very rich Vandyke embroidered border, at the bottom of each Vandyke was a silver tassel; the body and train of rich white silver tissue, embroidered with silver to correspond with the petticoat; at the pocket-hole on the right side was an elegant cord and tassel to loop up the drapery.

Countess of PEMBROKE.—A superb dress of brown and silver; the petticoat richly embroidered in antique, and ornamented with silver fringe; brown crape train, elegantly ornamented with silver; head-dress brown and silver, with a profusion of diamonds.

Countess of ELY.—A very superb dress; a white crape petticoat, richly embroidered, the ground in silver shells, with a very rich border intermixed with white satin, the drapery elegantly worked in silver, in an entire new style; train of mouse colour silk, beautifully striped with silver; head-dress, a plume of white ostrich feathers.

Countess of CHATHAM.—An elegant dress of green and silver, superbly embroidered in rich bunches of silver acorns; a very rich embroidered border, with Vandyke silver fringe; green crape train, beautifully ornamented with silver, and embroidered to correspond with the petticoat.

Countess DALKEITH.—Iris crape petticoat, tastefully ornamented with silver and wreaths of oak; lilac train, elegantly ornamented with silver.

Countess of BEVERLEY.—A green crape trellis trimming, ornamented with fancy flowers and drapery to correspond; train of green crape.

Countess of BELLEMONT.—A brown crape dress, trimmed with blue lace.

Countess of CLONMELL.—A dress of jonquil crape embossed with silver, and looped up with wreaths and bunches of yellow roses; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of DORKNEY.—A petticoat of white crape, embossed with sprigs of purple and white foil; body and train of purple sarsnet, trimmed with silver.

Countess of TALBOT.—A dress of primrose sarsnet, with rich drapery of point lace, looped up, with wreaths of roses; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of JERSEY.—A blue crape petticoat, elegantly ornamented with draperies of rich gold embroidery, in the Turkish style, suspended with rich gold cord and tassels; a blue crape train, trimmed with gold.

Countess CHOLMONDELEY.—Body and train of yellow crape, richly embroidered with silver, sleeves of point lace, looped up with stars of diamonds; petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered with silver; on one side a sash of yellow crape, fastened with bunches of jonquil.

Countess of MEXBOROUGH.—A dress of Windsor grey, trimmed with flowers; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Dowager Countess of ORMOND.—A sage-colour crape dress, with full and elegant draperies, trimmed with real pearl fringe, and tied up with large bunches of mock pearl; head-dress formed of sage crape, with six handsome ostrich feathers, and a most splendid display of diamonds.

Countess of CHESTERFIELD.—A very rich dress of blue crape, embroidered in wreaths of rose leaves in the real silver; Oriental lame crescents, ornamented with large silver cords and tassels; train of blue crape, trimmed with silver; head-dress a plume of blue ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Countess of DARTMOUTH.—A white satin petticoat, with Mazarine crape draperies, tastefully embroidered in silver, fastened with silver cord and tassels; head-dress feathers and diamonds.

Viscountess CASTLEREAGH.—A magnificent dress of apple-green crape, richly embroidered in silver, the whole spangled with silver, and trimmed with large silver zephyr and Vandyke fringe, the draperies tied up with rich tassels and cord; train to correspond; the body and sleeves fully trimmed with point lace, head-dress, a profusion of diamonds, and nine ostrich feathers.

Viscountess ALLEN—A dress of green spider gauze, ornamented with wreaths of oak-leaves; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady YOUNG—A dress of white crape, richly embroidered with gold, gold cords and tassels; robe of white crape, ornamented with gold; the head-dress was of white feathers and diamonds.

Lady C. HARGOLD—A Brussels dress, lined with topaz colour.

Lady ARDEN.—A white crape petticoat and drapery, very beautifully embroidered with silver, and interlined with pea-green sarsnet; body and train of pea green sarsnet, ornamented with silver and point lace.

Lady MOSELEY.—A splendid dress of white and silver, superbly ornamented and embroidered; the form of the draperies were in the Grecian style, looped up with a rich cord and tassels, train to correspond, richly ornamented with diamonds; head-dress, beautiful plume of ostrich feathers, magnificent diamonds, and point lace.

Dowager Lady BAGOT.—A superb dress of lilac, richly embroidered in silver.

Right Hon. Lady MARY LENNOX.—A petticoat of lavender blue silk, ornamented with superb lace draperies; the train to correspond; head-dress diamonds and feathers.

Right Hon. Lady ELIZABETH SPENCER.—A most beautiful lavender silk train and petticoat, richly ornamented with draperies of superb point lace, looped up with beads and bead tassels; the bottom of the petticoat trimmed with point lace to correspond; head-dress of ostrich feathers and beads.

Lady M. WALPOLE.—A very beautiful dress; the petticoat elegantly embroidered with silver sprigs, and tastefully ornamented with rock lily; the drapery looped up with flowers; the body and train of white sarsnet, ornamented with silver and point lace.

Lady LAVINGTON.—White dress, very richly embroidered with silver, in beautiful flowers; lilac train, elegantly embroidered, and ornamented with silver.

Lady ELEANOR BUTLER.—Dress of pale pink crape, richly trimmed with wreaths and bunches of full blown roses and buds; head-dress, a profusion of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Lady PERTH.—A white and gold trimming, and rich gold tissue train.

Lady CROFTON.—A purple gauze petticoat, ornamented with lilac flowers and cord; train to correspond.

Lady HUME.—A rich gold embroidered petticoat, on lavender blue sarsnet, train of the same.

Lady BANKS.—An elegant blue and silver applique petticoat; train blue sarsnet.

Lady C. DUNCOMBE.—A white and gold petticoat with draperies of purple crape; train to match.

Four Ladies PERCY.—White satin petticoats, with blue crape draperies, and a rich applique border of blue and silver; the draperies tastefully drawn up with chains of massy silver; train blue crape; head-dress, a plume of blue and white feathers.

Lady E. MURRAY.—A pink crape petticoat, with a rich net applique drapery; pink crape train.

Lady C. WEST.—A pink crape petticoat, with a rich silver drapery; train white crape.

Lady C. WYNN BELASYSE.—A blue crape petticoat, elegantly ornamented with white fancy flowers; train blue crape.

Lady BAGOT.—A most superb and elegant white dress, richly embroidered with silver, in wreaths of oak, with a profusion of diamonds and feathers.

Lady FLUYDER.—A white crape petticoat and draperies, with oak border in silver; train, lilac tissue; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady IMHOFF.—A silver gauze petticoat, richly trimmed; lilac train; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady METCALFE.—A pearl coloured sarsnet petticoat, painted with yellow roses and apple blossoms, the draperies tied up with liburnum, and finished in a most tasteful manner, with steel beads and tassels; robe, head-dress, and feathers to correspond, with diamond bandeau and sprig, and feathers fastened with diamonds.

Lady RADSTOCK.—A petticoat of lace, over a lavender silk; the train of the same colour, forming a drapery richly ornamented with beads.

Lady BRUCE.—A petticoat of white crape, richly beaded, with a mantle or train of lilac sarsnet, trimmed with a very rich point, suspended from the shoulders, falling in folds from the back, and fastened at the side in a festoon, with beads; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady CHAMBERS.—A rich dress of white crape, embossed with gold, and edged with rich borders, looped up with bunches of purple flowers.

Lady SOPHIA LUMLEY.—A dress of white crape, embroidered with silver, with bunches of pink frosted flowers.

Lady ROWLEY.—A white spider gauze dress, richly trimmed with silver, in rich Vandyke border.

The Ladies GREVILLE.—White and silver dresses, trimmed with pink flowers.

Lady **POLTENEY**.—A lilac silk petticoat, with drapery of real point black lace; train the same.

Lady **TRIGG**.—A blue silk petticoat, with white lace drapery, elegantly festooned with cords and tassels; train the same.

Lady **CHARLOTTE LEGGE**.—A primrose petticoat, with draperies embroidered in silver; train of primrose crape to correspond.

Lady **STAWELL**.—A blue striped gauze petticoat, festooned with wreaths of blue ribbons; train the same.

Lady **C. SCOTT**.—A superb dress of pink spider gauze, embossed with silver, and looped up with rich wreaths of silver and vine leaves; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady **FLEMING**.—A petticoat of rich net gauze over white satin, with borders of embossed silver and rubies; body and train to correspond.

Lady **DIANA FLEMING**.—A violet crape dress, ornamented with rich wreaths of oak leaves; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady **TEIGNMOUTH**.—A white crape dress, with borders of embossed silver, ornamented with bunches of lavender flowers.

Lady **CATHERINE STEWART**.—A dress of amber crape and white roses; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady **SELENA STEWART**.—A white crape dress, beautifully embroidered in showers of silver, and *à la Grecque* border.

Lady **MILDMAY**.—A superb dress of amber crape, richly embroidered in silver, the draperies looped up with bunches of silver vine leaves and rich chains, body and train to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady **A. MACLEOD**.—A dress of purple crape, with wreaths of white roses.

Lady **HUTCHESLEY**.—A white crape petticoat, lobbed with bunches of flowers; green silk train, trimmed with summer suit.

Lady **DE CLIFFORD**.—A white and silver dress, with a blue robe.

Lady **BROWNLOW**.—A blue crape dress, covered with fine black lace, and drawn up with diamond bows.

Lady **PEYTON**.—A yellow crape, very richly trimmed with silver.

Lady **BLACKET**.—A white dress, very richly embroidered with gold and coloured flowers.

Lady **CAMPBELL**.—A purple crape petticoat and drapery, beautifully ornamented with white beads.

Lady **HAWKESBURY**.—A superb petticoat of buff crape, richly embroidered with silver, in stripes of laurel; the train of buff crape, worked in silver, and trimmed with lace, looped up with a silver cord; head-dress, buff ostrich feathers, with a profusion of diamonds, a most superb diamond necklace and cross.

Lady **JOHN BORLASE WARREN**.—A petticoat of rich purple and grey figured silk, with a most elegant drapery of point lace; the bottom of the petticoat trimmed with rich point lace to correspond; train of the same, the sleeves and trimming of rich Brussels point; head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Lady **SARAH SAVILLE**.—Wore a beautiful dress of azure and silver, richly trimmed with chains of silver beads.

Lady **E. HAY**.—A dress of lavender crape, ornamented with wreaths of pea blossoms, looped up with chains of pearl beads.

Lady **CHARLES SOMERSET**.—A white crape petticoat, with a deep border of French blond, a large drapery of one piece of French blond, and smaller ditto to match, drawn up and ornamented with immense wreaths of poppies in various colours.

Lady **BORLINGTON**.—A white sarsnet petticoat, trimmed with rich Brussels lace, and elegantly ornamented with horse chesnut blossoms; amber coloured train; head-dress to correspond.

Lady **CAROLINE BEETIE**.—Train of pink Peruvian net; body and sleeves of the same, ornamented with a small wreathing of peach blossom; white sarsnet petticoat, over which were gracefully thrown two falling draperies, terminating with a sash, trimmed with a small wreathing of peach blossom, tastefully fastened up with bunches of the same.

Lady **CATHERINE LONG**.—Petticoat of white crape, appliqued in a silver waving border, forming a drapery across; on the left side, a sash of the same, tied up with rich cords and tassels; body and train brown, and silver tissue trimmed lace sleeves, hooped up with diamond stars; head-dress, bandeau of brown and silver tissue feathers, and aigrette of diamonds.

Lady **GAGE**.—Yellow crape body and train; petticoat of the same, draper drawn up with yellow roses on one side, fastened with bunches of roses on the other; a scarf to correspond.

Lady **CATHCART**.—Brown gauze body and train; petticoat of the same, draperies fastened up with bunches of white roses.

Lady **HARCOURT**.—A lilac crape petticoat, superbly embroidered in stripes of dull silver feathers and spangles, grounded with waves of Algerine spangles; train of silver crape, trimmed with silver; head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Lady **MARY BENTINCK**.—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered in silver vine; white crape draperies and silver to correspond; the draperies suspended with rich silver cord and tassels.

Lady **BINNING**.—A straw-coloured petticoat, with drapery of white crape and silver; the robe straw and silver.

Hon. Lady H. CAVENDISH.—Petticoat of white crape, ornamented with fine lace drapery, fastened up with branches of white lilac, terminating on the left side with a Circassian sash, trimmed to correspond; train of white crape; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Lady GEORGIAN MORPETH.—Petticoat of white crape, tastefully ornamented with wreaths of ivy; draperies trimmed with blond; body and train to correspond; head-dress, feathers and ivy.

Dowager Lady Essex.—A gold and white taffety petticoat and train, with crape draperies, ornamented with gold fringe and green wreaths.

Lady COLTENAY.—A rich white crape dress, beautifully ornamented with a shower of gold, and wreaths of roses.

Lady LOUISA ADDERLY.—A very rich dress of amber crape, with borders of embossed silver, *à la Grec* pattern. Head-dress, bandeau of diamonds, and a single ostrich feather of straw colour.

Lady BIRCH.—A white sarsnet robe or petticoat, richly embroidered in silver. Head-dress to correspond.

Lady MARY PARKER.—A dove-coloured petticoat uncommonly richly embroidered with silver in elegant chains across; the border serpentine pattern, a fall of embroidered points on the side; robe and head-dress to correspond.

Lady A. CLAVERING.—A white petticoat, trimmed round the bottom with china pearls, and yellow; the drapery of yellow crape, with very rich border, embroidered in china pearls, antique Mosaic pattern, with scarf of yellow sarsnet, profusely ornamented with pearls; the robe of yellow elegantly trimmed with pearls, and beautiful Brussels lace. The head ornamented with yellow and white feathers and diamonds.

Lady FRANCES PRATER.—A primrose sarsnet petticoat, covered with rich Brussels lace draperies; the bottom of the petticoat elegantly ornamented.

Lady MOLYNEUX.—Body and train of lilac crape, ornamented with blond lace and bugles; white crape petticoat with a rich embroidered border of bugles, and satin drapery of the same, drawn up with tassels, &c. &c.

Lady DE DUNSTANVILLE.—United elegance and simplicity in her dress, which consisted of a white crape petticoat, ornamented with a beautiful border, composed of rich point lace, intermixed with blue crape, which produced an effect at once pleasing and elegant; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady BEAUCHAMP.—A white crape petticoat elegantly ornamented with rich bandeaus of beads, and a chain of rich figured satin; her Ladyship's head dress consisted of white feathers and diamonds most tastefully arranged.

Lady WILLS.—We have seldom witnessed any thing more splendid than her Ladyship's dress: she wore a petticoat of white Imperial net bordered with silver, the draperies were of lilac crape, ornamented with a most superb silver Vandyke, and fastened with large silver tassels, train of Imperial net, Vandyke border of silver to correspond with the train; head-dress, a profusion of beautiful diamonds.

Lady GARDNER.—A petticoat of brown crape richly embroidered with gold, and festooned with large gold cord and tassels; draperies also of brown crape beautifully spangled with gold; her Ladyship's petticoat looked very elegant.

Lady RENDLESHAM.—A petticoat of green crape richly spangled and drapery to correspond, fastened with gold cords and tassels; her Ladyship looked extremely well.

Lady MILNES.—Elegant white crape petticoat, ornamented with rich blond lace, and satin train of lilac sarsnet, ornamented with silver.

The Hon. Mrs. DRUMMOND.—White crape petticoat, tastefully embroidered with silver leaves; at the bottom of the petticoat a beautiful wreath border, embroidered with silver; the drapery of primrose crape, ornamented with silver and point lace.

The Hon. Mr. CORNWALL.—Petticoat of primrose crape, most beautifully and richly embroidered with silver draperies of the same in a mosaic pattern; ornamented with silver Paisian trimming, and confined tastefully with cord and tassels.

The Hon. Mrs. GEORGE HERBERT.—A magnificent silver robe and coat, entirely covered with a shower of spangles, the draperies tied up with very large zephyr and cords, and finished with a superb silver fringe. Head-dress a beautiful pearl wreath, and seven ostrich feathers.

Hon. Mrs. PERCY, presented on her marriage, was most appropriately dressed in an elegantly simple white crape dress, trimmed with daisies and liburnums.

Mrs. C. LONG.—A yellow crape petticoat and drapery, with Mosaic border, superbly embroidered in silver; train yellow crape, with silver.

Mrs. VERNON GRAHAM.—A superb petticoat of pale yellow crape, elegantly embroidered with a deep silver border, draperies of ditto richly grounded with spangles, and border to correspond, finished with large silver rope and tassels; body and train of pale yellow, richly embroidered with silver, and finished with summer-point. Head-dress, yellow feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. FISHER.—A white and silver dress, with a lilac robe.

Mrs. HUSKISSON.—A yellow crape petticoat, with a painted Etruscan border; train to correspond.

The Hon. Mrs ROCHER.—Lilac and silver.

Mrs. GAMBIER.—Blue crape petticoat, with elegant draperies of crape and beads, ornamented with cords and tassels of beads; blue crape train, beautifully trimmed to correspond.

Mrs. CHAMPEYS.—White crape body and train, trimmed with lace; petticoat of the same; drapery fastened up with large bunches of wall-flowers.

Mrs. A. STANHOPE.—A dress of blue crape, richly embroidered in silver; head-dress, plumed with feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. CRUCHLY.—A splendid dress of white, richly embroidered in silver, the draperies edged with wreaths of matted silver shells, looped up with chains of matted silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. LAWRELL.—A dress of green satin and gauze, richly trimmed with chains and fringe of green bugles, ornamented with bunches of flowers.

Mrs. O'BRIEN.—A very handsome dress of white satin and crape, richly embroidered with silver spangles, the drapery fastened up with silver ropes and arrows; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Hon. Miss S. COLEMAN.—Rich white satin petticoat, with bunches of fine ostrich feather fringe round the bottom, white crape mantle, draperies edged with the same fringe, and fastened up with ropes and tassels of gold beads; train ornamented the same.

The Hon. Miss TOWNSHEND.—Yellow and silver dress, the draperies formed in antique borders, and ornamented with silver tassels; yellow crape train, unbordered with silver.

The Hon. Miss WILMOT appeared in a very elegant dress of white crape and satin.

The Hon. Miss M. ELPHINSTONE.—A petticoat of white crape, trimmed round the bottom with Turkish gold, and draperies of Turkish crape, richly ornamented with gold cord and tassels; train of yellow crape.

Hon. Miss CROFTON and Miss A. CROFTON.—White sarsnet petticoats, with rich lace draperies ornamented with beads and white roses; trains white crape trimmed with roses.

Hon. Miss BRUDENELL.—Yellow crape petticoat and draperies, trimmed with broad fringe and tassels; yellow crape train.

Hon. Miss MONSON.—A blue sarsnet petticoat, with lace draperies; train to correspond; head-dress, feathers and silver ornaments.

Hon. Miss SHORE.—A dress of white crape, edged with sprigs of embossed silver, and ornamented with bunches of lilac flowers.

Hon. Miss BASSETT.—A dress of pale green crape and silver, draperies edged with borders of embossed silver, in Vandyke; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Hon. Miss AYLEN.—A handsome dress of pink spider gauze, ornamented with wreaths of frosted flowers.

The Hon. Misses CUST.—Lace dresses, lined with blue.

Three Hon. Misses IRBY.—Dresses of primrose crape, embroidered with steel bugles, and ornamented with beads and bows of ribbon; robes of primrose crape, trimmed to correspond with the dress.

Hon. Miss DRUMMOND.—A superb rich silver gauze petticoat, ornamented with wreaths of grapes and rich lace; train lavender blue crape.

Miss GARR.—Yellow crape dress, tastefully ornamented with silver.

Miss EVERY.—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with wreaths of silver grapes and vine-leaves; an elegant drapery, covered with bunches of grapes, in dead and bright foil, the effect of which was beautiful and novel; round the bottom a wreath of silver grapes; this drapery terminated with a sash embroidered to correspond, and fastened with superb cord and tassels; train elegantly trimmed with silver and pearls. The head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers, magnificent pearls and lace point.

Miss HIPPLEY.—A lilac crape petticoat, with a net of beads, and tassels; train the same.

Miss MACLEOD.—A dress of white crape, trimmed with satin ribbon.

MARRIED.

On the 2d of June, David Hinckley, Esq. of Boston, in America, to Miss Outman, of Alfreton, Derbyshire.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The continuation of the biography of the Queen of Naples in our next.

To some inquiries that have been made we reply, that we were indebted for the account of Madame de Gen'is, to a work, entitled "Génliana,"—a little volume which we cannot too much recommend to our Readers.

SUPPLEMENT
TO
LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;
OR
Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,
FOR THE SECOND VOLUME.

EMBELLISHMENT.

An HISTORICAL PICTURE (consisting of SIX WHOLE LENGTH PORTRAITS) of the memorable introduction of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER of RUSSIA to the QUEEN of PRUSSIA at MEMEL.

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SUPPLEMENT

TO THE SECOND VOLUME OF

• Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

CONTAINING A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WORKS OF LITERATURE
FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

HISTORY—TRAVELS—BIOGRAPHY.

TRAVELS IN PERSIA.

ARTICLE I.—*Travels in Persia, by Edward Scott Waring, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Establishment, &c. &c. &c.*

THIS certainly the age of travelling, or at least of writing travels: but whilst ambition, the love of fame, or of money, (all of which passions exercise an empire in turn over the breasts of our modern writers,) have sent out many into the various parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, on a voyage of discovery, whether these different quarters could afford new materials for a folio, a quarto, or a modest octavo; whilst such, we say, has been the competition of authors which should first tread upon new land, and stretch his quill across it, whereby, like the Spaniards of old, fixing his sovereignty over it, so far as the tributes extend which the sons of Parnassus claim a right to levy, we do not remember that Persia has been visited by any of a very modern date. This remote quarter has been very happily exempted from the subjugation of the pen, by the difficulty which all travellers must find in getting there. The East India Company has possessed itself of almost all the regular avenues. There is a way indeed through Turkey, but the Infidels have no respect to learning, and would not be much inclined to venerate a passport for the purpose of writing a tour. Indeed such are the obstacles of getting footing in Persia, that we must conclude it

has been neglected more from necessity than choice; that none of the hardy sons of literature could be found who would venture to be smuggled over in the capacity of a *Guinea Pig*, or brave the jealousy and vigilance of the commercial tyrants of the East.

Whilst such has been the state of Persia, with respect to our literary information concerning it, we congratulate the public, that it has fallen within the power and talents of the author of the present book, to do that with facility which others could not do at all; to visit Persia without check or suspicion, to explore the face of the country, to investigate the sources of its commerce and revenue, and to make himself acquainted with its laws, institutions, and general history.

Mr. Waring being on the Bengal Civil Establishment, easily obtained permission to visit Persia; and as a scholar, a man of enterprise, industry, and truth, such a man could not visit, and undertake to write upon it, without considerably augmenting the public stock of knowledge. To these qualities we must add, that Mr. Waring was perfectly acquainted with the language of the country in which he travelled.

Mr. W. commenced his journey on the 10th of April 1802; the period of his stay was

short; and if not enough for all purposes, it was sufficient for a very pleasing account. This book is rendered yet more interesting by the present political state of Europe.

Having subdued the *West* in great measure to his authority, the views of Bonaparte are now directed to the East; and he tells us, in his official manifestoes, that the balance of an eastern power must be formed, in order to prevent Russia in the north-east, and England in an opposite quarter, from overgunning that whole division of the globe. His secret missions to, and active intrigues with Persia are notorious. Whilst we are writing, a kind of deputation from the court of Persia is at the head quarters of his army in Poland. What are his objects we do not pretend to explain; perhaps it is to excite the Persian monarch to attack the Russian possessions between the Euxine and Caspian; or to menace hostilities or interruptions to our settlements in India. But whatever may be the views of our enemy, it is pretty certain that the flame of war will extend further than Europe, and that Persia will as speedily as possible be excited to all means of annoyance which she may possess against Great Britain.

But to the work before us.

It does not accord either with our plan or our limits to give a full analysis of these travels; we shall make a copious extract, and conclude with expressing a general opinion. We must observe, however, that upwards of half of this book consists of various specimens of, and translations from Persian poetry, accompanied with criticisms and remarks upon its beauties. The names of Ferdusi and Hafiz, have been spread through the country, by the elegant muse of Sir William Jones; Mr. Waring's translations are in prose, and though there appears to be a great deal of fancy, frequently of sublimity, in the poetic versions, we cannot say that we derived much pleasure from the perusal. In a word, this is the dullest and most tedious part of the book.

The present King of Persia is named *Ak Shah*, he ascended the throne in the year 1795. His court is holden at *Tahiran*, now the metropolis of Persia. Mr. Waring launches into the size and magnificence of this city. The following description of the present monarch of Persia is a fair sample of the con-

tents of this work, and of the talents and style of its author.

"The present king of Persia ascended the throne under a variety of advantages, which rarely occur in a country where the only claim to sovereignty depends upon the sword. At the time of his uncle's decease, he was at Shiraz; upon this event he advanced towards Tahiran, and was fortunate enough to gain possession of this important place. It was at this place, where all the treasure of the empire was deposited, and the families of all the principal officers of the realm. He, by this means, secured the affections of the soldiery, and the fidelity of all the principal officers of state. Haji Ibrahim, the most considerable and respectable person in the empire, declared himself in his favour; and it was chiefly owing to his exertion and influence, that the king met with so little resistance in the accomplishment of his wishes.

Fatah Ali Shah, the present king, is about seven-and-twenty years of age; he is a Kejer, an inconsiderable tribe in the neighbourhood of Tahiran, and of no repute before the accession of Aga Mohamed Kahan to the throne of Persia. Indeed, during the reign of Kerim Khan, they were in general disrepute, nothing being more common than the people of the bazar refusing to sell them any article, on the plea that they had nothing fit for a Kejer sufficiently bad and vile. But now, owing to the very great partiality the king evinces for his tribe, they have become the most considerable people in the kingdom; and the name of Kejer is detested and feared in every part of the empire of Persia. All the responsible trusts are conferred upon them; and the present governor of Isfahan, and of the district of Iraq, was elevated from his former situation of a seller of greens, to his present station, merely because he was a Kejer.

"The manners of the king are said to be very dignified, though at the same time very affable and prepossessing; and he is allowed to possess all the exterior accomplishments of a Persian. In his person he is superior to most men; and the immense length of his beard (a gift highly valued by the Persians) is a perpetual theme of discourse and admiration. He has been engaged in no military enterprise, and, as a consequence of this, the public opinion denies him the only Persian virtue, courage. His annual expeditions towards Khorasan, are made with the view of engaging the attention of his subjects, and accustoming his troops to the fatigues of actual service, but without the smallest design of attempting the reduction of that province. The greatest blemish in his character, is the murder of Haji Ibrahim, who had regarded him as a son, and who had evinced for him the affection of a father. It is said that the minister used to take greater liberties than the extent of his services allowed, but I know of no excuse which can palliate such barbarous inhumanity.

"The court of Tahiran is said (by those who have had many opportunities of judging) to be very magnificent and splendid, and in every respect becoming the sovereign of an extensive and flourishing empire. When the king receives any one in state, his sons, who are very numerous, stand in a line from the throne; his ministers and officers of state behind them; and in the avenues are perhaps more than two thousand golami shahis sumptuously clothed. The master of the ceremonies introduces the stranger; and every thing is conducted with

the greatest decency and solemnity. Permission of being seated in the presence of the King is only granted to ambassadors, and envoys of foreign states, and to, I believe, the Shaikh al Islam, as the chief priest of the Moslem religion. The king sometimes wears his regalia; and by allowing the rays of the sun to fall upon him, I have heard it was impossible to behold him with any degree of steadiness. His jewels are supposed to be superior to any potentate's in the world; indeed it would be surprising were it otherwise as he has possessed himself of all the valuable jewels in his empire.

"The king has now reigned above seven years; and were it possible to form an opinion on the duration of a despotic government, he has every prospect of reigning for a much longer period. His brother, Hussun Culi Khan, who twice threw off his allegiance, is now in a place of sanctuary, which, I believe, the king respects more on account of the entreaties of his mother, than from any reverence he entertains for the place itself. He is, however, guarded with strictest vigilance, and it is almost impossible for him to effect his escape."

"The king's eldest son, Mir Ali Khan, an enterprising young man, much esteemed by the soldiers and military officers; and as his illegitimacy deprives him of all hope of peaceably succeeding his father, it is difficult to say what the intrigues of discontented noblemen might not excite him to attempt. He has frequently declared to the king his father, that the sword should either secure or deprive him of the throne; and that it was his determination to overcome the obstacles which were placed in his way. Such is the situation of princes in a despotic state, that it is the only means they have of preserving their lives; and in the event of the king's death, Persia will again be deluged with blood: for as the princes are the governors of various districts in the empire, they have each the means of asserting their claims to the throne."

"The king of Persia has revived a taste for literature, so scandalously neglected by his predecessors. He is himself a man of considerable taste and erudition, and is also a tolerable poet. As it is an unusual circumstance for sovereigns to be poets, I venture to produce a specimen of his composition."

"If thou wert to display thy beauties, my beloved, to Vamec, he would sacrifice the life of Asra at the shrine of thy perfections."

"If Yusuf beheld thy charms, he would think no more of Zulekha."

"Come to me, and comply with my wishes; give me no further promises of to-morrow."

"When the mistress of Khâvan approached him with a hundred graces, one glance captivated his heart."

The following is the account of the present state of the military force:

"The military force of Persia consists chiefly of cavalry; and it is only when they are going against a fort that they make use of infantry. The troops are clothed, furnished with horses, arms, &c. at the expense of the king; and the pay which they receive is from ten to fifteen تومان a year; in addition to this, they are supplied with an allowance of barley and straw for their horses, and wheat, rice, and butter for themselves. They receive also something under the head of inam, a present, but this I believe to be very uncertain. This pay, however, is very great; for when we consider the value of money in Persia, (which I took upon to be four

or five times greater than in England), and the supplies which they receive, it will appear that their yearly pay amounts to fifty or sixty guineas."

"When the king puts himself at the head of his army, the different serkardas (chieftains) are ordered to assemble their troops; and the king, having pledged in his hands for the fidelity of his soldiers, is certain of having an army of fifty or sixty thousand men in a few days. Besides these troops, there is another body called Yholam Shahis (slaves of the king), and who are considered to be the choicest troops in the empire. They have charge of the king's person, receive greater pay, and are clothed in a more expensive manner than the regular cavalry."

"There may be about twenty thousand; but the flower of this corps is formed into a body of about forty thousand, who are distinguished by the excessive richness of their dress, and the insolence of their behaviour."

The revenue of the sovereign is stated to consist in the rents derived from an eighth part of the lands; the remaining seven-eighths belong to the subject.

"One-eighth of the lands in Fars and Iraq is probably possessed by the king; the remainder by his subjects. The produce of these lands are subject to two divisions, the one called Nukd, and the other Jins-i; or, in other words, the former yielding produce for manufacture, as cotton, silk, &c.; and the latter crops of grain. Those who cultivate land belonging to the king, either Nukd or Jins-i, pay a rent of half the produce, besides the deduction which is made on account of the seed the king, however, supplies cattle for drawing water, and digs wells at his own expense."

The sect of the Wahabis is very considerable in Persia; Mr. W. assigns the following tenets to them.

"That there is one just and wise God; that all those persons called prophets, are only to be considered as just and virtuous men; and that there never existed an inspired work, nor an inspired writer. The use of tobacco, opium, and coffee was interdicted. Among a number of the civil ordinances of the Wahabis are the following. Illegal to levy duties on goods the property of a Moslem; on specie, two and a half per cent.; land watered naturally, to pay ten per cent.; artificially, five per cent. The revenues of conquered countries to be long to the community: the revenues to be divided into five parts; one to be given to the general treasury, the rest to be kept where collected, to be allotted for the good of the community for travellers, and charitable purposes; a Moslem, who deviates from the precepts of the Koran, to be treated as an infidel: the destruction of magnificent tombs, a necessary act of devotion."

"The force of the Wahabis is very considerable, probably eighty or ninety thousand. Whenever an expedition is undertaken, the chiefs are directed to be at a certain place by such a time; and it is so contrived, that a large body shall meet at a particular spot, without knowing the designs of their leader. This force is generally mounted on camels, and their arms are chiefly a sword and spear. They have guns or matchlocks; those which they have are very bad."

"Since finishing this, intelligence has been re-

ceived of their having attacked and plundered Taif, Mecca, and Medina. They have, in consequence, violated the sacred law, which forbids armed men approaching within a certain distance of the temple.

They have thus destroyed the foundation stone of Mohamedanism: and this mighty fabric, which at one period bade defiance to all Europe, falls, on the first attack, at the feet of an Arab reformer. The event may make a great change in the Mohamedan world; for it appears to me almost certain that the pilgrimages to Mecca have had nearly

great effect in supporting this religion, as the first victories and conquests of Mohamed.

At my last visit to Bushir (1801), I heard the intelligence of Abdul Aziz having been assassinated.

We must now dismiss Mr. Waring, but we cannot take leave of him, without expressing the pleasure which we have derived from his work, and heartily recommending it to our readers.

THE STRANGER IN AMERICA.

ARTICLE II.—*The Stranger in America*, by Charles William Junson, Esq. Atq. Pp. 530. London, Cundee, 1807.

NOTWITHSTANDING this book is ill arranged, and too bulky by half; notwithstanding it abounds in dull and trifling anecdotes, and declamation of a very middling kind, it nevertheless deserves to be perused for much valuable matter, and the reader will rise from it both with pleasure and information. The style is bad; it is that of a man not accustomed to write, and who is not possessed of a taste to prevent him, in his first experiment, from falling into a disgusting and slovenly manner of expression. His materials are copious, but he has shewn no judgment in the arrangement; and, above all, there is an appearance that this work has been published with a precipitation that very much augments its other bad qualities, and gives it the stamp of a bookseller's job. Had Mr. Junson taken the advice of a friend and a literary man, he would have reduced it to the size of a plain octavo, and submitted it to competent correction before it saw the press.

We shall not however retract or qualify the opinion we have given. It has much excellent matter, and though the reader will be oftentimes disgusted and wearied in particular places, he must be squeamish and fastidious beyond bounds, if he be not pleased on the whole.

The following account of the adventures of Whalley and Goffe, two of the judges by whom Charles the first was condemned and decapitated, and who afterwards fled to America from the resentment of his successor, is so interesting, that we give it at length to our readers,

"The restoration of Charles II. in 1660, it is well known, proved fatal to all those who had taken an active part under the parliament. The most obnoxious could only appease the young king by their death; and sixteen of those who sat in judgment on his father saved themselves by flight. Three of the fugitives, Major-general Edward Whalley, Major-general William Goffe, and Colonel William Dixwell, took refuge in America. They all had commanded in the army of Cromwell, and were among the most enthusiastic enemies of the crown.

Whalley and Goffe landed at Boston on the 27th of July, 1660, having escaped only a few days before King Charles the Second was restored to the throne, the intelligence of which event they received in the English Channel. Goffe kept a journal of every remarkable incident which happened to them for seven years from the day they left Westminster. After his death, this journal came into the possession of Governor Hutchinson; who kept it till the populace demolished his house, in the tumults occasioned in Boston by the stamp-act, when this curious manuscript was destroyed. It was written in characters, but which were readily decyphered. The governor, however, had fortunately taken from it some extracts; these, together with the particulars related to me on the subject in Connecticut, enable me to give an accurate account of the sufferings of these unfortunate men.

"When they first arrived at Boston, they did not attempt to conceal their persons or characters, but immediately went to Mr. Endicott, the governor; who received them courteously. They were visited by the principal inhabitants, even Colonel Crown, a staunch loyalist, introduced himself to them. They resided at Cambridge, a village four miles from Boston. They attended public worship, and received the sacrament. They were grave and devout; and such was the respect paid them, that being once insulted, the offender was bound to keep the peace. It is not strange that they should thus experienced so favourable a reception upon their landing, for though they were known to have been two of King Charles's judges, yet no official news of the restoration had reached America. Reports soon afterwards arrived by way of Barbadoes, that all those who sat in judgment on their sove-

reign would be pardoned, except seven. When it appeared that the royal clemency was not extended to Whalley and Goffe, the officers of government at Boston were alarmed; while pity and compassion prevailed the bosoms of the inhabitants. By some they were assured that the general court would protect them; and others advised them to make a speedy retreat. On the 22d of November, 1666, the governor summoned a general court of assistants, to take into consideration the propriety of putting them under confinement, but it broke up without coming to any decision. Finding it unsafe to reside longer at Cambridge, they left the place, and arrived at Newhaven, (about one hundred and fifty miles distant) on the 7th of March. Information of their retreat having been given in England, a hue and cry, as Goffe terms it in his journal, was set on foot; the day after they left Cambridge, a warrant was issued against them: and they were pursued, but without effect.

"At Newhaven they were at first received at Boston; but on the arrival of the king's proclamation, they were obliged to abscond. On the 27th of March they removed to Milford, where they made themselves known; but at night they privately retired to Newhaven, and were concealed by Mr. Davenport, the minister, until the 30th of April. About this time the intelligence reached Boston that ten of the judges had been executed; and the governor received a royal mandate to apprehend Whalley and Goffe. This alarmed the country, and the most diligent search was made, but the fugitives found friends, who gave them intimation of their danger. It was now too hazardous for Davenport to secrete them any longer: they therefore went into the woods, conducted by two of the inhabitants of Newhaven. They first took refuge in a mill-then in a place called Hackett Harbour, where they concealed themselves till their friends had prepared a cave on the side of a hill in the woods, where they remained from the 13th of May to the 11th of June. To this place they gave the appropriate appellation of Providence Hill; for while they resided there, a most diligent search was making after them, and many of the king's messengers passed near to the spot. There existed proof of their having been at Davenport's, and large rewards were offered for information by which they might be secured. Davenport was threatened, and the unfortunate but grateful wanderers, offered to deliver themselves up, rather than that any one should suffer for the hospitality afforded them. The hardships they had suffered, and to which they were still exposed, together with the little chance they saw of escaping, would not, perhaps, have proved sufficient to induce them to make such an offer. Honour has often been found to prevail even over the love of life. Influenced by this principle, they actually gave notice to the deputy governor of the place of their concealment; but he paid no attention to their magnanimous intimation, and the next day they were advised not to surrender.

"In this solitary abode they met with several disasters, some of which had nearly proved fatal. One dark night, when they were both laid down to rest, they were suddenly terrified by an animal of the tiger genus. It had advanced to the cave, forced its head through the aperture, and presenting its horrid eyes, which appeared to flash fire upon them, gave a dreadful roar; but departed without attacking them. At another time they were

in still greater danger, but from a different cause. Having ventured too far from their concealment, they were overtaken by Mr. Kimbrelly, the sheriff, with a warrant in his pocket for their apprehension. They defended themselves with their sticks, and repelled the officer, who leaving them to obtain assistance, afforded them an opportunity of regaining the woods. On another occasion, being closely pursued, they hid themselves under a bridge; while their pursuers passed over their heads. At Newhaven they were several times concealed in houses, while they were searched by the officers of government.

As soon as they thought that their enemies had given up their search, they ventured to the house of one Tolmins, near Milford, where they remained two years, without even daring to walk into the orchard adjoining the house. Hearing that commissioners from the king had arrived at Boston, Whalley and Goffe, thought it necessary to retire again to their cave. Soon afterwards some Indians in their hunting excursions discovered the place of their concealment, which caused them to bid a final adieu to Providence Hill. They wandered about in the night, and retired to the woods in the day, till they arrived at Hadley, in Massachusetts, near one hundred miles from the cave. Here they were received by Mr. Russell, the minister of the place, by whom they were concealed between fifteen or sixteen years. They frequently received remittances from England, and some friends to their cause often relieved them. One donation by Richard Saltonstall, Esq. who was in the secret of their concealment, amounted to fifty pounds. It is, therefore, to be presumed that Mr. Russell found them profitable boarders.

"These unfortunate men were said to have lived in constant terror, even when all enquiry after them was at an end. A strange reverse of fortune from the time of Cromwell! Several years they had been principal actors in the affairs of a great nation. Whalley defeated Prince Rupert, and Goffe turned the members out of the house of parliament, and was intrusted with the custody of the king.

"At Hadley they complained that they were banished from society, and that their lives were miserable and burdensome. Goffe married Whalley's daughter, with whom he corresponded by the name of Walter Goldsmith, addressing her as Frances Goldsmith; and the correspondence was carried on as between a mother and son. Their letters are replete with fanaticism, and crowded with quotations from the Bible. The following extract from a letter from Mr. Goffe, describing Whalley's second childhood, in which he continued the last few years of his life, is interesting:

"Your old friend Mr. R. (Whalley) is yet living, but continues in that weak condition of which I have formerly given you an account; and I have not much to add. He is scarce capable of any rational discourse: his understanding, memory, and speech, doth so much fail him, that he seems not to take much notice of any thing that is either done or said, but patiently bears all things, and never complains of any thing, though I fear it is some trouble to him that he hath had no letter for a long time from his cousin Rich; but he speaks not one word concerning it, nor any thing you wrote in your last; only, after I had read your letters to him, being asked whether it was not a great refreshment to him to hear such a gracious spirit breathing

in your letters, he said it was none of his least comforts; and indeed he scarce speaks of any thing but in answer to the questions that are put to him, which are not of many kinds, because he is not capable to answer them. The common and very frequent question is, to know how he doth; and his answer, for the most part, is, very well, I praise God, which he utters in a very low and weak voice. But sometimes he saith, not very well, or very ill; and then if it be further said, do you feel pain any where? to that he always answereth no. When he wants any thing, he cannot speak well for it, because he forgets the name of it, and sometimes asks for one thing when he means another, so that his eye or his finger is his tongue; but his ordinary wants are so well known to us, that most of them are supplied without asking or making signs for them. So far help he stands in need of in every thing to which any motion is required, having not been able for a long time to dress or undress himself, nor to feed, or ease nature either way, perfectly without help, and it's a very great mercy to him that he hath a friend that takes pleasure in being helpful to him. I bless the Lord that gives me such a good measure of health and strength, and an opportunity and a heart to use it in so good and necessary a work; for though my help be poor and weak, yet that ancient servant of Christ could not well subsist without it, and I do believe, as you are pleased to say very well, that I do enjoy the more health for his sake. I have sometimes wondered much at this dispensation of the Lord towards him, and have some expectation of more than ordinary issue. The Lord helps us to profit by all, and to wait with patience upon him, till we see what end he will make with us. Thus far I write for myself. I will now ask him what he would have me say to his friends concerning him. The question being asked, he saith, I am better than I was. And being asked what I should say more to his cousin R. or any other friends? after a long pause, he again said, the Lord hath visited me in much mercy, and hath answered his visitation upon me. (I give you his own words.) Being desirous to draw more from him, I proposed several questions; and the sum of his answers was, that he earnestly desires the continuance of the fervent prayers of all friends for him."

"During their abode at Hadley, the most famous and memorable Indian war of New England took place. This was called King Philip's war. Philip was a powerful sachem, and resided at Mount Hope, in Rhode Island; where he was soon after this war put to death by Colonel Church. All the new frontier towns of New England were attacked, and Hadley was then exposed as a place of that description. The time the savages fixed upon to make the assault, was while the inhabitants were assembled in the meeting-house to observe a fast-day; but fortunately it had been some time custom for the men to attend public worship armed. Had the town been taken, the discovery of Whalley and Goffe would have been inevitable. The men took up their arms, and attempted a defence, but

were soon thrown into confusion, when (as it is related to this day) a stranger suddenly appeared among them, of venerable aspect, and different in his apparel from the inhabitants; who rallied, and disposing them in the best military manner, led them to the charge, routed the Indians, and saved the town. In the moment of victory their deliverer vanished. The inhabitants, unable to account for the phenomenon, believed that they had been commanded by an angel, sent from heaven for their protection. This supposed angel was Goffe, who had never before ventured from his concealment. Whalley was then in a state of second childhood. Such was their caution to prevent a discovery of their retreat, that the inhabitants never knew them, or who it was that so ably led them against the savages, until they both had paid the debt of nature.

"Another story of Goffe is still current among the old inhabitants of Boston, which proves him to have been very expert at the exercise of the sword. It is thus related in a print which fell into my hands there.

"When the judges were at Boston, there appeared a gallant person there, some say a fencing master, who, on a stage erected for that purpose, walked several days, challenging and defying any person to play with him at swords. At length came one of the judges, disguised in a rustic dress, holding in one hand a cheese wrapped up in a napkin, and in the other a broomstick, the end of which he had besmeared in a dirty puddle of water; and thus equipped, he mounted the stage. The fencing master railed at him for his impudence, asked what business he had there, and bid him begone. A rencontre ensued; Goffe received the sword of his antagonist in the cheese, while he drew the dirty end of the stick across his mouth. Another pass was made, and again received in the cheese; and in return he gave another mark across the fencer's eyes. At a third large, the sword was again received as before, and the stick rubbed over the other parts of his face. The enraged master of arms then threw away his weapon, and took up a broad sword, with which he advanced. Upon this, Goffe told him to stop, and added, that he had hitherto only played with him without attempting to hurt him; but as he came on in rage, with the broad sword, his life would pay the forfeit. The fencer, struck with the manner this was said, and fearing the event, asked Goffe who he was? adding, that he must be either Whalley, Goffe, or the Devil, as no other could beat him. The disguised conqueror retired, leaving the boasting champion to the diversion of the spectators. Hence it became proverbial in New England, in speaking of a champion, to say, that no one can beat him but Whalley, Goffe, or the Devil."

"Whalley died at Hadley in the year 1688. After about a year from the time of his decease, all tradition of Goffe is lost. The only conjecture that can be formed is, that he did not long survive his friend, and was privately buried near him at Hadley."

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

ARTICLE III.—*A Voyage round the World, in the Years 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, and 1*
by John Turnbull. Three Vols. 8vo. 13s. 6d. Phillips.

SINCE the voyages of Captain Cook, there has been no book of travels, published for these many years, which exceeds, for solid and interesting information, expressed in plain, forcible, and not inelegant language, the humble, unpretending volumes before us. Had Mr. Turnbull followed the practice of his brother travellers, he might easily have swelled his materials to a couple of quartos; but he has been content with communicating information, without condescending to the trick of bookmaking, and has been satisfied with leaving off when he ceased to instruct and please. Indeed, we should conceive ourselves unjust to the merits of this work, if we were not to speak in more decided language. We will pronounce it therefore the production of a man, who, had he cultivated this branch of writing, would have attained to no common rank in literature; at the same time we give it perfect credit for the variety and justness of its relations, and pronounce that the philosopher and scholar have not received, for many years, so valuable an addition to their knowledge of remote countries.

A specimen of the author's stile shall conclude these remarks.—He is speaking of the missionaries:

"We cannot omit in this place to do justice to the amiable manners, and truly christian deportment of these men, who, like the apostles of old, foregoing all the comforts of civilized life, and a life at least of tranquillity in their native land, have performed a voyage equal to the circumnavigation of the globe, and, like the dove of the ark, carried the christian olive over the world of waters. Then life is a life of contest, hardship, and disappointment; like their holy Master, they have to preach to the deaf, and exhibit their works to the blind.

"During our short stay in this island I laboured assiduously to acquire some acquaintance with the language, and was assisted in my efforts by some natives whom I had taken on board, as our company was by no means strong. These natives were utterly ignorant of the English language, excepting the two words *yes* and *no*, which they so frequently misapplied, that, to carry on our commerce, we were compelled necessarily to exert ourselves to the utmost to gain some knowledge of the dialect of Otaheite. The natives on board, six in number, had heard such flattering accounts of the Sandwich

Islands from some visitors from thence, that they were eager to go thither, and accordingly accompanied us on the voyage, a circumstance which furnished me with continual opportunities of making advances in their language.

It has already been mentioned that a ruinous war had lately prevailed in Otaheite. This, as far as we could learn by the Europeans resident on the island, had been occasioned by the unusual oppression of the several members of the royal family, and particularly by the son of Pomarre, the young king Otoo, who, it was reported, set no bounds to his haughty domineering disposition. His administration has at all times given extreme offence to the inhabitants of the district of Attahooora, who considered him only as an usurper, and were constantly disposed to resist his measures, and throw off his yoke: their district furnished a certain and secure refuge to the malecontents of the other parts of the country. The Attahoora had besides a private cause for discontent, which was, as I was informed, the assassination of their high priest. Being a very superstitious race, and singularly attached to the worship of their divinities, the priests are naturally held in the highest estimation and respect, as intermediate agents between the gods and the worshippers. It is well known that the morais, which serve the double purpose of places of worship and receptacles for the dead, are regarded with the utmost veneration by all the Otaheiteans. Amongst those, the morais of Attahooora were considered to be in a peculiar manner pre-eminent, and afforded a safe retreat to criminals of all descriptions. In one of these was preserved the grand image of their god Oro, a divinity of the first rank. In this sacred the great assemblies of state were held, human sacrifices occasionally offered, and other religious and solemn rites performed. In this holy place, the custom of the country required that the new king Otoo should undergo certain operations, circumcision, &c. previously to his being publicly recognized by the state. Hitherto he could only enjoy some peculiar privileges, such as to walk on certain spots allotted for his use, &c. his installation at Otoo being considered as only partial and preparatory to that to be performed amongst the Attahoora, one of the most warlike tribes in the island, who constantly refused to acknowledge his authority. Open hostilities and secret intrigues and negotiations had been alike insufficient to procure for Otoo this favourite divinity; and Pomarre and Edeah were equally interested in the success, and grieved with the failure of their attempts, which had encouraged the inhabitants of certain other districts to imitate the resistance of those of Attahooora. Otoo having repaired to Attahooora, on a great religious solemnity, thought he saw a favourable opportunity of obtaining the object of his wishes, and quite unexpectedly ordered a number of his attendants to seize the god, which was im-

stantly executed, and the image carried off in triumph. The Attahoorians, however, not inclined to part with the object of their adoration so tamely, were speedily in arms, and overtaking the plunderers, an engagement took place, in which several of Otoo's party fell, and the precious palladium was retaken. In the warfare of savages every thing is usually, indeed almost invariably, decided by the event of a single battle; they have no towns, nor armies in reserve, to check the further progress of the conqueror; they have only to betake themselves to their canoes, and in another settlement seek a refuge from their enemies. Their usual caution here deserts them, they venture into the main sea, and are not infrequently overtaken by winds which drive them to lands which, but for such occurrences, might have remained unpeopled. Such are the second means by which an all-wise Providence works his ends, and nothing is made in vain, the most remote islands being thus inhabited. This remark cannot but be strongly confirmed by the resolution of the party of Otoo upon this defeat, as it was not without the greatest difficulty that they could be persuaded to remain in the island. They believed their affairs wholly ruined, and that no safety remained but in flight. The missionaries, however, at length prevailed, and Pomarrie and Otoo consented not to leave their native country.

The victorious Attahoorians, however, instead of pursuing Pomarrie's party, were satisfied with the victory itself, and were content to reap no other fruit than the immediate gratification of the natural passion for savage conquerors, that of revenge. Their cruelties on the persons of all who fell in their way were horrible, and they committed a general ravage in the immediate territories of their enemies; but here they had the wisdom to terminate their career. They knew, that to attack Mutavai was to venture against an enemy superior to them-

selves, an enemy who would no longer remain neutral when provoked to action by self defence.

"The missionaries had indeed converted their dwelling-house at that place into a sort of fortress, having procured the guns of the Norfolk, which, as already mentioned, had been wrecked on the shore; and their guns being planted on the upper story of the house, and having laid in a large supply of bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and other necessaries, they were enabled to withstand a more vigorous siege than that of the Attahoorians. Happily for Pomarrie, the crew of the Norfolk, and other European residents in the island, in number about thirty, and all accustomed to the use of fire-arms, espoused his cause in this extremity. On this, indeed, as on former occasions, himself and family were solely indebted to his European allies. With his acquisition of Europeans, he now retaliated the cruelties of the Attahoorians on their persons, and after much time consumed in parleying, a peace was concluded between the hostile parties. However, the Attahoorians kept possession of their idol, the book of contention, and still maintained their independence as before.

The Europeans, however, have accused Pomarrie of a breach of his engagements, that eluding having, like other men in similar circumstances, probably stipulated many things neither in his power nor perhaps in his intention to perform. This peace, or rather truce, for it was no more, being concluded, and being merely the result of necessity, the adherents of Otoo stifled their resentment against the Attahoorians, in the hope of some future opportunity to gratify their revenge, and obtain the object of their desires. Such an opportunity presented itself some months afterwards, as shall in due time be related.

MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.,"

ARTICLE IV.—*Memoirs of Samuel Foote, Esq. with a Collection of his genuine Box-Mots, &c. by William Cooke, Esq. Three Vols. Crown 8vo. 13s. 6d. Boards. J. Phillips.*

No path of literature has been of late years so frequented as that of biography; whether this wish of becoming acquainted with the private actions of those who by their works and the transcendancy of their talents, have awakened the admiration of mankind, proceed from a motive honourable to human nature, it is difficult to decide. The philanthropist will rejoice, because his generous soul will fancy that gratitude exerts a stronger influence over the hearts of men, and that this longing after such information flows from a spirit of benevolence, which clothes every tiling deed with interest, when it has been

performed by a man of genius. The misanthrope, on the contrary, will attribute it to the malicious disposition of his fellow-creatures, who, unable to bear the glory which an author has acquired, dive into the secrets of his private life, with the hope of bringing to light some hidden occurrence, which may cast a shade over the brightness of his fame. But without entering into a long discussion of the merits of this question, we will only remark, that those who assume the office of biographers, ought, in order to fill its functions with credit to themselves, to choose a style, of which the chief feature should be

simplicity, as it is the native source of elegance and ease. The next object to be considered should be, the person, whose actions, habits, and manners they are about to unfold to the eyes of severe judges; for the true friend of human kind will not let himself be dazzled by the celebrity of a name, but if his aim be, as it ought, the improvement of society, will rather dispel the gloom which hovered over the ashes of a virtuous, but till then unnoticed being, than display the dark deeds of a sublime genius, whose conduct has been a tissue of follies, errors, and vices. How well the author, whose work we are about to review, has followed the two principles we have laid, will be seen by the extracts we purpose making from his life of Samuel Foote. He begins by informing us of the qualifications he possesses to write the memoirs of this son of mirth, and from the close attention which he declares having paid to all his conversations, the care he took of noting down every anecdote which related to him, and the many opportunities he met with, during an acquaintance of nine years with him, of gathering the necessary information, there is no doubt that his account may be relied upon for truth, while the elegance of his style will always afford a wide share of satisfaction to his readers.

In order to enable the public to form a fair judgment of this production, we will select some passages which, though not superior to others, in strength or colouring, will convey more interest along with them, as they present us with the principal features of Samuel Foote's character, and existence.

Samuel Foote was born at Truro, in Cornwall, about the year 1720: his father, John Foote, was a very useful magistrate of that county, and enjoyed the posts of Commissioner of the prize office and tunc contract. His mother (descended in the female line from the old Earl of Rutland) was the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, bart., who represented the county of Hereford in parliament for several years, and brought Mr. Foote a large fortune.

The father died soon after the establishment of his children in the world, but the mother lived to the extreme age of eighty-four, through various fortunes. We had the pleasure of dining with her in company with a granddaughter of her's, at a barrister's chambers in Gray's Inn, when she was at the advanced age of seventy-nine; and though she had full sixty steps to ascend before she reached the drawing-room, which looked into the garden, she did it without the help of a cane, or any other support, and with all the activity of a woman of forty.

Her manners and conversation were of the same Suppleant--Vol. II.

cast; witty, humorous, and convivial; not though not it marks, occasionally, considering her age and sex, I shall stay "beyond the limits of becoming mirth," she, on the whole, delighted every body, and was confessedly the heroine of that day's party.

She was likewise in face and person the very model of her son Samuel: stout, fat, and flabby, with an eye that eternally gave the signal for mirth and good humour. In short, she resembled him so much in all her movements, and so strongly identified his person and manners, that by changing habits, they might be thought to have interchanged sexes.

Foote's first education was at one of the three principal grammar schools long since founded in the city of Worcester, and which have always borne a considerable reputation for learning in all its branches, as well as a general attention to the morals of the pupils. The school to which he was sent was, at that time, under the care of Dr. Miles, a particular friend of his father's, and a man of great eminence in the discharge of his duties.

His satirical powers soon shone conspicuous, and the encouragements he met with while exerting them, added to the pungency of his wit, which even in his youth knew how to wield with ease the powerful weapon of ridicule. The following extract will give a specimen of his talents in the art of mimicry, which he afterwards carried to such perfection.

Being at his father's house during the Christmas recess, a man in the parish had been charged with a bastard child; and this being about to be heard the next day before the bench of justices, the family were conversing about it after dinner, and making various observations. Samuel, then a boy between eleven and twelve years of age, was silent for some time; at last he duly observed, "Well, I foresee how this business will end, as well as what the justices will say upon it." "Aye," said his father (rather surprised at the boy's observation), "well, Sam, let us hear it." Upon this the young mimic, dressing up his face in a strong caricature likeness of Justice D...., thus proceeded:

"Hem! hem! here's a fine job of work broke out indeed! a fellow beggitting bastards under our very noses, (and let me tell you, good people, a common labouring rascal too,) when our taxes are so great, and our poor-rates so high, why 'tis an abomination; we shall not have an honest servant-maid in the neighbourhood, and the whole parish will swarm with bastards. therefore, I say, let him be fined for his pranks very severely, and if the rascal has not money, (as indeed he should have it) or can't find security, (as indeed he should) a fellow find security? let him be clapp'd up in prison till he pays it."

"Justice A.... will be milder, and say, 'Well, well, brother, this is not a new case, bastards have been begotten before now, and bastards will be begotten to the end of the chapter; therefore, though the man has committed a crime, and indeed I must say a crime that holds out a very bad example to a neighbourhood like this--yet let us not run the poor fellow for this one fault; he may do better another time, and mend his life, the court, as the

money is poor, let him be obliged to provide for the child according to the best of his abilities, giving two honest neighbours as security for the payment."

"He mimicked these two justices with so much humour and discrimination of character, as "to set the table in a roar;" and, among the rest, his father, who demanded, why he was left out, as he also was one of the Quorum? Samuel for some time hesitated; but his father and the rest of the company earnestly requesting it, he began:

"Why, upon my word, in respect to this legal business, to be sure it is rather an awkward affair; and to be sure it ought not to be; that is to say, the justices of the peace should not suffer such things to be done with impunity:—however, on the whole I am rather of my brother A....'s opinion; which is, that the man should pay according to his circumstances, and be admonished—I say admonished not to commit so flagrant an offence for the future."

When at school, he was too desirous of surpassing others, to spend his time in idleness; but had not that mighty mover of the human mind, ambition, triumphed over his weaker passions, his innate love of dissipation and pleasure would have led him away from the first thorny paths of learning. He was afterwards sent to finish his studies at Worcester college, and from thence repaired to the Temple, where instead of exploring the serious pages of the law, he plunged into the torrent of public amusements with which the metropolis overflows.

"He continued in the Temple but a very few years; and yet even this period was sufficient to exhaust fortune, which, by all account, was very considerable, and which, perhaps, with a general economy, might have given him the *otium cum dignitate* independent of any profession. But he was incapable of the ordinary restraints of life: he dashed into all the prevailing dissipations of the time; and what the extravagance of dress, living, &c. had not done, the gaming table finally accomplished. He struggled with embarrassments for some time: but want, imperious want, is an austere monitor, and must at last be attended to by the most thoughtless spendthrift. He accordingly soon found himself at a stand; his creditors grew obstinate and impatient; his friends, as is usual in such cases, deserted him; and he found that something must necessarily be done, to provide the means of subsistence.

"In this situation, it was very natural for him to think of the stage. Acting was a science which he already knew theoretically; and, conversing so much with players as he usually did, he was perhaps not a little incited by their disengaged, free manner of living, to become a candidate for the profession."

His debut, which took place on the 6th of February 1744, at the Haymarket, in the part of Othello, was not crowned with success, as the tragedy did not suit the faculties with which nature had endowed him. He therefore resolved not to confine himself en-

tirely to acting, but by composing plays in which he was calculated to shint, to endeavour to redeem the wealth his imprudence had squandered away. With this intention he opened the Haymarket with a piece entitled, *The Diversions of the Morning*.

"This consisted of the introduction of several characters in real life, then well known, whose manner of conversation and expression he very ludicrously hit-off in the diction of his drama, and further represented by an imitation not only of their tones of voice, but even of their very passions.

"An entertainment of this sort met at first with every degree of success that his most sanguine wishes could expect. The audience saw a species of performance quite novel to the stage brought forward and supported by a young man, independent of any other auxiliary than the fertility of his own pen, and his own powers of performance; while the author, feeling himself bold in this support, beheld his future fortunes opening before him.

"He soon found, however, that he reckoned without his host, for, whether from the alarm excited in the theatres royal, or the resentment of most of the performers who snarled under the lash of his mimicry, the civil magistrates of Westminster were called upon to interfere, and under the sanction of an act of parliament for limiting a number of play houses, opposed to Bayes's new raised troops a posse of constables, who, entering the theatre in magisterial array, dismissed the audience, and left the laughing Aristophanes to consider of new ways and means for his support."

Being disappointed in his hopes of raising himself once more to a state of independence, he felt the pangs of poverty with redoubled violence, when a relation of his mother left him a considerable fortune, which afforded him new means of resuming his post at the helm of fashionable dissipation. After having dazzled the eyes of those who thought his splendour had set for ever, he embarked for the continent, and paid a visit to the French nation.

It seems that he inherited his taste for expence from his mother, on whom he had settled a pension of one hundred pounds. At a time when his finances had sunk very low, she who was ignorant of his situation, and who had exceeded the sum allowed her, sent him the following laconic and expressive letter:

"Dear Sam,

"I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother,

"E. FOOTE.

To which he wrote this answer:

"Dear Mother,

"So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother, by her affectionate son,

"SAM. FOOTE.

"P. S. I have sent my attorneys to assist you; in the mean time let us hope for better days."

His total inability to confine himself within the bounds of his income, soon led him into new difficulties, from which he was snatched by the success of his comedy entitled, *The Mayor of Garratt*.

The receipts produced by this comedy recruited our hero's finances so powerfully, that as his purse was generally the barometer to his spirits, he dashed into all kinds of higher extravagance. He made alterations both in his town and country house, enlarged his hospitalities, and laid out no less a sum than 1200*l*. in a magnificent service of plate. When he was reminded by some friends of these extravagances, and particularly the last, he turned it off by saying, "he acted from a principle of economy; for as he knew he could never keep his gold, he very prudently laid out his money in silver, which would not only last longer, but in the end sell for nearly as much as it originally cost."

The year 1760, proved fatal to the hero of these memoirs; he had been boasting of his skill in hunting at the house of Lord Mexthorough, and in order to mortify his pride, this nobleman lent him a spirited and unruly horse which he was unable to manage. A fall was the consequence, and the amputation of his leg became necessary: the late Duke of York who was present, endeavoured by every means in his power to make him forget this unfortunate joke, and obtained for him a patent from the king to build a play-house in the city of Westminster, with the permission of exhibiting dramatic pieces there from the 1st of May, to the 1st of September annually.

This proved a fruitful source of wealth, which continually ebbed and flowed from the public into his pocket, and from his pocket into the hands of gamblers.

The receipts from *The Devil on two Sticks*, exceeded his most sanguine expectations. There was little or no demand for any variation in the theatrical bill of fare during the whole season; so that it alone was said to have produced him between three and four thousand pounds. Twelve hundred pounds of this sum he lodged at his banker's, as a deposit for future contingencies; beside five hundred *up-cash*, which he intended to take over with him to Ireland, where he was engaged for the ensuing winter.

His usual *demon* of extravagance, however, still haunted him; for taking Bath in his way to Hollyhead, the September following, he fell in with a host of gamblers (the usual attendants on this fashionable place of resort), who, finding him with full pockets and high spirits, availed themselves of their superior dexterity with considerable success. Several of the frequenters of the rooms saw this, but it was too common a case for private interference; besides, friendship is not the usual commerce of watering places. At last his friend Rigby, who happened just then to be at Bath, took an opportunity to tell him how grossly he was plundered; and further remarked, "that from his careless

manner of playing and betting, and his habit of telling stories when he should be minding his game, he may in the long run be ruined, let him play with whom he would."

Footo, who perhaps by this time had partly seen his error, but was too proud to take a lesson in the character of a *dupe*, very ridiculously and ungratefully resented this advice. He told his friend with an unbecoming sharpness, though he was no politician by profession, "as soon as another into any sinister design against him: that he was too old to be and that to any distinction of rank bet to warrant this liberty, he saw none; both the king's servants, with the difference in his favour, that he could always draw upon his talents for independence, when perhaps a courtier could not find the king's treasury always open to him for support."

On receiving this return, Rigby, as may be well imagined, made his bow, and walked off, while the *dupe* went on, and not only lost the five hundred pounds which he had about him, but the twelve hundred at his banker's; and thus, stripped of his last guinea, was obliged to borrow a hundred pounds to carry him to Ireland.

In this country, success once more crowned his exertions; money and fun he plentifully gathered, and at his return to his native land, was able to indulge his taste for society, by receiving in his house at North End, the most brilliant and numerous company.

The evening of his days, however, was as tempestuous as the whole course of his life had been; calumny darted its poisonous stings, and destroyed the peace he began to enjoy; the source of his troubles was this: the Duchess of Kingston had been offended at the suspicion she fostered, of his having meant to represent her in the *Trip to Calais*, as Lady Kitty Crocodile, and insulted one of her confidants, Dr. Jackson, under the name of Dr. Viper.

From the first report of Footo's *Trip to Calais*, being in contemplation, obscure hints and insinuations appeared occasionally in the newspapers, relative to his private character, which, from various circumstances, as from their particularly appearing in the newspaper of which Jackson was editor, the public unanimously attributed to this man. On the representation of *The Copuchan*, this plan of calumny began to assume a more settled form; and a report was industriously circulated about the town, that a charge would soon be brought forward in a judicial form against the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, for an attempt to commit a very odious assault.

That charge was soon brought forward, and the trial took place in the Court of King's Bench: the decision of the jury was favourable to the accused, who was honourably acquitted; but as this part of the memoirs is particularly interesting, we will close

our extracts from the first volume with it, in its original state.

Though he had many respectable persons much interested in his behalf, none seemed more anxious than his old friend and fellow labourer in the dramatic vineyard, the late Mr. Murphy; who, as soon as the trial was over, took a coach, and drove to Mr. Foote's house in Suffolk-street, Charing-cross, to be the first messenger of the good tidings.

Foote had been looking out of the window, with anxious expectation of such a message. Murphy, as soon as he perceived him, waved his hat in token of victory; and jumping out of the coach, ran up stairs to pay his personal congratulations: but instead of meeting his old friend in all the exultation of high spirit on this occasion, he saw him extended on the floor, in strong hysterics; in which state he continued near an hour before he could be recovered to any kind of recollection of himself, or the object of his friend's visit.

On the return of his senses, finding himself honourably acquitted, he received the congratulations of his friends and numerous acquaintances, and seemed to be relieved from those pangs of uncertainty and suspense which must have weighed down the firmest spirits on so trying an occasion. But the stigma of the charge still lingered in his mind; and one or two illiberal allusions to it, which were made by some unfeeling people, preyed deeply on his heart. The man who for so many years had basked in the sunshine of public favour, who was to live in a round of wit and gaiety "or not to live at all," was ill calculated to be at the mercy of every coarse fool, or inhuman enemy.

In order to fly from every painful remembrance, or at least from those who delighted

to awaken them in his soul, Samuel Foote determined to spend some time in France, and bidding adieu to the amusements of London, which had ceased to appear tempting in his sight, he was on his way, when death stopped his career at Dover, the 21st of October, 1777, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

After having followed our author through the whole of the interesting account, he has laid before us, of this singular being, too volatile to excel in any pursuit, and too fond of pleasure to be happy, we shall throw a more rapid glance over the two last volumes of his work, which are mostly dedicated to remarks on his hero's character, his bon-mots as well as those of his friends, and a collection of amusing anecdotes. These, in our opinion, fall below the notice of the biographer, and would have formed a most excellent jest-book: the three dramatic pieces which they contain, are far from equalling those which Foote gave himself to the public; but upon the whole these memoirs are calculated to appease the thirst of the curious, and gratify the taste of those, who wish to find interest and amusement blended together.

E. R.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE BLACK EMPIRE OF HAYTI.

ARTICLE V.—*An historical Account of the Black Empire of Hayti; comprehending a View of the principal Transactions in the Revolution of St. Domingo, &c. &c. by Marcus Rainsford, Esq. late Captain Third West-India Regiment. 4to. with Fourteen Plates, 2l. 2s. Boards. Cundee.*

AT a period when the weight of falling thrones has shaken the whole world, and revolutions have sported with the destinies of nations; when surrounded with ruins, we survive the wreck of continental liberty; it is our interest, if not our duty, to inquire closely into the causes of such tremendous and astonishing events; to glance further than the volcano which burst suddenly open in a neighbouring country, and watch in every quarter of the globe the rising spirit of the oppressed, condemning the threats of power, and hurling back on its tyrants the calamities their hand had inflicted. But why, it will be

said, should we not confine our search for information within the limits of Europe; does it not spread a wide field to our view, and shall we not be able to follow with less uncertainty, the progress of the revolutionary torrent through her desolated plains? Is it necessary that we should wander over the waste of the sea, and desery, as though through a telescope, the distant rage of parties in a small island? Why should we then turn our eyes, even for a moment, from the scenes around us? they are calculated to produce the deepest impression upon our minds. The actors in the bloody tragedies performed

on the continent, are civilized men they derived the same advantages from education as we do; they were even, a short time ago, pointed at as models of elegance and politeness; the arts shed their blossoms on their native soil, and the luxuries of life were crowded in their opulent cities; in a word, they were what we now are, and therefore fit objects for comparison. And we may judge from the line of conduct they have pursued, that were we to let ourselves be blinded by a wild enthusiasm, we should probably commit the same enormities. While the men whose actions you wish us to study, are mere savages, and therefore cannot be thought to act as polished nations would; and as our most important dealings concern such as answer the last description alone, it is but expected that we should reap instruction from the dissensions of uncultivated barbarians, who are not even acquainted with the stratagems which policy employs, to further its ends and reach through safe and secret ways the wished-for goal.

These objections may be easily answered, and nature supplies me with a simile which will assist me in overthrowing the first. Let us follow you traveller, and rest with him in the middle of his course; the Alps extend their deep roots at his feet, but their brows tower sublime above his head: on a sudden the howling blasts rush around loaded with storms: an awful silence follows, and brooding darkness slowly descends, while a zone of clouds clasps the mountain's side. Unable to descry the nearest objects, he hears the roaring thunder, the clashing hail, and now and then a flash of livid lightning bursts before his eyes, and ramsies among the rolling tempest. But if his soul rise superior to the pangs of terror, if he dare to continue the painful ascent, safe on the summit of a lofty rock, he will soon behold the congregated vapours contending at his feet. He will trace the lightning at its source, and what at first seemed involved in tenfold confusion, will assume a grand, though wild appearance of order. If we consider our political situation, the truth of this simile will appear more evident: have we not been, and are we not still surrounded with raging enemies, and may we not be truly said to have stood in the midst of the storm? Our proximity and the dangers to which we have been exposed, hin-

dered us from being impartial, and therefore fit judges of the events that took place. But the case is widely different when we look at the revolutions that tear the bosom of St. Domingo; no motives but those of humanity can influence our minds: we dread no such horrors as those of which we read, we are therefore possessed of that degree of equanimity which is essentially necessary, to enable us to profit by what we learn, and we are more likely to derive great advantages from such a study, than from any other. To say that the deeds of savages can afford no instruction to civilized nations, must lead us to this result, that nature ought not to be watched and admired, because it acts of its own accord without the impulse or the guidance of art. And it is a melancholy truth, that the crimes of which men in the most uncultivated state, might have been guilty, have been perpetrated by those who possessed the greatest share of politeness, who seemed to enjoy all the comforts of society, and who therefore were not feared as enemies.

The author of the present work, which closes with the ascension of Dessalines to the imperial throne, seems to have formed the most sanguine expectations of seeing one day the black kingdom of St. Domingo respected by all the European powers, and flourishing beneath the sway of its brave, but cruel sovereign. The late changes that have hurled the usurper from his assumed dignity, contradict his assertions, and prove that when all the springs of action have been too violently wound up, in a populous land, many years must elapse before the wonted tranquillity will return; and that however promising the first symptoms of renascent order may appear, they are delusive and ought not to be trusted. He seems throughout the whole of his production, to feel the most decided partiality for the blacks: all the enormities they committed upon their opponents, he represents as, if not a just, at least a necessary consequence of those with which the French stained their hands, as though retaliation were to be acknowledged an act of moral justice. Those very negroes who at first unfurled the standard of rebellion, and gave the signal for murder and devastation, stand before us, in his writings, as a spirited band, "emancipating themselves from the vilest slavery, and at once filling the relations of

society, enacting laws, and commanding armies."

Having passed lightly over the cruelties inflicted by the negroes upon the white inhabitants of St. Domingo, he dwells with particular attention upon those of which the French under the command General Le Clerc were guilty. The treachery of this agent of the Gallic Emperor, is painted in its true colours, and we cannot but think, that Mr. Rainsford acted rightly in throwing more light upon the vengeful excesses of the Europeans, than those of the African slaves: as the criminality of men who ought to have learned humanity in their connection with the world, is far greater than that of savages led away by the wild enthusiasm of their passions.

The interest which reigns throughout the whole of this work, the pleasing style in which it is written, though some faults may sometimes be detected, and the certainty that we can rely upon the accounts of a person who visited that country, will, we believe, render some extracts from it most acceptable.

As the minds of men are continually open to prejudice, and those who have never been removed from the comforts they find in the bosom of their family and their native land, are apt to fancy that no other spot can be blessed with the same source of happiness, few people would have thought that in an island, inhabited by beings, whom they call savages, the pleasures of society should have been so well known, as the following descriptions will show. We have purposely selected those passages, which presented us with an image of the luxury of the superior classes, and the happy lot of the inferior ranks.

The superior order had attained a sumptuousness of life, with all the enjoyments which dignity could obtain, or rank confer.—The interior of their houses was, in many instances, furnished with a luxé beyond that of the most voluptuous European, while no want of trans-atlantic elegance appeared; nor, amidst a general fondness for shew, was the chasteness of true taste always neglected. Their etiquette extended to a degree of refinement scarcely to be conceived; and the service of their domestics, among whom were, from what cause was not ascertained, some molattoes, was performed with more celerity than in many instances in Europe. A conscious ease, and certain *guide de cœur*, presided over every repast. Conversation had free scope, except as related to their own former circumstances, but when the defence of their country was the subject, every eye filled with fire, and every tongue shouted—Victory! The names of those, who had seceded from the black army, were

the only objects that seemed to excite detestation. In many instances the writer has heard reasoning, and witnessed manners of acuteness and elegance, the relation of which would appear incredible, from those who were remembered in a state of servitude, or whose parents were in situations of abject penury; while sallies of wit, not frequently surpassed, have enlivened many an hour. It would ill become him, notwithstanding the tide of prejudice which has always pervaded his assertions, to suppose his readers capable of gratification from the chit-chat of a St. Domingo table; and it would be equally unjust to employ the opportunities afforded him by unguarded kindness, in the accumulation of fleeting anecdotes, arising from domestic privacy; he therefore contents himself with stating, that the enjoyments of life were to be found in a high degree in the capital of St. Domingo, and that then alloy did not exceed, nor perhaps always equal, that of ancient European cities.

The men were in general sensible, and polite, often dignified and impressive; the women frequently elegant and engaging. The intercourse of the sexes was on the most rational footing, and the different degrees of colour which remained, had lost most of that natural hostility which formerly existed. Several Americans had intermarried with ladies of colour very advantageously, and to appearance happily. They were, generally, very agreeable women, and felt no inequality in their difference of complexion or nation. Like Sappho, they could plead, in many instances, in point of wit, sprightliness, and pathos, little inferior to the Lesbian muse, though without her powers of song.

"Brown though I am, an Ethiopian dame
Insp'rd young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And glossy black is pair'd with shining white."

In one instance, the writer was introduced by a brigand of peculiar intelligence, (with whom he had frequent conferences on the military tactics of the black army) to the cottage of a black labourer, of whom an account may not be uninteresting. He had a family of thirteen children; eight of them by one woman, and the remainder by two others; the former only lived with him in the same cottage, with his mother, who was aged and infirm; the other two separately, at a small distance. This man was an epitome of legislation, and his family a well regulated family in miniature. His cottage consisted of three irregular apartments, the first of which was his refectory, where, as often as possible, and always on *jours de fêtes*, his subjects assembled, including on those occasions his three wives. The furniture of this apartment was entirely of his own making, even to the smallest utensil, and with an ingenuity beyond what might be expected from perfect leisure; notwithstanding the artificer, during the process, had been obliged to attend his labour in the fields, and was a considerable time in arms. On a neat shelf, appropriated peculiarly to their use, lay a mass book, and a mutilated volume of Volney's Travels, some parts of which he understood more than his visitor. Every thing convenience required was to be found on a small scale, and the whole so compact, and clean, with such an air of *propreté* throughout as was absolutely attractive. His own bed-room was furnished with an improved bedstead, supported by trussels, with a mattress and bedding of equal qua-

lity with the other furniture, but that of his children and mother surpassed the whole. One bedstead contained them, yet separated the male from the female, the young from the aged, and was separated or combined in an instant. The third was his kitchen and store-house, and might also be called his laboratory, for conveniences were found for chemical experiments, though that of the most scientific kind; but every utensil for culinary purposes was provided in the best manner. The wife of this labourer (for he had submitted to the ceremony of marriage with the female who had borne him the most children, as is the general custom with them) was nearly as ingenious as himself, and equally intelligent. The mode he pursued in the regulation of his domestic economy was excellent; as continence is not a virtue of the black, the increase of his family was not confined to his own house; yet, even in his amours he was just; and as the two mothers before-mentioned were less protected than his ostensible wife, the primary object of his consideration was to have the whole of his children under his care. This was reckoned to all virtues from the first, in so far as a way that no distinction was perceivable but in age, while the mothers held a relationship to their domesticated offspring similar to that of an aunt or cousin, each exerting herself for the purpose of adding to the comforts of her own child. On festive occasions, the two mothers sat alternately on the right or left of the mistress of the house, with as much etiquette as might be perceived in a more elevated station, and with the utmost harmony. The master of the family was absolute, but with him it was in theory, not in practice, for all seemed to vie in forbearance. As soon as the children could contribute their little powers to labour, they were employed; the younger (except as regarded their strength) being subject to the interior office; and, singular as it may appear, on the festive occasions alluded to, they waited upon their seniors, though but by a few years, and seemed delighted in the office. Agreeable to this rule, in accordance with that reverence for age so remarkable among blacks of every description, the grandmother received the affection and attention of all, and though often crabbed, irritable, and discontented, no one seemed to consider her failings as such, but as a duty prescribed them to bear.

In fact the writer considered this numerous family, as he beheld them at their frugal meal, a model for domestic life, with a proof that those jarring interests, which, in the smallest connection, as well as in the largest states, creating more embarrassment than the most adverse circumstances, or the greatest crimes, may be avoided by a generous conduct, and reciprocal kindness. He need scarcely add, happy was his humble friend, or that each individual of his family, in their separate capacities, laid up a store of happiness for themselves, and those around them.

It was the misfortune of our author, during his abode at St. Domingo, to be seized as a spy, and condemned to death. The awful sentence was to be ratified by Toussaint l'Ouverture, and he thus describes the state to which he was reduced, and the comforts he received from the benevolence of a female of colour.

'After lying two nights on a couch, formed of dried sugar-cane, with a very slender supply of food, the prisoner had resigned himself to the vanity of despair; he was stretched out in silent agony, when, as the night closed in, and the faithful troop had progressively retired, a gentle female voice, with the tenderest accents, aroused his attention. How long the benign object had been there, he could not ascertain; but, when he looked up, and beheld her, his feelings were indescribable: she was a fine figure, rather tall and slender, with a face most beautiful, and a form of the most symmetry, improved by the melancholy air which the scene had given her. She was dressed in a superior style, and possessed all the elegance of European manners, improved by the most picturesque carriage. She held a basket, containing the most delicate food, with the finest fruits; she entreated him to receive them silently, and to destroy any remnants, as a discovery would be fatal to her, and prejudicial to himself. He was about to reply with the ardour of gratitude, when in an instant, she was gone! On the following evening, she returned, and endeavoured to comfort him with the most obliging expression, and, by evincing extreme anxiety on his behalf, once more he up the illusion of hope in his breast, which he had abandoned, with all human prospects for ever. The next evening she repeated her visit, and descended to favour him with more extensive communication. Still not a word occurred to disclose her name, or situation; once, indeed, she made some distant allusions to the English, which led him to imagine, she had been impressed with gratitude towards the country by some obligation. Whatever her name, or whatever her circumstances, if this slight memorial should live to reach that delightful isle, in which, as an angelic representation of mercy, she may yet stay the hand of the destroyer, it will bear to her the sincere effusion of a grateful heart, which, though biased by the use of a fairer skin, can never discharge its sense of duty.

'On the morn of the fifteenth day, when he had ventured to disengage himself of a part of his guards for the purpose of a temporary relief from the weight of his chains, the answer of Toussaint arrived, bringing instead of (as was fully expected) the confirmation of the sentence, an order from that truly great man for his release, and to be suffered to proceed on his voyage, with this prohibition, conveyed with much shrewdness, but the greatest magnanimity; "That he must never return to this island without proper passports!"

It is not astonishing that the man who owes his life to the clemency of another, at the moment, when, though innocent, he had lost all hope of clearing himself, should warmly embrace the defence of his benefactor; and permit gratitude to increase the share of his merits. But we do not believe that the following portrait is much flattered, though some of the features are evidently enlarged, while others are reduced, so as to make the whole more consonant to our ideas of beauty and more captivating.

It probably may be expected that something should be mentioned of the general character of Toussaint; and, if there was any object predominant in the wishes of the writer during his sojourn at the cape, it was—to ascertain the traits of personality in that individual,—to judge of the views, and of the motives that actuated him. The result of his observations was in every respect favourable to this truly great man. Casual acts of justice and benignity may mark the reign of anarchy itself, and complacency sometimes smooth the brow of the most brutal tyrant; but when the man, possessed, for a considerable period, of unlimited power, (of whose good actions no venal journalist was the herald, but, to transcribe his errors a thousand competitors were ready) has never been charged with its abuse; but on the contrary, has preserved one line of conduct, founded by sound sense and acute discernment on the most honourable basis, leading only to actions of magnanimity and goodness; he has passed the strongest test to which he can be submitted; who, with the frailties of human nature, and without the adventitious aids of those born to rule, held one of the highest situations in society.

His government does not appear to have been sullied by the influence of any ruling passion; if a thirst of power had prompted him alone, he would have soon ceased to be a leader of insurgents; had avarice swayed him, he, like many others, could have retired early in the contest, with immense riches, to the neighbouring continent; or had a sanguinary revenge occupied his mind, he would not so often have offered those pathetic appeals to the understanding, which were the spot of his colleagues, on crimes which the governors of nations long civilized would have sentenced to torture! His principles, when becoming an actor in the revolution of his country, were as pure and legitimate, as those which actuated the great founders of liberty in any former age or clime.

Such was the character of Toussaint L'Ouverture, as regarded his office of Commander in Chief, and Governor of the island of St. Domingo. In his relations towards other countries, he appears to have excited admiration for his justice, and the courtesy of every enlightened state: the charges of his most inveterate enemies never extended to a fact that can diminish the well-earned eulogies he has obtained. His rules of conduct were the emanations of a mind capacious and well informed, and but for the exertion of his talents, or those of some chief equally able, indefatigable, and sincere, the country, now blooming with culture, and advancing in true civilization, might have been a ruined state, sacrificed to the conflicts of disappointed ambition, revenge, and the whole train of evils which a multiplicity of factions could create. That there should be found partisans of each of these factions in the then divided state of France, to complain of every arrangement formed by this astonishing individual, is to be expected, rather than wondered at; and to these motives alone, there is no reason to doubt, may be ascribed all the calumnies which have been vented against him.

In his private life, Toussaint lost none of the

excellence of that character which is conspicuous in his public actions: with unquenched sensibility, he supported an even temper in domestic privacy; and in contradistinction to the general character of other great men, might be considered equally an hero in the closet as in the field. To his wife, a sensible and affectionate woman, he behaved with the most endearing tenderness and consideration; and to his children imparted all the warmth of paternal affection; yet he had no overweening fondness to conceal their faults from his notice, even the smallest want of proper attention to an inferior was censured with severity proportionate to the difference of their condition. If they obtained not knowledge from the transitory nature of human circumstances, so necessary to check the pride of birth or situation, almost always manifest in children reared in affluence, it was not the fault of a father whose life was conspicuous for humility of disposition, and a diffidence of his powers, proportionable to the elevation of his rank, or the accumulation of his honours. As his children grew to an age capable of that education which his individual acquirements instructed him as necessary to their sphere of life in which they were to move, Toussaint procured for them the best tutors he could obtain, and afterwards sent them to France under their care, for the advantages of higher instruction.—His leisure, which was not great, was occupied in relieving those who suffered in any respect undeservedly; nor did he, as is often the case in this world, weigh agilt by incapacity or distinction. The weak of every description were his peculiar care; the strong in intellect, the mighty in war, or the amiable in domestic life, shared alike his esteem.

In person, Toussaint was of a manly form, above the middle stature, with a countenance bold and striking, yet full of the most prepossessing suavity—terrible to an enemy, but inviting of his friendship, or his love. His manners and his deportment were elegant when occasion required, but easy and familiar in common; when an inferior addressed him, he bent with the most obliging assiduity, and adapted himself precisely, without seeming condescension, to their peculiar circumstances. He received in public a general and voluntary respect, which he was anxious rather to prevent, by the most pleasing civilities. His uniform was a kind of blue jacket, with a large red cape falling over the shoulders; red cuffs, with eight rows of lace on the arms, and a pair of large gold epaulettes thrown back; scarlet waistcoat and pantaloons, with half boots; round hat, with a red leather, and a national cockade; these, with an extreme large sword, formed his equipment. He was an astonishing horseman, and travelled with unconceivable rapidity.

The fatal end of this amiable character is treated with a display of feeling honourable to the author; and it is impossible not to lament with him that such a man should have ever fallen a victim to the blackest injustice and perfidiousness.

E. R.

A VOYAGE TO COCHIN CHINA.

ARTICLE VI.—*A Voyage to Cochin China in the years 1792 and 1793. By John Barrow, Esq. F. R. S. author of Travels in Southern Africa, and Travels in China. Illustrated and embellished with several engravings by Medland, coloured after the original drawings, by Mr. Alexander and Mr. Daniel. 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d. boards. Cadell and Davies. 1806.*

TAKE courage, ye timid youths who long, yet dread, to launch upon the ocean of literature; the most precious moments of your existence are lost in doubts and apprehensions. Throw aside the yoke of modesty, let your imagination ransack every source of information, let her skim so lightly over the works of authors who are no more, that an imperceptible dew may gather on her feet, unseen by our eyes, but calculated to refresh her yielding strength, and enable her to soar with borrowed vigour to envied heights. Or, if you scorn the method of many of our modern *original* writers, let industry, courage, and perseverance promote, direct, and support your exertions. If genius do not inspire your minds, let a constant habit of labour and activity, quicken the motion of their springs. Study the different features of the universe in its different parts: scrutinize into the character of nations; dive into their annals, unfold their manners; and without wishing, like the learned traveller, whose work we are about to review, to incite your countrymen, to invade the property of others, and take possession of every fertile spot in the world, every island which may be defended by "a small but well disciplined garrison," every coast which presents a safe harbour, of which the natural fortifications may be rendered impregnable by the assistance of art, think only of spreading the light of instruction as far as your faculties will permit you.

But whatever line of composition, history, poetry, travels, or biography, you follow, take particular care, as you regard, not fame perhaps, but the advancement of your fortune, to acquire a name, the weight of which will overbalance every consideration, and enable you to fix the price of 3l. 13s. 6d. to a quarto, for which, notwithstanding its intrinsic merit; a more obscure brother of

the quill would have deemed himself happy to obtain one half of this sum.

Praise and success act different ways on different minds. Some behold the glory they have acquired in one instance, as a solid basis to support new trophies, and display all the powers with which nature has endowed their souls, to snatch at higher crowns, than those they have already received. Others on the contrary, dazzled by their own brightness, fancy that it produces the same effect upon men, and that it would be the extreme of folly, to hazard a new undertaking which might dissipate the high opinion in which their talents were held, and cast a shade over their fame. They therefore rest in the midst of their course, and deprive mankind of the benefits it might derive from them. Some, equally proud of the reception their first works have met with, feel the impulse of ambition too powerfully to remain inactive, but deceive themselves with the belief, that every future production which may flow from their pen, will prove as welcome to the public; and that since "*magnum nominis umbram*," they are not obliged to pay the same attention to the elegance of their style, the arrangement of their materials, the accuracy of their observations, and the conciseness of their descriptions, as when they first stood forth humble candidates for popular applause. We are sorry that, after perusing the present voyage we are compelled to rank Mr. Barrow among those of the latter class, who instead of improving, sink into negligence, and would thus, did not the critic's lash awaken them from their slumber, resign unconsciously the hope of celebrity, and prove more inimical to themselves than the most embittered foe.

One of the principal defects of Mr. Barrow's work, consists in the number of digressions, he thinks himself authorised to make, but

which, by carrying us suddenly into another sphere of ideas, tear asunder the chain that connected the whole together. Many of his descriptions become insulated in the midst of numerous discussions foreign to the subject, over which we must take our flight, for Mr. B. has not even provided the smallest skiff to convey us back to the spot from which he snatched us away. Had he introduced these dissertations at proper places, they might be read with interest, but in their present situation they constantly stand like as many obstacles strewed in our path, & hinder our quick approach to the information we wish to attain. 210 pages out of 450, of which the quarto is composed, are dedicated to descriptions of the various places which the author visited before he reached the end of his voyage. So that the history of that part of the world, which he represents as containing twenty millions of inhabitants, and which opens such a wide field for important researches, is contracted to less than one half of his book. It is not our intention to follow him to Madeira, Teneriffe, St. Jago, Rio de Janeiro, Batavia, &c. &c. where he detains us so long, but we will land with him in Cochín-China, the annals of which for the last 43 years teem with interest.

This kingdom lies between the 18th and 20th degrees of latitude, the sea forms its eastern boundary, a ridge of lofty mountains divides it on the west from Cambodia, and the empire of China is found two or three degrees to the north. In 1774 an extensive insurrection was effected by three brothers Yin-yac, a merchant, a priest, and Long-niang a general officer, who succeeded in hurling Caung-Shung from his throne, when they shared the kingdom between themselves. At the time when this event took place, Adran, a French missionary, filled at court the office of tutor to the king's son, and found means to testify his attachment to the royal family, by sheltering from destruction, at the peril of his own life, the Queen, the young Prince, his wife, and her infant son. For some time he concealed them in a wood, and when the ardour of pursuit was assuaged, they all repaired to Sai-gong, where the rightful heir to the crown, was proclaimed king and assumed the name of Caung-Shung. No sooner had the news of his re-appearance reached Yin-yac than he sent an army against him, and compelled him to seek for

safety in flight. The river Sai-gong afforded him a safe retreat, and he chose for his abode a small desert island in the gulph of Siam, where twelve hundred of his faithful followers joined his banners. This number being, however, too weak to oppose the forces which his enemy was gathering to crush him, he resolved to implore the assistance of the King of Siam. This sovereign received him kindly, and offered to employ him and his adherents against the Birmanis, with whom he was at war; the royal fugitive accepted his proposition, and having been instructed by Adran in the European art of war, soon seduced the Birmanis to submission; but this important service was repaid with ingratitude, envy arose against him, and he was fain to fight his way out of the capital, and seeking upon several Siamese vessels to seek refuge in the island he had so lately left. There he formed strong batteries with the guns he found in the vessels, and made defiance to the host of foes that threatened him on every side. Adran, who, during the course of these events, had travelled through the south of Cochín-China, in order to sound the sentiments of the people, and finding them favourably inclined to the cause he had espoused, he, with the king's permission, departed for France, with Caung-Shung's son, to obtain powerful succours, and in 1787 presented his petition to the court of Versailles, and a treaty was concluded between the two monarchs, the chief articles of which we will extract from the original.

I. There shall be an offensive and defensive alliance between the Kings of France and Cochinchina: they do hereby agree mutually to afford assistance to each other against all those who may make war upon either of the two contracting parties.

II. To accomplish this purpose, there shall be put under the orders of the King of Cochinchina a squadron of twenty French ships of war, of such size and force as shall be deemed sufficient for the demands of his service.

III. Five complete European regiments, and two regiments of native colonial troops, shall be embarked without delay for Cochinchina.

IV. His Majesty Louis XVI. shall engage to furnish, within four months, the sum of one million dollars; five hundred thousand of which shall be in specie, the remainder in salt petre, cannon, musquets and other military stores.

V. From the moment the French troops shall have entered the dominions of the King of Cochinchina, they and their generals, both by sea and land, shall receive their orders from the King of Cochinchina. To this effect the commanding officers shall be furnished with instructions from his Catholic Majesty to obey in all things, and in all places, the will of his new ally.

On the other hand,

I. The King of Cochin-china, as well as tranquilly shall be re-established in his dominions, shall engage to furnish for fourteen ships of the line, such a quantity of stores and provisions as will enable them to put to sea without delay, on the requisition of the ambassador from the King of France; and for the better effecting this purpose, there shall be sent out from Europe a corps of officers and petty officers of the marine, to be put upon a permanent establishment in Cochin-china.

II. His Majesty Louis XVI. shall have resident at every part of the coast of Cochin-china, wherever he may think fit to place them. These consuls shall be allowed the privilege of building, or causing to be built, ships, frigates, and other vessels without molestation, under any pretence, from the Cochin-chinese government.

III. The ambassador of his Majesty Louis XVI. to the court of Cochin-china shall be allowed to fell such timber in any of the forests, as may be found convenient and suitable for building ships, frigates, and other vessels.

IV. The King of Cochin-china and the council of state shall cede in perpetuity to his most Christian Majesty, his heirs, and successors, the port and territory of Han-san (bay of Taron and the peninsula), and the adjacent islands from *Paiso* on the south to *Hai an* on the north.

V. The King of Cochin-china engages to furnish men and materials necessary for the construction of forts, bridges, high-roads, tanks, &c. as far as may be judged necessary for the protection and defence of the cessions made to his faithful ally the king of France.

VI. In case that the natives shall at any time be unwilling to remain in the ceded territory, they will be at liberty to leave it, and will be reimbursed the value of the property they may leave upon it. The civil and criminal jurisdiction shall remain unaltered; all religious opinions shall be free; the taxes shall be collected by the French in the usual mode of the country, and the collector shall be appointed jointly by the ambassador of France and the King of Cochin-china; but the latter shall not claim any part of those taxes, which will belong properly to his most Christian Majesty for the support of his territories.

VII. In the event of his most Christian Majesty being resolved to wage war in any part of India, it shall be allowed to the Commander in Chief of the French forces to raise a key of 14,000 men, whom he shall cause to be trained in the same manner as they are in France, and to be put under French discipline.

VIII. In the event of any power whatsoever attacking the French in their Cochin-chinese territory the King of Cochin-china shall furnish 60,000 men or more in land forces, whom he shall clothe, victual, &c.

Adran was rewarded for his share in this negotiation promising to prove so advantageous to the French, with a bishop's mitre, and appointed plenipotentiary; but the revolution which soon commenced frustrated his views; for the bloody republicans who sacrificed their king to their blind rage, would have deemed it a crime to assist in the restoration of a sovereign to his throne. At

his return, Adran found that during his absence, which lasted two years, two of the usurpers had waged war against each other, and that the people rising in favour of Caung-Shung, he had assumed their command and already become master of Sai-gong, which he had strongly fortified, and where having been joined by bishop Adran, they began in concert to raise an army and equip a fleet.

In 1791 Long-niang, one of the usurpers, died, and Caung-Shung immediately attacked and destroyed Yin-Yac's fleet; and when Mr. Baryow reached Cochin-china the southern provinces had acknowledged their lawful monarch. The rest of the information, which Mr. B. gathered from a manuscript written by the French captain of a frigate in Caung-Shung's service, informs us that, Yin-Yac died in 1793, that his son was deprived of his capital by the victorious arms of the prince in 1796, who in 1800 was about to take the field against the son of the rebel, who still preserved the sceptre of Tung-quin. We will now let our author describe the improvements which his favourite hero has scattered over his native land.

From the year 1790, in which Caung-shung returned to Cochin-china, to 1800, he was allowed to enjoy only two years of peace, 1797 and 1798; and these two years were, in all probability, the most important of his hitherto troublesome reign. Under the auspices of the bishop Adran, who in every important undertaking was his oracle, he turned his attention to the improvement of his country. He established a manufactory of sulphate in *Ton-tan* (*Tampra* of the charts), opened roads of communication between important posts and considerable towns, and planted them on each side with trees for shade. He encouraged the cultivation of the pepper and the betel pepper, the plantations of which had been destroyed by the army of the usurper. He held out rewards for the propagation of the silk-worm; caused large tracts of land to be prepared for the culture of the sugar-cane; and established manufactories for the preparation of pitch, tar, and resin. He caused several thousand watch-jacks to be fabricated; he opened a mine of iron-ore, and constructed smelting furnaces. He distributed his land forces into regular regiments, established military schools, where officers were instructed in the doctrine of projectiles and gunnery by European masters. Adran had translated into the Chinese language a system of military tactics for the use of his army. In the course of these two years he constructed at least 500 large gun-boats or row galleys, five luggers, and a frigate on the model of an European vessel. He caused a system of naval tactics to be introduced, and had his naval officers instructed in the use of signals. One of the English gentlemen, whom I mentioned to have been at *Sai-gong* in the year 1800, saw a fleet of ships consisting of 1200 sail under the immediate command of this Prince, weigh their anchors and drop down the river in the highest order,

in three separate divisions, forming into lines of battle, in close and open order, and going through a variety of manœuvres by signals as they proceeded along.

During this interval of peace he likewise undertook to reform the system of jurisprudence, in which he was no doubt very ably assisted by the Bishop. He abolished several species of torture, which the law of the country had hitherto prescribed; and he mitigated punishments that appeared to be disproportionate to the crimes of which they were the consequence. He established public schools, to which parents were compelled to send their children at the age of four years, under certain pains and penalties. He drew up a system of rules and regulations for the commercial interests of his kingdom; caused bridges to be built over rivers; buoys and sea marks to be laid down at all the dangerous parts of the coast; and surveys to be made of the principal bays and harbours. He sent missions into the mountainous districts on the west of his kingdom, inhabited by the *Lans* and the *Miauts*, barbarous nations whom he wished to bring into a state of civilization and good government. These mountaineers are the people whom the Chinese designate by the degrading appellation of "Men with tails;" though, in all probability, they are the regular descendants of the true original inhabitants of this long civilized empire. In short, this Monarch, by his own indefatigable application to the arts and manufactures, like Peter of Russia, without his brutality, aroused by his individual example, the energies of his people, and, like our immortal Alfred, spared no pains to regenerate his country. His activity and exertions will readily be conceived from the circumstance of his having, in less than ten years, from a single vessel, accumulated a fleet of twelve hundred ships, of which three were of European construction; about twenty were large junks, similar to those of China, but completely manned and armed; and the rest were large gun-vessels and transports.

After which he gives us an interesting account of the mode of life of this great prince, whose virtues are perhaps the fruit of the misfortunes which strewed his youth with thorns.

To enable him the better to attend to the concerns of his government, his mode of life is regulated by a fixed plan. At six in the morning he rises from his couch, and goes into the cold bath. At seven he has his levee of Mandarins; all the letters are read which have been received in the course of the preceding day, on which his orders are minuted by the respective secretaries. He then proceeds to the naval arsenal, examines the works that have been performed in his absence, rows in his barge round the harbour, inspecting his ships of war. He pays particular attention to the ordnance department, and in the foundery, which is erected within the arsenal, cannon are cast of all dimensions.

About twelve or one he takes his breakfast in the dock yard, which consists of a little boiled rice and dried fish. At two he retires to his apartment and sleeps till five, when he again rises; gives audience to the naval and military officers, the heads of tribunals or public departments, and approves, rejects, or amends whatever they may have to propose. These affairs of state generally employ his attention till midnight, after which he retires to his private apartment; to make such notes and memorandums as the occurrences of the day have suggested. He then takes a light supper, passes an hour with his family, and between two and three in the morning retires to his bed; taking, in this manner, at two intervals, about six hours of rest in the four-and-twenty.

Had not Mr. Barrow proved by his former publications that he was able to produce a work far superior to the present, our severity would have been disarmed: for if we bestow the epithet of inferior upon this book, it is only when compared with his travels in Southern Africa and China. Did it how from a pen less exercised and less celebrated than his, we would not have hesitated to pronounce it an excellent composition; but from him we expect better things, and think it is treating him with the sincerity of a friend to inform him of his defects, and caution him against indulging too much in self confidence.

E. R.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF THE LATE REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

ARTICLE VII.—*Biographical Memoirs of the late Rev. Joseph Warton, D. D. by the Rev. John Wool, A. M. late Fellow of New College, Oxford; &c. &c.* 4to. 1l. 7s. Boards. Cadell and Davies. 1806.

THIS work is composed of three parts; a collection of the Rev. J. Warton's Poems; his literary correspondence, and the memoirs written by his biographer. The latter article alone affords us an opportunity of forming an

opinion of Mr. Wool's powers as an author, while the two others will enable us to judge of his taste and discretion as an editor. The memoirs therefore, will detain our observation longer than the other parts, as we

purpose making our chief extracts from them.

The first idea that arose while reading Mr. Wool's production, was that he had totally misconceived the object which biography has in view: instead of giving us an account of the manners and habits of Dr. Warton, he has mostly filled his pages with critical remarks. Of their excellence in general, we do not entertain the least doubt, but the title of his work led us to expect that we should find the domestic history, the private anecdotes and circumstances, of a man who drew the eyes of the public upon him, unfolded to our sight; we therefore felt disappointed when we saw that the present writer fancied such interesting researches beneath the dignity of his pen, and constantly avoided to gratify our curiosity. The little we have been able to gather concerning the life of Dr. Warton from Mr. Wool's quarto, we will present to our readers, and join together in a few lines, the information which lies scattered and lost in the midst of criticisms, encomiums upon Virgil, and enigmatical sentences.

Born in his maternal grandfather's house, the Rev. Joseph Richardson, rector of Dunsfold in Surrey, Joseph Warton was baptized on the 22d of April 1722. His father, who was professor of poetry at Oxford, watched over his education, and instilled the first principles of learning into his mind. In 1736, he was sent to Winchester college, and gave early pledges of the extent of his intellectual powers and the excellence of his heart. There he began his literary career by writing, in company with Collins, some verses which were inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine, and were warmly praised by that great critic, Johnson. In 1740, we find him at Oriel college, Oxford, where the superiority of his talents shone unequalled; soon after he took his bachelor's degree, and was ordained a minister of the church of England, but was not settled in any living till the Duke of Bolton presented him, in 1748, to the rectory of Winblade, when he immediately married Miss Daman, who had long shared with science the empire of his breast. Three years after his marriage, his noble patron prevailed upon him to tear himself from the arms of his wife, to attend him to the South of France, in order to enjoy the society of a man of letters, and have a pro-

testant clergyman at hand to bestow the stamp of religion upon his union with the lady who was then his mistress, as soon as the Duchess, who was ill of a dropsy, should have resigned her breath.

We cannot abstain from observing with more than astonishment, that far from condemning the degrading line of conduct followed by Dr. Warton, in this instance, his biographer should attempt to excuse it. That modern philosophers should look upon such trespasses as trifling, would create no wonder in us; but that a minister of the gospel should not thunder against such prostitution of honour and religion, but try to shelter the delinquent from public censure, at once surprises and grieves us.

At his return to England, Dr. Warton published his edition of Virgil, in Latin and English, with abundant and useful annotations. Afterwards he yielded to the pressing solicitations of the editors of the *Adventurer*, and supplied them with twenty-four papers; he formed a scheme also of collecting the epistles of Politianus, Erasmus, Grotius, &c. in order to trace the revival of learning at its origin; but he soon forsook this plan, which was never carried into execution. In 1754, he obtained the living of Tunworth, and in the following year became second master of Winchester School, having at the same time the direction of a boarding-house.

In order to give a specimen of Mr. Wool's style, with all its beauties and numerous deficiencies, we shall select the passage in which he describes Dr. Warton's method of instructing the boys committed to his care.

“He entered on his honourable employment with all the energy a mind like his naturally conceived: but his zeal was tempered with judgment, and the eagerness of his expectations chastened by salutary patience. Aflent in provoking emulation, and rewarding excellence, he was at the same time aware that the standard of approved merit must not be placed too high, or the laudable industry, which gradually invigorates mediocrity of talent, be crushed by disproportionate demands. He knew that the human mind developed itself progressively, but not always in the same consistent degrees, or at periods uniformly similar. He conjectured therefore that the most probable method of ensuring some valuable improvement to the generality of boys, was not to exact what the generality are incapable of performing. As a remedy for inaccurate construction, arising either from apparent idleness or inability, he highly approved, and sedulously imposed, translation. Modesty, timidity, or many other constitutional impediments, may prevent a boy from displaying before his master, and in the front of his class, those talents, of which

privacy and a relief from these embarrassments will often give proof. If Addison, in the possession of his and possession of the richest mental endowments, could confess, when speaking of his deficiencies in conversation, that with respect to intellectual wealth, "he could draw a bill for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket," it may be supposed that boys not really destitute of talent, or incapable of becoming scholars, are sometimes so oppressed by shyness or fear, as not to do themselves justice in the common routine of public construction, and to require a varied method of ascertaining their sufficiency of information and intellect. This important end Dr. Warton thought happily answered by translation; nor did he deem lightly of its value as a general system. A habit of composition he imagined to be gradually acquired by it; and the style and sentiments of an author deeply engraven on the memory of the scholar. These sentiments were confirmed by that most infallible test, experience; as he declared (within a few years of his death) that the best scholars he had sent into the world were those whom, whilst second master, he had thus habituated to translation, and given a capacity of comparing and associating the idiom of the dead languages with their own.

In 1758, his essay on the genius and writings of Pope appeared, and Lord Lyttelton chose him for his chaplain; and in 1766, he was elected head master of the school, the fame of which his talents and diligence had considerably increased. But while honours were thus accumulating on his head, a domestic calamity of the most serious nature, blasted his happiness, by carrying his beloved wife to the grave. But his grief, though violent, was of short duration, and he sought in the arms of a second bride for a new source of consolation.

"It is no less reprehensible than remarkable, that the talents of the poet and critic, and the successful exertions of the instructor, had as yet received neither encouragement or remuneration. Nor had one man of power and patronage, though the sons of many were entrusted to his care, deemed it incumbent on him to confer either affluence or dignity on their master. It remained for a Prebute most high in theological and classical reputation, for one who knew the value of literary acquirements, and was in his own person a distinguished example of the public benefit to which they may be converted, to do honour to himself and his situation by the pre-ferment of Dr. Warton. In the year 1782, the eminently learned and pious Dr. Lowth, then Bishop of London, bestowed on him a prebend of St. Paul's, and within the year added the living of Chorley in Hertfordshire, which, after some arrangements, the Doctor exchanged for Wickham."

In 1782 also the sequel of the essay on Pope made its appearance, and fully answered the expectations of the public. But the beginning of the year 1786, teemed with new sorrows, and inflicted new wounds upon

his feeling heart; for at this period his second son, rich in talents and information, fell victim to a severe disorder. The death of his brother, for whom he had always entertained the most tender friendship, and which took place a few years after that of his son, contributed to increase the disgust he felt at the noisy bustling world, and led him in 1793 to resign his mastership. He then tasted the joys of a studious retirement for a few years, the fruits of which were in 1797 his edition of Pope in nine volumes, octavo; and the two first volumes of that of Dryden, which were ready for the press, when the violence of a disease triumphed over the strength of his constitution, and he paid the debt of nature the 23^d of February, 1800, at the age of nearly seventy-eight.

Having thus followed the course of Dr. Warton's existence, till he withdrew from this busy scene into the calm retreat of the tomb, we will now present his picture, such as Mr. Wool has drawn in his memoirs.

"Zealous in his adherence to the church establishment, and exemplary in his attention to its ordinances and duties, he was at the same time a decided enemy to bigotry or intolerance. His style of preaching was unaffectedly earnest and impressive; and the dignified solemnity with which he read the Litany (particularly the Communion service) was remarkably awful. He had the most happy art of arresting the attention of youth on religious subjects. Every Wiccanical reader will recollect his inimitable comment on Grotius in the Sunday evenings, and his discourse annually delivered in the school on Good Friday: the impressions made by them cannot be forgotten.

"To descend to the minutiae of daily habits is surely beneath the province of biography. Free, open, and cheerful to his friends, without rigour or sullen severity to those he disliked, Dr. Warton in his general character could never deserve and seldom incur enmity. A playful liveliness, even on the most dry and didactic subjects, diverted him of the smallest appearance of that pedantry which is too apt to attach itself to scholars by profession. None could leave his society without improvement, yet never was the man found who was oppressed by his superiority. The charm of unaffected ease and good humour prevented every feeling of inequality, every jealousy of receiving instruction; no individual perhaps ever possessed in a stronger degree the powers of enlivening conversation by extensive knowledge, correct judgment, and elegant taste. His cheerfulness and resignation in affliction were invincible: even under the extremity of bodily weakness, his strong mind was unobscured, and his limbs became paralyzed in the very act of dictating an epistle of friendly criticism. So quiet, so composed was his end, that he might more truly be said to cease to live than to have undergone the pangs of death."

Our author is such a foe to anecdotes,

which are "beneath the province of Biography," that whenever he is guilty, and we must acknowledge it is but seldom, of intruding one of these "minutes" upon our notice, lest it should shock our sight, he generally conceals it in a note. But to show them that the generality of men are not of the same opinion, we have snatched the following from the obscurity in which it lay buried.

Independent of the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Montagu, whose talents and information Dr. Watson held in the highest esteem, and with whom he frequently corresponded; the sex in general were partial to him; and the Editor has frequently seen the young, the handsome, and the gay, deserted by the belles, to attract the notice of Dr. W., whilst he was, on his part, thoroughly accessible, and imparted his lively sallies and instructive conversation with the most gallant and appropriate pleasantry. He was a great admirer of beauty, nor was it in his nature to use a rude expression to a female. He had moreover a great tenderness and love for children, and fully exemplified the maxim, that wherever there are uniform attention to the female sex, and an indulgent notice of children, there is a warm and feeling heart. His politeness to the ladies however was once put to a hard test: He was invited, whilst Master of Winchester, to meet a relative of Pope, who, from her connection with the family, he was taught to believe, could furnish him with much valuable and private information. Incited by all that eagerness which so strongly characterized him, he on his introduction sat immediately close to the lady, and, by inquiring her consanguinity to Pope, entered at once on the subject; when the following dialogue took place—*Prætor*, did not you write a book about my cousin Pope?—*Warton*. Yes, Madam.—*Lady*. They tell me 'twas vastly clever. He wrote a great many plays, did not he?—*Warton*. I have heard only of one attempt, Madam.—*Lady*. Oh no, I beg your pardon, that was Mr. Shakspeare; I always confound them.—*Warton*. This was too much even for the Doctor's gallantry, he replied, 'Certainly, Madam; and with a bow changed his seat to the contrary side of the room, where he sat, to the amusement of a large party, with such a mingled countenance of archness and chagrin, such a struggle between his taste for the ridiculous, and his natural politeness, as could be portrayed but by his speaking and expressive countenance. In a few minutes he quitted the company, but not without taking leave of the lady in the most polite and unaffected manner.'

After having dwelled so long upon the first part of this work, and selected extracts to prove that our assertions rested on solid grounds, and did not proceed from undue severity and blind prejudice, we will content ourselves with a few remarks on the style in which it is written, and examine the two last divisions of his book.

The language throughout is stiff and heavy; often bombastical, yet almost always coarse, affected, and entirely denuded of elegance.

The sentences are constructed with Dædalian art, so as to lead the mind through mazes in which, if it do not lose itself, it is at least dangerously bewildered; but this might be perhaps, in Mr. Wool's opinion, a new and useful method of exercising its faculties, and whetting its power of conception. And we are the more inclined to think that we have found the real laudable cause why this writer delights to wrap his meanings in obscurity, because had it been accidental, it would have been less frequent, while he seems to have laboured purposely to be obscure. If any one doubts the truth of these observations, let him look for an explanatory note, page 30, and he will see from experience, that what is meant to elucidate previous difficulties, requires elucidation itself.

The merit of Mr. Wool as an editor, shines more conspicuous than that he attempted to unfold in his composition, among the poetical articles, many of whom, however, might have better served the same end, if their author had they been kept concealed. We have remarked his Ode to Music, and that to Fancy, as entitled to great praise, and the end of the latter is worthy of being presented a second time to the public.

"Of hence our prayer, O! hither come,
From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,
On which thou lovest to sit at eve
Musing o'er thy darling's grave.
O! queen of numbers, once again
Annate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with meekhearted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
Who, with some new, unequal'd song,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
O'er all our listening passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;
With terror shake, and pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.
O! deign I attend his ev'ning walk!
With him in groves and grottoes talk,
Teach him to scorn, with lagid art,
Feebly to touch the enigm'nd heart;
Take lightning for his mighty verse
The posson's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause
Beyond cold critics' studied laws;
O! let each Muse's fame merge;
O! bid Britannia rival Greece."

Among the collection of prose pieces, Ranelagh House seemed to us deserving to be noticed; and that our readers may form a just estimate of its excellence, we will lay the following extract before them.

"That pert young fellow with a black ribbon/round his neck, in a fustian frock with very short skirts, and a red broad brim'd hat in an affected

Impudent cock, is a Templar, who having read all the modern comedies and farces, the Spectators, Dryden's prefaces and dedications, and having once squeez'd out a prologue to a play that was damn'd, sets up for a critic and a wit. His cat-call is generally heard the first in the pit; he is the Corypheus of those unmannerly disturbers of the public. He is the most despicable thing that ever disgraced humanity. He rises at twelve at noon, saunters to some coffee-house till one, dresses and has dined by four, then to the coffee-house again, after that to the play for two acts, after that takes a round through all the bagnios and brothels in Covent Garden, kicks whores, and gets drunk with arrack punch, staggers home at three in the morning, quarrels with the watch, and breaks lamps. *Mec est vita salutarum.* And this is a complete and exact journal of that kind of animal, which by the bye pretends to have a soul called a Templar. One of the ladies he is talking to is extravagantly fond of cats and lapdogs; a large hound that she hugs and kisses all day, has the honour to lie with her all night. She is a lady of great benevolence to the brute creation. She at this time carries a squirrel in her pocket, and if you observe, has just put in her finger, that the dear little favourite may give an amorous bite. The other is a prodigious devotee, and a great reader of Thomas a Kempis: she has had thoughts of retiring from the world into some grotto in a desert, and to carry nothing with her but a lamp and a death's head: I wonder to see her here, but I suppose she comes to make grave reflections on the vanity of all pleasures and earthly amusements. She constantly frequents a church in the City, where there is a handsome young lecturer, who preaches prettily, has a graceful lisp'ng delivery, and abounds in the most smart antitheses, most elegant and ingenious conceits, and the best turned periods imaginable. He never frightens his fair audience with the mentioning any of my fraternity, but if I may so say, strevs the path to Heaven with flowers. But hold a little! by Prosperine, I spy yonder the very man I am speaking of; 'tis he with a smooth round face, and a neckcloth so white and so well plaited under his florid double chin. He preach'd last Sunday in a silk gown, with a lawn handkerchief in his hand, and a fine diamond ring upon his finger, upon this well chosen text; 'And why take ye thought for raiment?' He bows so well, and flatters so smoothly, and has so little spirit or honesty, that he will certainly be a dean.'

But the most captivating part of the whole work is the last, which contains letters from many of the most distinguished characters in the republic of letters; and out of which Mr. Wool might have easily formed a tissue of the most useful and interesting information. One of those written by Johnson, will, we have no doubt, be read with melancholy satisfaction.

'Dear Sir,

March 8th, 1754.

I cannot but congratulate you upon the conclusion of a work (*The Adventurer*) in which you have

borne so great a part with so much reputation. I immediately determined that your name should be mentioned, but the paper having been some time written, Mr. Hawkesworth, I suppose, did not care to disorder its text, and therefore put your eulogy in a note. He and every other man mention your papers of Criticism with great commendation, though not with greater than they deserve.

But how little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers of literary attainments, when we consider the condition of poor Collins. I knew him a few years ago full of hopes and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs. What do you hear of him? are there hopes of his recovery? or is he to pass the remainder of his life in misery and degradation? perhaps with complete consciousness of his calamity.

You have flattered us, dear Sir, for some time with the hopes of seeing you; when you come you will find your reputation increased, and with the kindness of those friends who do not envy you; for success always produces either love or hatred. I enter my name among those that love, and that love you more and more in proportion as by writing more you are more known; and believe that as you continue to diffuse among us your integrity and learning, I shall be still with greater esteem and affection,

'Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.'

If another he reverts to the same subject, in the most impressive manner:

'What becomes of poor dear Collins? I wrote him a letter which he never answered. I suppose writing is very troublesome to him. That man is now common loss. The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change, that understanding may make its appearance and depart, that it may blaze and expire.'

We have heard that Mr. Wool intended to publish a second volume of letters of the same description, and long as well as the public for their appearance. Truth has compelled us to be rather severe in our observations, but let him avoid the errors into which he has already fallen; he possesses a fund of instruction, and powers of execution, which, if properly regulated, may one day turn our censure into praise, and crown his brow with fame.

E. B.

BALLADS AND LYRICAL PIECES.

ARTICLE VIII.—*Ballads and Lyrical Pieces, by Walter Scott, Esq.* 8vo Longman.

THERE has scarcely been a poem published for these several years, which has obtained, and with a great degree of justice, so rapid a circulation and so good a character, as Mr. Scott's "Lay of the last Minstrel." Of this poem we have formerly given a review, and we had expected, on turning over the pages of the present work, a similar pleasure with that which we felt at the perusal of Mr. Scott's first work. It has been our lot, however, to be disappointed, not altogether from finding the present poems inferior to Mr. Scott's other work, but from discovering that they are more shreds and patches, second hand things, which we have before enjoyed in other collections, and for which, therefore, the reader can, with no justice be summoned to pay again. This is not fair dealing either as a poet or a man. It is an unjust advantage which Mr. Scott has taken of the reputation of his former book; and however it may fill his pockets, it will not help his character.

In an advertisement indeed Mr. Scott has the following words. "These Ballads," he says, "have been already published in different collections; some in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Bard; others in the "Tales of the Waverley," and some in both those Miscellanies." This is candid; it is liberal dealing. What a pity the reader must buy the book before he can come at this piece of intelligence. But his half guinea must be spent to read it, and, when he has read it, he then discovers that his half guinea is thrown away. Undoubtedly Mr. Scott had a right to collect all his ballads and fugitive pieces into one bundle, and dispose of them as he could; but we ask if it be fair dealing to charge the public twice for a commodity, and, by a little change of external appearance, to attempt an imposition on their credulity? If Mr. Scott answers this question fairly, we leave the justice of our accusation to his own candour. The contents of this volume are, 'Glenfinlas,' 'The Eve of St. John,' 'Cadyow Castle,' 'The Grey Brother,' Thomas

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the Rhymers, 'The Fire King,' 'Frederick and Alice,' 'The wild Huntsman,' together with a few songs which had not before been published. Of all these 'Glenfinlas' is incomparably the best. We hardly know any thing in poetry more sublime than the incidental Description of the Second Sight, or more simple and affecting than the manner in which it is introduced. We will do Mr. Scott justice where we can.

'E'en then, when o'er the heath of fog
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the sun's sad spirit came.

'The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sighs and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy, was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

'The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn'
So gayly part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and spin,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

'Thy feigns too—thy sister's son,
'Thou saw'st with pride, the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

'Thou only saw'st their tattered wave,
As down Benoughich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch, answering brave,
To many a target clanking round.

'I heard the groans I marked the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the heaved Saxon spear
He poured his clan's resistless roar.'

We would assign the next place in the collection to 'Cadyow Castle.' It is addressed to Lady Anne Hamilton, and opens very happily with an allusion to the ancient grandeur of her illustrious family.

'When proudly Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

'Then thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheered the hall.

'But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Egan's hoarse roar.

'Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,

And tune my harp, of border fame,
On the wide banks of Evandale!

'For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long forgotten urn.

'Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo, as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.—

'Where with the rock's wood-covered side
Were blended late the ruins green;
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

'Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagged with thorn and tangling sloe;
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.'

The three following stanzas are examples
of Mr. Scott's powers of description.

'Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
A sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn!'

'Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

'Fierce on the hunter's quivered band,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurs, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.'

The 'Grey Brother' contains some slight
beauties. The songs have considerable ele-

gance and spirit; and we sincerely regret
there are not more of them. But one of the
most pathetic pieces is the "Dying Bard."
It was composed for Mr. Jones's Collection
of Welsh Airs.

'Dinas Emlinn, lament for the moment is nigh
When mute in the woodlands thine Echo shall die.
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

'In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade,
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That viewed them with rapture, with rapture that
sung.

'Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

'And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who have the white breast, and wave the dark
hair,
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall
die!

'Then adieu, silver Teivi, I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
With Ewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessin, high harp ing to hold.

'And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquered thy warriors, and matchless thy
minds;
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can
tell,
Farewell, my loved harp! my last treasure fare-
well!

ADELGITHA; OR, THE FRUITS OF A SINGLE ERROR.

ARTICLE IX.—*Adelgitha; or, the Fruits of a Single Error, a Tragedy in five Acts, by*
G. Lewis. Second Edition, Hughes, 1807.

THIS tragedy is an indubitable proof of
the poetical talents of Mr. Lewis. It has not
been so successful on the stage as it deserved.
We shall enter into no examination of it; but
make a copious extract from the last act.
It is the finest part of the play, and con-
tains of course, the catastrophe. It is to be
remembered that *Guiscard* was the husband of
Adelgitha, from whom she labours to conceal
her having borne, before her marriage, an
illegitimate son; from whose birth her whole
misfortunes spring.

ACT 5th. SCENE 2d.

Adelgitha descends the staircase of the palace, with
Claudia and Ladies.

GUISCARD.

O! welcome, welcome, as the wished-for port
To some long-absent seamen!—Why, my soul,
Hast thou so long deprived me of thy sight?
My heart can know no mirth, while thou art from
me,
As rainbows shine not, when the sun's withdrawn.

ADELGITHA.

Guiscard!—So ill I merit . . . I'm so conscious . . .
My heart . . . there couldst thou read . . .

CLAUDIA (*whispering her*).

Beware, dear Princess!

GUISCARD *[with anxiety].*
Methinks thou'rt strangely pale!—Yet 'tis no wonder:
That place, where thou hast been to-night . . .

ADELGITHA *[glarnd.]*
To-night!—
That place!—Thou know'st then.

GUISCARD.
That religious duties
Have long detained thee in St. Hilda's Chapel:
And much I fear, the damp from vaults exhaling . . .
The marble walks . . . the night wind's chilling
blast . . .

ADELGITHA *[with a mixture of irony].*
True! true!—the night-wind—Oh! 'tis nothing more!
'Twill soon be past.

GUISCARD *[taking a goblet from a Page.]*
I trust so; and this bowl
Will shed a cordial warmth through thy chilled veins.
Look round thee, sweet! Apulia's champions stand
Expecting from thy lips for martial service
Their best reward, ~~thy~~ thanks, and well have earn-
ed them.

Greet them, my love!
ADELGITHA *[takes the bowl; then suddenly dashes*
it on the ground.]
Away! 'tis filled with blood!

CLAUDIA.
She raves!

GUISCARD *[surprised.]*
What means . . . ?
ADELGITHA.
Have I deserved this, Guiscard?—
I ever loved thee with such truth . . . such fondness . . .
I know, how monstrous is my fault . . . but *this* . . .
Oh! this was cruel! cruel!—*[weeping on Claudia's*
bosom.]

GUISCARD.
What can move
This frantic grief?—Why weep, and hide thy face?
Turn to thy Guiscard! Turn to him, who loves thee!

ADELGITHA *[eagerly.]*
Thou lov'st me! Oh! repeat those blessed sounds!
Swear still, thou lov'st me!

GUISCARD.
Canst thou doubt my love!

ADELGITHA *[insisting on the word.]*
Still!—Lov'st me still!—Pronounce that word—"Still."
still!"

GUISCARD *[surprised at her wild energy]*
Still love thee more than life!

ADELGITHA *[exulting.]*
Why, then, ye Heavens.
In thunder speak your wrath: I'll hear and smile;
Conscience, thy sting is lost! Let rocking earth-
quakes,
Where my foot treads, declare, that Nature loaths
me:

Let the blest sun-beams sicken at my sight;
He loves me still, and all things else are trifles.
Hail, warriors, hail! Resume your seats! Fill high
Your bowls with sparkling wine; your echoing harps
Strike, Minstrels, strike; swell round me, choral
music,
And peals of bursting joy, rise, rise, and drown
That voice, I will not hear!

GUISCARD.
This change so sudden . . .
This frantic rapture . . .

ADELGITHA.
Ask not, what it means;
Thou lov'st me, and I'm blest: Let that suffice!
Come! chiefs! Guiscard, come!

IMMA *[without.]*
Where . . . where's the Prince?

ADELGITHA *[shuddering.]*
'Tis Imma!—'Tis his daughter!
Imma rushes in wildly; Rainulf and Attendants
follow her.

IMMA.
Justice! justice!
Oh! princely Guiscard, at thy feet I fall,
And clasp thy knees, and call on thee for vengeance!
See these torn ringlets, pallid cheeks, eyes swollen
And pity me!—My heart is stabbed! is breaking!
He's dead! Oh! Heaven, he's dead!

GUISCARD.
Rise, Imma, rise!
Whom mourn yet?

IMMA.
Can I speak the name, and live to
The assassin's dagger . . . near the rock he lies,
Pale! breathless! cold!—I threw me by his side,
And strove to stave him 'gainst my heart . . . in vain!
He's dead! he's dead! My father's dead!

GUISCARD.
Thy father?

IMMA.
Savagely murdered! All the winds and fires
Of Heaven would vainly strive to yield his frame
One breath of air, or spout of vital heat!
Oh! wretched Imma!

ADELGITHA.
How I suffer!

CLAUDIA *[in a low voice.]*
Silence,
For Heaven's sake!

IMMA *[to Adalgitha.]*
Ah? you weep!—But had you seen,
As I did, his pale cheek! his gaping wound!
The cold dew stealing down his brow! his limbs
Convulsed by dying pangs . . . and last and worst,
That frightful rattle while he breathed my name
For the last time . . .

ADELGITHA.
Agony! agony!

IMMA.
And then to think, he lost that last poor comfort,
To feel his death-bed smoothed by Friendship's hand!
And then to think, no priest absolved his errors . . .
And they were great! and Oh! how strict a reck-
oning

May be above exacted . . . !
ADELGITHA.

Imma! Imma;
Thou'lt drive me mad!

GUISCARD.
Confused by rage and horror,
I know not to console . . . but doubt not, Lady,
If still Otranto holds the wretch, I'll find him,
And take such dread revenge . . .

• "And how his audit stands, who knows save
Heaven?" Hamlet.

RAINULF.
 Forgive my boldness:
 Fainting through anguish on her father's corse,
 The Princess knows not, ere we left the rocks
 The assassin was surprised

GUISCARD.
 Say'st thou?

ADELGITHA *[aside.]*
 What means he?

RAINULF.
 Concealed he lurked . . .

GUISCARD.
 Produce the Wretch!

RAINULF *[goes out, and returns with Lothair in chains.]*

Behold him!

GUISCARD.
 Lothair!

ADELGITHA *[to Claudia.]*
 Should he betray me . . .

CLAUDIA.
 Hush! he will not!
 Be calm!

GUISCARD.
 Lothair the assassin?

IMMA.
 No, Prince, no!
 On my soul, no! If aught that's ill had menaced
 The life of Imma's father, he had found
 No surer safeguard than Lothair!

GUISCARD *[to Rainulf.]*
 What proofs . . . ?

RAINULF.
 His lurking mid the rocks . . . his sword unheathed
 Found near the corse . . . their well-known enemy . . .
 This day's events . . .

GUISCARD.
 All, all confirm him guilty!—*[To Lothair.]*
 What hast thou done, base, wretched youth?—Thy
 crime

At once robs thee of life, and me of honour!
 A sovereign slant!—A sovereign at my court
 Who sought protection, and who found a grave!
 The astonished world (blending our names) will
 judge,

'Twas Guiscard's policy which nerved thy arm;
 And after ages, hearkening this foul murder,
 Will curse the prince, who sheltered to destroy!

LOTHAIR.
 What can I say;—So deep and dark a gloom
 Involves my fate, that I despair to pierce it!
 Yet that one Master-power produced and governs
 This universal globe . . . that mortal eyes
 Are prone to error . . . that vice oft is decked with
 The glory which, which had sifter graced
 Heads, which have fell'n beneath the axe of law . . .
 These truths are not more true, than this I swear—
 The snow that falls is not from taint so pure,
 As are my hands from blood, my lips from false,
 hood!

IMMA.
 Then clear thy conduct, and relieve my heart,
 Which trembles for thy love, thy life, thy virtue!
 Who placed thy faith on by my father's corse?
 So near him, didst not hear his shriek for succour?
 Know'st thou, whose hand . . . He turns away in
 silence!

ADELGITHA *[aside.]*
 Reward him, Heaven!

IMMA.
 Wilt thou not speak?

LOTHAIR.
 I'll answer.

This, but no more.—As I've a soul to save,
 The hand which slew thy father was not mine.

IMMA.
 Then whose, barbarian?—Go! Thou ne'er hast loved
 me!
 Givest in thy breast one feeling spark, thou couldst
 not

Suffer such doubts to rack her soul, who would not
 Grieve thine for the world's wealth!

LOTHAIR.
 Inhuman Imma!
 'Tis past endurance!—Kill me, Princess, kill me!
 To die were better, than to cause those tears!
 I've steeled my heart to bear all human anguish,
 As a man should: but what I suffer now,
 Demands the strength and patience of a god.
 Oh! spare me, spare me! Leave me to my fate!

GUISCARD.
 I know not what to think!—His oaths . . . his an-
 guish . . .
 Should he indeed be guiltless . . .

RAINULF.
 Gracious Prince!
 Know, that on Michael's corse the note was found,
 Which lured him to those secret rocks.

ADELGITHA *[aside.]*
 Oh! Heavens!

GUISCARD.
 Was it not signed?

RAINULF.
 It was not; but the writing
 Perhaps may tell some clue . . .

GUISCARD.
 You counsel well:
 Proceed that note

ADELGITHA *[aside.]*
 I'm lost!

RAINULF.
 I haste to seek it. *[Exit.]*

LOTHAIR *[aside.]*
 She started!—then 'twas hers.

ADELGITHA *[in a low voice to Claudia.]*
 Now, Claudia, now:
 Now what resource . . .

GUISCARD *[to Imma, who is weeping, supported by the Attendants.]*

Sweet mourner, would some comfort . . .
 Spirits of bliss, I ask not from your stores
 Your present sense, nor boundless power, nor life
 That knows no end!—But grant me some blest
 charm
 To heal the wounds of the mind; to seal in slumber
 Grief's pain stretch'd eye-lids, and with lenient skill
 To draw the poisoned arrow forth, which rankles
 In suffering virtue's heart!

LOTHAIR *[aside.]*
 I hear his steps!

ADELGITHA *[breathless with anxiety.]*
 Now!—Now!

LOTHAIR *[aside.]*
 What must be done!—Oh! wretched woman!

Re-enter Rainulf.
RAINULF [*kneeling.*]
 This letter, Prince . . .
LOTHAIR [*snatching it, and tearing it.*]
 Shall ne'er betray its writer:
 This makes the secret safe!
GUISCARD.
 Rash youth, forbear!
IMMA [*in despair.*]
 Then there's no hope!—He's guilty!
ADELGITHA.
 Claudia! Claudia!
GUISCARD.
 What means thy daring act?
LOTHAIR.
 It means, I know
 The hands which traced these lines, and murdered
 Michael;
 The hand of one, *whom* *bonnet* claim my service,
 And whom I'll ne'er abandon but with life!
 The cry I murder drew me to the spot,
 Where Michael breathed his last; I seized the as-
 sassin,
 Whose life was in my power—I swore to save it,
 And now stand here prepared to die much rather
 Than buy existence by a breach of promise.
ADELGITHA [*aside.*]
 Oh! generous youth!
GUISCARD [*exasperated.*]
 And can thy folly hope
 This paltry trick can blind me? Well I know
 Thou vain wouldst hide that writing from my know-
 ledge,
 Being *thyself* its author.
LOTHAIR.
 By yon stars . . . !
GUISCARD [*peremptorily.*]
 One word decides thy fate!—One choice is left
 thee!
 Reveal the culprit, or thou diest this instant.
LOTHAIR.
 Lead to the scaffold!
GUISCARD [*furious.*]
 'Tis enough!—Guards! seize him!
RAINULF.
 Yet be advised, Lothair, nor hope to bury
 This strange mysterious secret in the grave:
 The rack will force it from thee.
LOTHAIR.
 Try its strength then;
 Stretch to the finest point thy barbarous skill.
 Thou'lt find that virtue has more power to blunt
 The shafts of pain, than man has art to forge them;
 Nor can thy tortures so afflict my body,
 As violated vows would rack my mind.
GUISCARD.
 I'll hear no more! Bear him to instant death!
ADELGITHA.
 Distracting sound!
LOTHAIR.
 Imma!—Not one last look!
GUISCARD.
 Force him away!

LOTHAIR.
 Imma . . . farewell! farewell!—*[Dragged away by the*
Guards.]
GUISCARD.
 Obey me!—To the block!
ADELGITHA [*with a dreadful shriek.*]
 Oh! spare him! save him!
 He's guiltless!
GUISCARD [*starting.*]
 How?
ADELGITHA [*desperate.*]
 He's guiltless!—He's my son!—*[All start, while she*
rushes to Lothair, and clasps him in her arms.]
GUISCARD.
 Thy son?
LOTHAIR.
 Thy son?
GUISCARD.
 Oh! gods! what is't I hear!
ADELGITHA [*firm.*]
 My shame! my guilt! my fondness! my despair!
 I was I, who murder'd Michael, *who* *now*
 Repeat, Lothair is guiltless—*is* my son.
 Pleased to lay down my life, to save my child's,
 And die for him, who would have died for me!
[Embracing him.]
LOTHAIR [*kneeling.*]
 Oh! mother!
GUISCARD.
 Adelgitha! thou, whose virtues
 Art thou a murderer?—thou?
ADELGITHA.
 Nay, never doubt it!
 I own my crime, and I desire no pardon.—
 The while, thou heard'st from me to-day, was mine!
 The father of Lothair (long ere thou saw'st me)
 Robbed me of peace and honour: fatal chance
 Betrayed to Michael's ear this dangerous secret.
 His heart was hard: my brain was wrought to frenzy;
 He knew and threatened me; I feared, and slew
 him.
GUISCARD.
 Oh! shame! Oh! frenzy!—Rash unhappy woman,
 What hast thou done?
ADELGITHA.
 Swelled by a crime the list
 Of those, to which one early error forced me:
 'Tis in man's choice, never to sin at all;
 But sinning *once*, to stop exceeds his power.
GUISCARD.
 My brain!—'Twill bear no more!—*[Rainulf sup-*
ports him.]
ADELGITHA.
 My son! My son!
 Curse me not!—*[to Lothair.]*
LOTHAIR.
 Curse thee? Kneeling, thus I bless thee,
 And swear, could drops wrung from my inmost
 heart
 Repay the blood thy hand has shed
GUISCARD [*recovering himself.*]
 This instant
 Let all retire except . . . except . . . the Princess!
ADELGITHA [*detaining Lothair.*]
 Oh! no, no, no! I dare not . . .

(GUISCARD) *[solemn and commanding.]*
Adelgitha!

ADELGITHA *[in a faltering voice.]*
Since . . . I obey!

[Exeunt IMMA, &c.]

Manent GUISCARD and ADELGITHA.

GUISCARD *[after a pause.]*

"I'll not reproach thee!—Fear not!—
will but say . . . and say it in mild words too . . .
[with but tell thee . . .] Grief impedes my utter-
ance . . .
That we must part . . . for ever!

ADELGITHA:

Oh!

GUISCARD,

Thou know'st me;
know'st well my dread of shame . . . my sense of
honour . . .
know'st well . . . my love for thee!—But what I
suffer
to find thee false and guilty, *this*, oh! *this*
thou could'st not know, or sure thou hadst not
died!

ADELGITHA *[in agony.]*

Heart!—Heart!

GUISCARD,

[his emotions gradually getting the better of him.]
Is't true?—Can it indeed be real?
Thou! thou, on whom I doted!—Thou, whose lips
I thought ne'er knew a falsehood . . . whose eyes
spoke
Each wish of the heart so plainly!—In whose arms
I hoped to have met death, which in thine arms
Had been so free from pain!—And now . . . and
now . . .

ADELGITHA.

[Her grief changes into gloomy sternness.]
And now you hate me!

GUISCARD *[wild and desperate.]*

Hate thee? would I did!
But mark, ungrateful, mark these groans of anguish
Drawn from my soul . . . my faltering voice . . .
my locks
Which thus I tear in frenzy!—And these tears . . .
Mark these! Mark these!—then ask me, if I hate
thee!—*[sinks on a seat, overpowered by the vio-
lence of his feelings.]*

ADELGITHA.

Ha!—Flow those tears for me?—Speak, Guiscard,
speak?

[Falling at his feet.]—Flow they for me?
*[He motions her to leave him; she rises with frantic
gesture.]* Fool that I was to hope it!

He shuns me! He abhors me!—Why delay then?
Where are your guards? Come, come! prepare the
scaffold,

And while I seek it, bid the indignant rabble
Load me with scoffs and base revilings . . .

GUISCARD.

[starting up with looks of horror at the idea.]
Thee!

[After a moment's pause.]—'Tis fixed, and farewell
honour! Farewell, joy!

[To Adelgitha, resolute.]—Thy hand in mine!—Part-
ners in weal and woe,
Through life I'll never leave thee, and in death
One grave shall hold us both!—Implored pardon,
I'll wander by thy side from shrine to shrine

A barefoot pilgrim: still in toils and perils
My arm shall guard thee, and my voice shall
soothe;

And when thou weep'st to hear insulting crowds
Pursue thy bleeding steps with taunts and curses,
With my torn hair I'll wipe thy tears away,
And hide thee in my breast from scorn and sorrow

ADELGITHA.

Prince!—Guiscard!—Hear! I sight!—Canst thou
forgive me?

GUISCARD.

I can! I do!

ADELGITHA.

And love me still?

GUISCARD.

Still love thee . . .

Shame chokes the words upon my tongue . . . Still
love thee,
And more than light! than life! than fame! than
virtue!

ADELGITHA.

I'm happy!—Guiscard, Guiscard . . . thus I thank
thee, *[embracing him]*
And next reward thee thus!—*[stabs herself.]*

GUISCARD *[petrified with horror.]*

Help! help! Within there!

Enter IMMA, LOTHAIR, &c.

LOTHAIR.

What mean those cries . . . Oh! cruel sight!—
[He receives Adelgitha in his arms.]

ADELGITHA *[to Guiscard.]*

Thus only

Could I repay thy wond'rous truth, and spare thee
The shame of loving, whose esteem was lost.

LOTHAIR.

Fly, fly for aid . . .

ADELGITHA.

No, no! the steel was faithful . . .
'Tis my heart's blood which . . . Oh! that pang!
[falling.]

GUISCARD.

[hastening to her, and raising her in his arms.]
She dies!

Look up, my love! my soul! Look up once more!
One parting word . . . One long adieu . . . one
blessing . . .

ADELGITHA.

Bless thee! Farewell! Oh! I am guilty! guilty!
Pray for my soul's repose! Pray too . . . here-
after . . .

Our spirits . . . in a better, happier world . . .
Heaven! Heaven! 'Tis past! *[She dies.]*

IMMA.

Oh! sight of woe!

LOTHAIR *[knelling by the corpse.]*

Oh! mother?

Dear wretched mother!

GUISCARD *[touching her hand, and instantly drop-
ping it again.]*

Cold! Quite gone! *[Starting up wildly.]* Away
then!

My armour! Spread my banners! launch my barks!
Come, come, my knights! Fix on your shields the
cross!

We sail for the Holy Land—*[rushing off, he stops
suddenly, looks at the corpse, and bursts into a
passion of grief.]* My wife! my wife!

Oh! farewell, Adelgitha!

He throws himself in despair on the dead body, near which Lothair is kneeling, while Imma is fainting, supported by Claudia and Ladies.

- I make no doubt, that Adelgitha's fate will be reckoned too severe. In my justification I must observe, that my object in writing this Tragedy was to illustrate a particular fact; viz. "the difficulty of avoiding the evil consequences of a first false step."
- It appeared to me, that the more venial the offence, and the more amiable the character of the offender, the more strongly would the above position be proved; and the very nature of my object made it necessary, that Adelgitha should be the constant victim of her single transgression in this life, and only receive the reward of her many virtues in the

life to come. But above all I must request, that no one will mistake Adelgitha for a *heroin*. I meant to represent in her—"A woman, with all her sex's weakness,"—whose natural inclinations were virtuous and benevolent; but who was totally unprovided with that firmness of mind, which might have enabled her to resist the force of imperious circumstances.—Accordingly she gives way to them one after another, and is led on gradually and involuntarily from crime to crime, till she finds herself involved in guilt beyond the possibility of escaping.—Such was my plan, though perhaps the defects of its execution may have prevented the reader from discovering it till now.

POETRY, DRAMA, &c. &c.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

ARTICLE L.—*Translations from the Greek Anthology, with Tales and Miscellaneous Poems,*
8vo. Phillips, 1807.

It is well known to every liberal scholar, that numerous minor poems and fugitive pieces of Greek writers have been handed down to us, and to each, or any of which, it is difficult to assign its proper author.—We have received them as a kind of FAIRY favour, without knowing whence they came, or whether they are going.—Many of these lighter and renowned pieces have been collected by our scholars into what they call an ANTHOLOGIA, or Poetical Bouquet,—consisting of the scattered sweets of various unknown Muses, the unclaimed dividends of many a poetical name, now lost in the darkness of centuries.—The present work consists of numerous translations from the different Anthologies; and it is fair to confess that the author has made his selection with taste and judgment; he has estimated things according to those just principles which should always direct our choice, and has not unduly respected the name and prejudice of antiquity, in preserving the indiscriminate rubbish of the ancients, without any other reason than its age.—In a word, the present work contains many beautiful specimens of Greek poetry of different kinds.—We have the loose Sonnet, the Love Song, the sublimer Ode, the terse Epigram, and the solemn Epitaph; and vari-

ous fragments which we suspect that we owe, in a great measure, to the industry of this author, since we do not remember to have met with them in any other collection.—The Preface is written in a very masterly manner; the style is bold, full of the qualities of a scholar, and, at the same time abounds in vivacity and elegance.—The lives of the principal Greek contributors, whose names could be guessed at with any tolerable accuracy, are prefixed to their several fragments; and the author's remarks upon them are truly ingenious and learned.—He may safely be pronounced an excellent scholar, well suited to his undertaking by that kind of learning and industry of which he seems eminently possessed.—We shall close with some extracts, which we doubt not will prove highly acceptable to our readers; but we anxiously recommend them to purchase the work.

The translation of Simonides's epitaph on Megistias, is excellent:

' This tomb records Megistias' honoured name,
Who boldly fighting in the ranks of Fame
Fell by the Persians near Sperchius' tide.
Both past and future well the prophet knew,
And yet, though death was open to his view,
He chose to perish at his general's side ' p. 22.

The expulsion of the son of Pisistratus, and the consequent establishment of a demo-

of Athens, are events so interesting in Grecian history, that we shall not scruple to insert the best of the two translations here given, of the celebrated Scholium of Callistratus.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots, the noble and brave,
Who devoted the tyrant to death,
And to Athens equality gave!

Lo! Harmodius, thou never shalt die!
The poets exultingly tell
That thine is the fullness of joy,
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots, the noble and brave,
Who devoted Hipparchus to death,
And buried his pride in the grave.

At the altar the tyrant they seiz'd,
While Minerva he vainly implor'd,
And the goddess of wisdom was pleas'd
With the victim of Liberty's sword.

May your bliss be immortal on high,
Among men as your glory shall be;
Ye doom'd the usurper to die,
And bade our dear country be free! p. 23.

The beautiful idyll of Moschus is finely translated.

O'er the smooth main when scarce a zephyr blows,
To break the dark-blue ocean's deep repose,
I seek the calmness of the breathing shore,
Delighted with the fields and woods no more.
But when, white-foaming, heave the deeps on high,
Swells the black storm, and mingles sea with sky,
Trembling, to fly the wild tempestuous strand,
And seek the close recesses of the land.
Sweet are the sounds that murmur thro' the wood
While roaring storms upheave the dangerous flood;
Then, if the winds more fiercely howl, they rouse
But sweeter music in the pine's tall boughs.
Hard is the life the weary fisher finds
Who trusts his floating mansion to the winds,
Whose daily food the fickle sea maintains,
Unchanging labour, and uncertain gain.

Be mine soft sleep, beneath the spreading shade
Of some broad-leafy plane in glorious land,
Lull'd by a fountain's fall, that, murmuring near,
Soothes, not alarms, the toil-worn labourer's ear. p. 36.

There is much nature and tenderness in the following stanzas;

See yonder blushing vine-tree grow
And clasp a dry and wither'd plane,
And round its youthful tendrils throw,
A shelter from the winds and rain.

That sapless trunk in former time
Gave covert from the noontide blaze,
And taught the infant shoot to climb
That now the pious debt repays.

And thus, kind powers, a partner give
To share in my prosperity;
Hang on my strength while yet I live,
And do me honour when I die. p. 42.

The following epigram is excellent:

All hail, Remembrance and Forgetfulness!
Trace Memory, trace whatever is sweet or kind.
When friends forsake us, or misfortunes press,
Oblivion! raise the record from our mind. p. 78.

The translator has presented us with several of the Grecian jokes upon long noses.

Dick cannot wipe his nostrils if he pleases;
(So long his nose is, and his arms so short);
Nor ever cries "God bless me" when he sneezes;
—He cannot hear so distant a report. p. 64.

Placing your nose opposite to the sun, and opening your mouth, you will shew the hour to all passengers; which idea is laboriously expanded into eight lines.

Let Dick some summer's day expose,
Before the sun his monstrous nose,
And stretch his giant mouth to cause
Its shade to fall upon its jaws:
With nose so long, and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial. p. 145.

SAUL, A POEM IN TWO PARTS.

Saul, a Poem in two parts, by William Sotheby, Esq. 4to. p. 199 Cadell and Davies, 1807:

THE name of Mr. Sotheby is distinguished amongst our modern poets.—His translation of the Georgics, and his more recent version of the German OERSON have elevated him to a rank in poetical literature, from which he will not easily be displaced.—To approach to the works of such a writer with any thing of

the petulance of criticism, would be indecent.—His name is too well established for critics to destroy; they may carp and nibble, but are unable to bite through.—At the same time we sincerely lament the subject he has chosen, and the stile of versification in which he has thought proper to treat it.—A

story taken from Scripture, has many disadvantages which no common dexterity can get over, and some obstacles which are never to be overcome.—The licence of fiction must be rejected in subjects which, from their stedfast and unmovable truth, are the ground of our religious faith, and which we naturally expect to find always the same, neither diminished nor augmented, neither elevated by poetry, or swoll by declamation.—On the ground of History, fiction may sport as it pleases.—Subjects obscurely known, or regarded as true, but felt with little veneration, may be twisted according to the poet's fancy, and, so long as the general substance of truth is preserved, may be cast into any decorative shapes and models, without suffering in the reader's mind from their adroitly contrived embellishments.—But it is not so with those parts of history which are found in the sacred Book of our Faith—all licence or perversion of the strict simplicity of these narratives is dangerous.—The poet, like every other man, has here nothing to do but to believe, and why be so daring as to grasp at the fruits of genius, at the hazard of impiety and irreverence?—Such are the objections to the subject of Mr. Sotheby's poem; and we are inclined to blame equally his choice of the metre,—which is blank verse.—Mr. Sotheby has no occasion for this.—In his translations of the Georgics, he has shewn us how admirably he can acquit himself in a more pleasing and better measure; and in his OMERON, where the stanza was exquisitely difficult, he has displayed a power in poetic arrangements and metrical harmony, not exceeded by any modern writer, and by few even of the best ancient poets.—Why, then, make choice of blank verse, in which he is not formed to excel?—His blank verse has all the bad qualities of Milton, and none of the good ones.—It is full of quaintness, constraint, and harshness, and is rendered disgusting by many coarse and awkward inversions. The name of the poem is SAUL; but the hero of it is DAVID.—It only suits us to express a general opinion, without running into any length of criticism; we shall therefore, in spite of all we have said in its condemnation, pronounce it the work of a man of genius, whose talent frequently bursts forth in its native vigour and elegance; depressed and clogged as it is by an injudicious choice of a subject, and a metre to which he was manifestly a stranger and unequal.—The

following specimen is a fair sample of the merits of the poem.—It is the Song of the Virgins, who celebrate the victory of David over Goliath.—It has merit of the very first order; and we more particularly prefer it on account of its stricter adherence to the language and expressions of Scripture.

Daughters of Israel! praise the Lord of Hosts:
Break into song! with harp and lute hit
Your voices up, and weave with us the dance.
And to your twinkling footsteps, toss about
Your cymbals, and from the flash of cymbals, shake
Sweet clangor, measuring the giddy pace.

Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands: David his ten thousands slain.
Sing a new song. I sing them in their rage;
I saw the gleam of spears, the flash of swords,
That rank against our gates. The warrior's watch
Ceas'd not. Tower answer'd tower: a warning
voice

Was heard without; the cry of woe within:
The shriek of virgins, and the wail of her,
The mother, in her anguish, who forsook
Wept at the breast her babe, as now no more.

Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands: David his ten thousands slain.
Sing a new song. Spake not th' insulting foe?

I will pursue, o'ertake, divide the spoil
My hand shall dash their infants on the stones:
The ploughshare of my vengeance shall draw out
The furrow, where the tower and fortress rose.
Before my chariot, Israel's chiefs shall clink
Then chains. Each side, then yench daughters
groom:

Erwhile, to weave my conquest on their
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands: David his ten thousands slain.
Thou heard'st oh God of battle! Thou whose
look

Slappeth the spear in sunder. To thy strength
A youth, thy chosen, had thine champion low.
Saul, Saul pursues, o'ertakes, divides the spoil:
Wraths round our necks these chains of gold, and
robes

Qui limbs with floating crimson. Then rejoice,
Daughters of Israel! from your cymbals shake
Sweet clangor, humming God, the Lord of Hosts!
Ye! shout! and ye! make answer, Saul hath
slain

His thousands: David his ten thousands slain
Such the hymn'd harmony, from your's be staid
Of virgin minstrels, of each Tribe the pri

For beauty, and fine form, and artful touch
Of instrument, and skill in dance and song;
Choir answering choir, that on to Gibeath led
The victors back in triumph. On each neck

Play'd chains of gold: and, shadowing their charms
With colour like the blushes of the morn,
Robes, gift of Saul, round their high limbs, made
Of cymbals, and the many-maz'd dance.

Floated like roseate clouds. Then there came on,
In dance and song. Then, multitudes that swell'd
The pomp of triumph, and in circles, rang'd
Around the altar of Jehovah, brought

Freely their offerings: and with one accord
Sang, "Glory, and praise, and worship unto God!"
Loud rang the exultation. 'Twas the voice
Of a free people, from impending chains

Redeem'd: a people proud, whose bowmen beat
With fire of glory, and renown in arms,
Triumphant. Loud the exultation rang.

There many a wife, whose ardent gaze from far
Sifted the warrior, whose glad eye gave back
Her look of love. There, many a grand-sire keld
A blooming boy aloft, and midst th' array
In triumph, pointing with his staff, exclaim'd,

"Lo, my brave son! I now may die in peace."
There, many a beauteous virgin, blushing deep,
Flung back her veil, and, as the warrior came,
Hail'd her betroth'd. But, chiefly, on one alone
All dwelt." p. 81-84.

THE EXQDIAD, A POEM.

ARTICLE III.—*The Exodiad, a Poem, by Richard Cumberland, Esq. and Sir James Bland Burgess. 4to.* Lackington, 1807.

WE know no province of literature in which Mr. Cumberland has not set his foot.—We trace him from Comedy to Tragedy, and from thence up to Epic poetry; and, in another direction, we discover him alternately scribbling Novels and Travels, Moral Essays, Romances, and his own LIFE.—This multiplicity of literary pursuits has too much the character of CRASPING, and is too visibly stamped with an affected GENERALITY, to have been crowned with much success.—Mr. Cumberland has written not only thing which will perpetuate his name; we mean his WEST-INDIAN—all the rest, if we except some few parts of his CALVARY, have simply the tendency of giving us a very high opinion of his expertness at book-making, and confirming us in a belief that, with few exceptions, there is no man more original and UNIQUE in this happy and gainful traffic than Mr. Cumberland.—He will turn off three or four plays in a season; two of which shall be tragedies of five acts at least; and as his importunity, and self-applause, will sometimes prevail upon the managers to act them, he has generally the satisfaction of seeing them condemned. His ARCADE, and his HENRY are of the choicest species of book-making; and would certainly have been left without parallel, but for those late "Memoirs of his own Life," with which Mr. C. has condescended to favour us, and of which we gave some account in our last Supplement.—We remember that, in an appendix to that same work, Mr. Cumberland proclaimed, or rather took the menus of ADVERTISING (for an advertisement it was) that he was engaged in the composition of an EPIC POEM! and had associated as his fellow la-

bourer, and partner of his destined immortality, Sir JAMES BLAND BURGESS, as able a gentleman as can be found in the wide fields of literature.—Scarcely had we heard of this EPIC POEM, before it was in the press, and announced for publication; and it now, in the shape of a ponderous quarto, printed on very excellent paper, WIFE-WIFE, and HAD-pressed, comes before us for REVIEW.—We shall not attempt to analyse it.—It is in the true strain of the ever memorable BLACKMORE:—one unmeaning verse follows another, and a long strain of poetical dullness is chaunted all through.—It has some parts not destitute of imagery and good poetry; but it wants animation, taste, vigour, and compression.—Criticism would be lost upon such a work. It will never be read,—it will remain in a happy obscurity, its faults uncensured, and its beauties untasted. The world does not want Epic Poems from Mr. Cumberland and Mr. James Bland Burgess; a newspaper sonnet from the latter, and a Criticism on the Young Roscius from the former, will be perfectly sufficient,—or perhaps a new APPENDIX, or IMPLEMENTAL SUPPLEMENT to his "LIFE," in order to abuse this criticism and all others, which do not hold out a helping hand to raise Mr. Cumberland up those steep steps of fame, to which his insatiable vanity pretends.—In respect, however, to Mr. James Bland Burgess, we should have thought that he had acquired sufficient experience of the public taste in these things, by the reception which they gave to his Heroic Poem of "RICHARD THE FIRST." Seriously, Sir James, what is your printer's or bookseller's report upon this subject? Has it paid its paper?—We say no more—

LAY OF THE IRISH HARP, OR METRICAL FRAGMENT.

ARTICLE IV.—*Lay of the Irish Harp, or Metrical Fragment, by Miss Owenson.* Phillips, 1807.

Miss Owenson is a young woman of considerable genius.—We have read many of her novels, which abound in fancy, and a very pleasing delineation of character.—We have read, likewise, something of her poetry,—in which, though she is evidently in pursuit of a false taste, and invading the peculiar soil and domains of *Della Crusca* and *Laura Maria*, there is, nevertheless, a great deal of true poetic spirit, and much elegance and delicacy of sentiment. The present poem is formed upon the plan of Mr. Scott's "*Lay of the last Minstrel*," and was evidently suggested by that popular poem.—It is unequal to its model in most of the higher qualities of writing. It is too wild in some parts, and too careless and tame in others; but, upon the whole, it has that sort of merit which we expected from her pen, and we incur no hazard of having our judgment disappointed, by earnestly recommending it to our readers.

MISCELLANIES.

[This department of our work might be swelled to an enormous extent: such, however is not our intention; we shall simply select two of the most prominent works of the last six months, and bring our review to a conclusion.]

ARTICLE I.—*Lectures on Belles Lettres and Logic, by the late William Barron, Professor of Belles Lettres and Logic in the University of St. Andrews.* Two Volumes. 8vo. Longman and Co.

THE *Belles Lettres* form an indispensable part of liberal education; and various books have been written to assist the student in analyzing the productions of genius, and in guiding the judgment in the several departments of taste. To be absolutely original in this walk is scarcely to be expected. La Harpe and Blair may save the more recent lecturer much trouble; and the temptation is so great, that we are not surprised at their being often plundered. Were it not stated that the lectures of Mr. Barron were intended by him for publication, we should have supposed, from their resemblance to Blair's volumes, that the late professor designed them merely for the private use of his pupils, without meaning to subject them to be compared by the public critic with the work to which he has been so evidently indebted, and with which the comparison cannot be made but to his own disadvantage.

The Professor delivers the following sentiments on the origin and formation of language.

"Language, whether written or spoken, is the great instrument of communicating knowledge. An examination, therefore, of its structure will form a proper introduction to our inquiries concerning eloquence.

"Spoken language may be defined to be, the art of communicating thought by means of certain articulate sounds, which have been adopted for that purpose by the common consent of society. They are called, articulate, on account of the distinctness and variety with which they are pronounced, and because they are in a great measure confined to the human species. They are obviously acquired by imitation, and although there is nothing, perhaps, in the conformation of the organs of inferior animals, that precludes the possibility of their imitating the sounds of speech, yet they are, almost all of them, destitute either of the ca-

capacity or the inclination to make any progress of importance in this art. The sounds of language are called articulate for another reason, namely, to distinguish them from the natural, but more violent expressions of emotion and passion, which are universally understood, and are nearly the same in all ages and nations. Some of these natural expressions make a part of language, and are arranged under the class of words commonly called interjections. Others of them, such as the sounds significant of pain, can scarcely be said to belong to language: they are the immediate voice of Nature herself diffused through the species, and even communicated to some of the inferior animals. The natural interjections are nearly the same in most languages; but articulate sounds, or words, are all arbitrary, and consequently are different in different languages.

"When we consider written language as a symbol of speech, and spoken language as a representation of ideas, and observe, at the same time, how little relation subsists between letters and sounds, and again between sounds and ideas, we are astonished at the artifice with which language has been constructed, and that it should accomplish so completely the purposes of communication. Some inquirers, misled by the admiration excited by this singular effort of ingenuity, have been tempted to consider it as supernatural, and have ventured to assign inspiration as the only supposable origin of language: but the whole history of its progress, and the result of daily observation, oppose this supposition; if they do not even expose it to ridicule. The progress of language manifestly keeps pace with the progress of society, both in point of knowledge and civilization; and in examining them confrontly, they mutually throw illustration on each other."

In his Lectures on Style, the author nearly follows the divisions of Blair, but is not so happy in defining his terms. An elegant style he describes as follows:

"Elegance of style is a combination of all those qualities which are most generally approved in writing; it assumes different qualities, or larger portions of the same qualities, according as the performance is addressed to the understanding and the imagination, or to the understanding, the imagination, and the passions, in conjunction. I consider all elegant compositions which attempt not to affect the passions, as addressed to the understanding and the imagination, on account of the important information they contain, and the ornaments with which they are embellished; for, without embellishment the elegant relapses into the

concise or the simple, which, renouncing the gratification of the imagination, solicit only the attention of the understanding. I consider all elegant compositions which interest the passions as addressed to the understanding, the imagination, and the passions in conjunction; the matter, as before, engaging the understanding, and the matter and the embellishments captivating the imagination and the passion."

After this the author proceeds to adduce examples of elegant composition; and to point out the faults to which an attempt to attain that style is most liable.

The arrangement observed in the second division of this work, which treats of public speaking, is formed still more closely on Blair; though a variety of minute details are added, some of which may be found valuable in practice. In this class we do not include the instruction for a winning delivery, which is held out as rather a captivating manner, notwithstanding the general dissuasive that follows:

"Singing is perhaps derived from the same causes as the cadences of oratory. Fatigue and loud speaking give it birth; ease, and perhaps the reputed sanctity of it, tempt its continuance. Of all expedients to render loud speaking easy, a song seems to be the most successful: it consists of a short musical cadence, and every sentence is delivered nearly in the same circuit of sound. The speaker resigns every variety of elocution, to conform all his tones to the music of the same short song. The apparent melody, however, of the song, not to mention the simplicity and piety of which the vulgar generally account it a characteristic, recommends it to unpolished ears, and makes them often prefer it to a manner more natural and expressive. All the speaker has to do is to pause regularly, at the termination of his note, and to commence it with a full respiration. It is besides, an effectual preservative against all improper rapidity in pronunciation, which is extremely fatiguing to the speaker, is very consumptive of his matter, is an error into which he is extremely apt to fall when he warms with his subject, and has not committed to writing all he has to speak. In a word, let a preacher possess a good song and a firm confidence, and he will, with little trouble to himself, satisfy the most insatiable audience, both in point of loudness and length. I need not, however, observe, that the speaker who indulges in this manner has bid a final adieu to eminence: he may captivate the vulgar, but

the utmost allowance he can expect is to be tolerated by men of taste."

Volume II. commences with the third and last part of the Lectures on Belles Lettres, which embraces written Language. Here

also the author follows in the footsteps of his predecessor, and his deviations are seldom successful. Notwithstanding, this book may safely be put into the hands of those entrusted with the education of youth.

THE CODE OF HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

ARTICLE II.—*The Code of Health and Longevity; or, A Concise View of the Principles calculated for the Preservation of Health, and the Attainment of a long Life.* By Sir John Sinclair, Bart. Four Volumes. 8vo. Cadell and Davies. 1807.

THIS admirable work is an attempt to prove the practicability of condensing into a narrow compass the most material information hitherto accumulated, concerning the different arts and sciences, of any particular branch thereof, by which health may be preserved, a weakly constitution invigorated and regenerated, and longevity and the comfort of human life preserved. This task could not have fallen upon an abler man than the present author: his industry is commensurate with his abilities, and his rank and reputation in the world naturally attracted to him information from the experienced in every quarter of the globe.

Sir John Sinclair thus explains the plan of his work; it is divided into three parts:

PART I.

"Circumstances which necessarily tend to promote Health and Longevity, independent of individual Attention, or the Observance of particular Rules."

"It will hardly be disputed, that while individuals differ so much from each other with regard to a variety of important particulars, as the climate in which they reside, the manner in which they are formed, &c. that there must necessarily be a material difference with respect to their health, and the duration of their lives. It is essential, therefore, in the first place, to ascertain what these particulars are. It seems to me, that they may be all comprehended under the following general heads:

"1. Circumstances connected with the person of the individual, as, 1. Parentage; 2. Perfect birth; 3. Gradual growth; 4. Natural constitution; 5. Form; 6. Sex; and, 7. Where Nature makes an effort to renew the distinctions of youth,

"2. Circumstances connected with the mind of the individual, whether relating, 1. To the faculties of the mind; or, 2. To its passions.

"3. Circumstances connected with the place where any individual reside, whether, 1. In a hot, a cold, or a temperate climate; 2. Whether in a high or in a low situation; 3. Whether to a southern or other exposure; 4. Whether on the sea-shore, on the banks of a lake or river, or at a distance from water; 5. Whether in the neighbourhood of woods or otherwise; 6. Whether in a dry, a clayey, or a marshy soil; 7. Whether with an abundance or a scarcity of fuel; 8. Whether in a wet or dry atmosphere; 9. Whether on a continent, in a large island, or in a small one; and, 10. Whether in a town, a village, or in the country.

"4. Adventitious or miscellaneous circumstances; as, 1. Rank in life; 2. Education; 3. Occupation; 4. Connubial connexion; and, 5. Exemption from accidents.

"Where a favourable condition of all, or the greater part of these circumstances occurs, then health and longevity may be expected."

PART II.

"Rules for preserving Health and promoting Longevity."

"It is evident, that if men lived uniformly in a healthy climate, were possessed of strong and vigorous frames, were descended from healthy parents, were educated in a hardy and active manner, were possessed of excellent natural dispositions, were placed in comfortable situations in life, were engaged only in healthy occupations, were happily connected in marriage, &c. &c. there would be little occasion for medical rules. But it is universally known, that some individuals enjoy a part of these advantages, whilst others possess hardly any of them complete; hence arises the necessity of attending to those rules, which observation and

experience have pointed out, as being the most likely to counteract the disadvantages arising from so material a want, as of any of the natural or incidental advantages above enumerated. These rules relate,

"1. To objects essential for man in every situation, and without which he cannot exist, even in a state of nature; as, 1. Air; 2. Liquid food; 3. Solid food; 4. Digestion; 5. Labour, or exercise; and, 6. Sleep.

"2. To articles not so essential, but which are highly desirable, more especially for men in a state of civilization and refinement; these are, 1. Clothing; 2. Habitation; 3. Amusements; and, 4. Medicine.

And, "To articles of a miscellaneous nature; as, 1. Temper; 2. Habits; 3. Cleanliness; 4. Bathing; 5. Relief from accidents; and, 6. Travelling, or change of residence.

It is proper to observe, that many of these rules are not applicable to all situations, but vary according to climate, constitution, the progress of life, &c.; and that the object of this publication is merely to give information, regarding the general system that may be pursued, leaving it to each individual to apply the rules therein recommended, according to times and circumstances.

"PART III.

"*Regulations for the Health of the Community.*

"It is in vain, however, that either Nature has formed an individual for long life, or that he observes all those rules which are necessary for the preservation of health, unless attention be paid by the government of a country to the happiness and safety of its subjects. This is a point which has seldom been attended to in the manner in which its importance deserves. While the attention of lawgivers is unequally directed to a variety of less important objects, those regulations on which the safety of the people at large depend are unfortunately neglected: yet what can be more pernicious, than to suffer the climate of a country, for instance, to continue noxious to the health of its inhabitants, merely for want of drainage, cultivation, and improvement, when thousands of instances might be adduced of the advantages which have resulted from the adoption of an opposite system? What can be more impolitic than to permit unwholesome provisions and other articles to be sold, without punishing those who thus attempt to injure the health, perhaps to destroy the existence, of their fellow-creatures? What more dangerous than to permit public amusements of a pernicious nature; to authorise improper customs; to neglect the education of youth, when the founda-

tion ought to be laid of their future health and strength; to suffer public institutions to become the seminaries of disease; to disregard the safety of those who are trained for the public defence; to sanction the sale of noxious or doubtful medicines; and, above all, to permit the least risk of contagious disorders being admitted into a country, by which its whole population may be affected?

"The Police of Public Health, therefore, is the most important branch of the proposed inquiry; and the events which have recently happened in Spain and at Gibraltar have given it additional interest. It may be treated of under the following general heads:

1. Police of Climate.
2. Police of Physical Education.
3. Police of Diet.
4. Police of Public Amusements.
5. Police of Habits and Customs.
6. Police of Public Institutions.
7. Police for the Health of Sailors and Soldiers.
8. Police to prevent contagious Disorders.

And,

9. Police of Medicine, and the Means of promoting its Improvement.

"But though it may be proper to give a general view of these important subjects, it is not intended to enter much into detail, as the Police of Public Health, to do it ample justice, would require a separate and very extended discussion.

"CONCLUSION.

"Such is the plan of the intended work, which others might doubtless have executed with more ability, but gone with a more anxious wish, that it may prove substantially serviceable to the interests of human nature; or, at any rate, useful to those who may apply their talents and industry to render the investigation therein carried on still more complete."

It would be difficult to determine, in this most valuable and entertaining volume, from what part to make our extract. The first chapter, in part the first, of vol. I. is perhaps the most entertaining and the best executed; we shall therefore give it entire.

"PART I. CHAP. I.

"*Circumstances connected with the Person of the Individual, favourable or adverse to Health and Longevity.*

"The circumstances connected with the person of the individual, having a material tendency to promote health and longevity, and which, at the same time, are almost totally independent of any care or exertion on his part,

are, 1. Parentage.—2. Perfect Birth.—3. Gradual Growth.—4. Natural Constitution.—5. Form.—6. Sex; and, 7. The Efforts of Nature to renew the Distinctions of Youth.

“ Each of these particulars it will be proper separately to consider.”

“ 1. PARENTAGE.

“ There is no circumstance which seems more to indicate health and probable longevity to any individual, than its being descended from healthy and long-lived ancestors. It is well known, that children have a predisposition to suffer from the malady of their parents; and, on the same principle, they are well entitled to enjoy the perfections of those to whom they owe their birth. Indeed, in the course of all the numerous inquiries which we have made regarding this branch of the subject, it frequently appears, though the rule is far from being universal, that wherever any individual was distinguished for longevity, his progenitors, either on the paternal or maternal side, enjoyed a similar duration or length of life.

“ Let it not be supposed, however, that having aged parents is an infallible criterion of long life: we see every day how much, in this respect, persons even in the same family differ from each other; and how often the brothers and sisters of those, who have lived beyond a century, have died, some in infancy, some at manhood, and some at the other periods of life.”

“ Indeed, the result of the most extensive and particular inquiry that has hitherto been made respecting this people, namely, the reports transmitted to the author from Greenwich and Kilmannham hospitals, and from the workhouses in London and the neighbourhood, proves to what extent the rule may be justly carried. The number of individuals beyond 80, contained in these reports, amount to no less a number than 508; of these, 303 affirmed that they were descended from long-lived ancestors; but the remaining 295 either could not give any account of that important circumstance at all, or declared, that there was nothing remarkable in regard to the longevity of their ancestors.

Having aged parents, therefore, may give a predisposition to a lengthened duration of life, yet a variety of other circumstances, more especially those which are afterwards enumerated,—as perfect birth, gradual growth, &c. must contribute thereto.

“ That long-lived parents should, to a considerable extent, have children likely to live long, is not to be wondered at; the same circumstance takes place in vegetable as well as in animal life: the seed of every tree, or plant,

will produce a tree, or plant, of the same sort, and possessed of equal beauty and duration, provided two points be attended to.—1. That the seed be sound and wholesome.—And, 2. That it be deposited in a proper soil.

“ 1. The seed must be sound and wholesome. Hence, in animal life, the advantage of being descended from ancestors, who have no taint in their constitution likely to affect the health of their progeny. By some authors, the existence of hereditary diseases is totally disbelieved; though they acknowledge, that there exists a predisposition to that effect: but daily experience must satisfy every man of common observation, that there are many maladies, a disposition to which children will inherit from their parents, even where endeavours have not been wanting to check that tendency. There are some instances indeed, where, by great care, the germ, to which the father has been a martyr, has not affected the son; but unless the same care has been continued, the grandchild suffers from the disease.

“ It is also to be observed, that the parent must be afflicted with the disease before the child was born, or at least, that there must have been a previous taint in his constitution; otherwise, no predisposition, or hereditary tendency, takes place, there being, in this case, no retrospect. For instance, if no gouty family has existed in a family, and if the parent were not affected by it, till he had reached forty years of age, all his children born previous to that period would be exempted from it; whilst all those born afterwards could hardly be disposed to that malady.

“ 2 The seed must not only be wholesome, but deposited in a good soil. And here may be observed, how much, in regard to animal life, depends upon the healthy state of the mother. Indeed, it is confirmed by experience, that the state of the child's health, and the greater or less strength of its constitution, depends much more on the condition of the mother than that of the father. By a weakly father, a robust child may often be produced, provided the mother has a sound and vigorous body. On the other hand, the strongest man will rarely obtain a lively, healthy child, from a mother who is weak and sickly.”

“ There is reason to believe that the outward shape, at least of the male, depends more upon the father than the mother; but that the talents and the structure of the mind are derived from the mother. The first point is ascertained in this manner: If any person will compare a father of 60 and a son of 30, he may possibly see very little resemblance; but if he will retain in his mind the image of the

father at 80, and compare it with the appearance of the son when he approaches to that age, the similarity will become most striking, in regard to looks, voice, habits, &c.; consequently the original frames must have been, from the beginning, extremely similar. As to the second point, a clever woman has seldom children remarkable for deficiency of parts; nay, the abilities of many families may be traced to one distinguished female, who introduced talents into it, or, according to a common expression, *mother-wit*, which have descended not only to her children, but have become hereditary in her posterity.

"In considering how much the healthiness of the children depends upon the condition of the parents, it has been suggested, that diseased persons should be prohibited to marry, as likely to produce nothing but disease, deformity, and political mischief. This, however, would be going much too far: yet nothing surely can be better founded, than strongly to recommend to those, who are likely to inherit any family disease, to be peculiarly circumspect in their manner of living, and to guard against its attacks, at least at an early period of their lives, by attention to air, to exercise, and to diet. It is certain, that family diseases have often, by proper care, been kept off for one generation; and there is some reason to believe, that, by persisting in the same course, and forming judicious connubial connexions, such diseases might at length be wholly eradicated; and that a family constitution may be found as capable of improvement as a family estate.

" 2. PERFECT BIRTH.

"It is well known, that nine calendar months are the proper period, during which the fœtus ought to remain in the womb of the mother; and such is the beautiful arrangement which Nature has made for its protection and nourishment, that should it be sooner expelled, in consequence of any accidental circumstance, no possible care or attention, after birth, can well compensate for the advantages of which it has thus been deprived; though great care, or the circumstance of having healthy parents, will go far in remedying even this heavy misfortune.

"There was formerly an idea, that children of eight months growth seldom, if ever, thrive; whilst those of seven months might.

"It is certainly of importance to the health of the child, and the future strength of the individual, that the fœtus should complete nine months in the mother's womb. As to the allegation, that children of eight months will not thrive, when those of seven months will, in-

deed, experience has proved that the idea is ill founded. It is now perfectly ascertained, that, with one exception, the longer the fœtus remains *in utero* after the seventh month, the stronger and healthier it proves; so that a child born at the end of the eighth month, has a better chance of living than one born before that time. It is incredible, at the same time, what variety, in degree of *vitality*, is observed in the fœtus. In some, the slightest circumstance destroys life; whereas, in others, the vital principle is with the utmost difficulty extinguished.

"In regard to the question, whether a fœtus of seven months old may become a person distinguished for health and longevity, there is a living witness, that such a circumstance may take place; for James Donald, an old man residing near Dunbarton in Scotland, aged about 100 years, was born, it is said, in the seventh month.

"As there ought properly to be but one child at a birth in the human race, among the cases of imperfect birth, ought to be enumerated those instances, where more infants than one have at once been produced. For, as Bacon has well remarked, the first breeding of creatures is ever most maternal; consequently, a lesser compression, and a more liberal nourishment of the young one in the womb, tends much to long life. This happens, either when young ones are brought forth successively, as in birds, or when there are single births. In regard to the human race, when there are only twins, it does not seem to make any material difference; and an example has been transmitted to the authors from Monroise in Scotland, of twin brothers of the name of Watt, both still living, who have passed the 60th year of their age. This is, however, the only instance of such a circumstance that has reached our knowledge; and it is believed, that no example can be produced of any case, where a greater number than twins have been distinguished for long life.

" 3. GRADUAL GROWTH.

"Lord Bacon seems to have been the first, who, by a careful and minute inquiry into the duration of the lives, both of man and a number of different animals, established this important principle, that creatures in general lived in proportion to the slowness with which they reached maturity; and, indeed, this is the case in regard to the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom. It is a sign, he observes, that Nature finishes her periods in larger circles.

"It is owing to this circumstance, that people in cold countries, and whose growth is not ac-

celerated by enriching food, or early debauchery, live much longer than the natives of warm countries, who are reared in a manner in a hot-bed, and who are full-grown men and women at 12 years of age.

"Nay, the gradual expansion of the mental faculties is almost as important as the growth of the person. It rarely happens that premature genius lasts long. Such prodigies seldom survive the fiftieth year of their life, and in general they perish at a much earlier period.

"Perhaps the principal cause why the duration of human life is, on the whole, lessened in periods of civilization and industry, is this, that all descriptions of men are brought forward too rapidly. The children of the poor are compelled to work before their strength is at all matured, which injures their growth, and lays the foundation of future diseases. The children of the opulent, on the other hand, have their education unnecessarily hastened, and they enter into the world before they are fit to guard against its snares. It is certainly necessary that a foundation be laid, in early youth, for the most essential branches of education, as grammar, writing, and arithmetic, and some knowledge acquired of the learned languages, and of the most important languages of modern times. If a good foundation, however, be laid, and if there be any turn or disposition for the acquisition of learning, it is astonishing how soon a youth of genius will acquire all the knowledge essential for the generality of the situations of life, without being too much hurried on: but if he be brought forward too early, he gets into company beyond his years, he must, to a certain extent, follow their example; he gets habits of dissipation, the growth both of his body and mind is unfortunately accelerated, and he lays a foundation either for a sickly and miserable old age, or perhaps for a premature dissolution.

"Though it is generally acknowledged, that the duration of life may be reckoned from the period required in growing to maturity, yet authors differ regarding the manner in which the result ought to be calculated. Buffon contends, that though man finishes his longitudinal growth, or arrives at his highest stature, when he reaches the 16th or 18th year of his age, yet that his body is not completely unfolded, in regard to thickness, before he has attained 30. A man, therefore, who grows till 30, ought to live till 90 or 100, or three times the period of his growth.

"Lord Bacon, on the other hand, considers it to be a rule of nature, that ani-

mals, in general, should live eight times the number of years which is requisite to the attainment of their perfect growth; and, on the idea that man attains to full maturity at 20 years, a strong presumption thence arises, that the age of man might be extended to 160 years.

"But Buffon justly remarks, that persons of either sex, who are long before they arrive at their full growth, should outlive those who advance more rapidly to that point, because, in the latter case, the bones, cartilages, and fibres, are later in arriving at that degree of rigidity which is necessary to their destruction.

4. NATURAL CONSTITUTION.

"It is hardly to be credited, how much individuals, even those who resemble each other in several respects, vary in constitution or temperament; and still more, such as differ in form, looks, size, complexions, &c. You will see one affected by the least cold, and another that can brave all the elements. One is heart-pain with ease and fortitude, whilst the least bodily trouble affects the other most severely. With some constitutions all distempers are mild and gentle, whilst with others they are violent, and cured with difficulty. One person, you will find, liable to catch any contagious disorder, whilst another may visit, without hazard, houses the most infected with the plague, or other similar malady. One is inclined to get fat and unwieldy, even at an early age, whilst others remain light and active, even to the close of life. In some there seems to be a certain bodily and mental disposition to longevity; in consequence of which many individuals, frequently under the most unfavourable circumstances, and in the most unwholesome climates, have attained to a great and happy age; whilst in others, the most salubrious country air, a district abounding with aged inhabitants, a strict adherence to the best rules of diet, a regular course of recreation and exercise, and, when necessary, the aid of the most skilful physicians,—even all these advantages combined, are not sufficient to insure long and healthy life.

"It would certainly be desirable to know, why the human body, being equally organized, as far as anatomical observations shew, do not the same general causes produce the same effects upon all? What is the real difference between one constitution, or temperament, and another? Is it founded upon any difference in organization, hereditary or otherwise? Or is it only the consequence of a certain continued manner of life and habit? It is said, that such questions are inexplicable by the laws of animal

economy; and that the idea of distinct temperament is a chimera; nay, that if distinct temperaments did exist in nature, they must be altered by so many adventitious circumstances, that the consequences drawn from them must in general be erroneous. Instead of entering, therefore, into such abstruse speculations, we shall proceed to consider, what are the signs of a constitution the most likely to enjoy health, and to attain longevity.

It is said, that the great Boerhaave learned the characteristic signs of perfect health from dealers in slaves, who, from long practice, necessarily become particularly well acquainted with the doctrines of signs or symptoms; and some useful information might be obtained, by ascertaining the system pursued by them, in such examinations. The following are the signs which, according to medical authors, denote a good natural constitution, and prognosticate long life.

1. A sound stomach and organs of digestion; without which it is impossible to enjoy good health, or to attain to great age. Lord Bacon justly calls the stomach, *the father of the family*; for if it goes wrong, the whole body suffers. It is the principal and most important organ for the restoration of our nature; and, indeed, when our stomach is in good order, the passions, which are so often the causes of disease, have a less destructive influence on our bodies.—2. A well-organized breast, and organs of respiration; breathing being one of the most incessant and necessary of the vital operations, the means of rendering the blood, exhausted in the course of circulation, again capable of serving the purposes of life.—3. A heart not too irritable. Though the circulation of blood is essential, yet it necessarily occasions a great waste, of internal consumption. Those, therefore, who have a hundred pulsations in a minute, must be wasted much more speedily than those who have only sixty. A stout, uniform pulse accordingly is a strong sign of long life, and a great mean to promote it; where a pulse, either always quick, or where every trifling agitation of the mind, or other circumstances, increases its rapidity, can hardly be accompanied by long life. A certain degree of rest is absolutely necessary, that the nourishing particles may settle, and be converted into the substance of our bodies.—4. A good temperament. The best is the sanguine tempered with a little of the phlegmatic: this produces a serene, cheerful mind, moderate passions, undaunted courage, and that state of soul which is the most fitted for longevity.—5. A strong natural power of re-

stitution and healing; by means of which the losses we daily and hourly sustain are not only repaired, but repaired well. This not only depends on a sound digestion, and a regular circulation of the blood, but also upon the perfect state of the absorbing vessels, and the organs of secretion; by means of which our nourishment not only reaches the place of its destination, but also perfectly pure, and completely freed from all pernicious and pernicious mixture. It is this circumstance which has enabled persons, as a Duke de Richelieu and a Fabius, to attain great age, amidst a life of debauchery and fatigue; for, with such an advantage, consumption may be exceedingly strong, without the individual suffering much, if it be speedily repaired. Nor is a strong natural power of healing less advantageous, since it keeps back and removes the cause of disease: this is more especially exemplified in savages, who are so healthy as to state that the most dreadful wounds heal up without surgical assistance.—6. An uniform and faultless conformation of the whole body; as an imperfect structure gives an easy opportunity for the rise of local diseases, which may bring on death.—7. No particular weakness of any part; for, even where the organization is apparently good and perfect, there may be a secret enemy in some part or intestine, from which destruction may afterwards be conveyed to the whole body.—8. A medium quality in the texture of the organization, strong and durable, but not too dry or rigid; which latter qualities are extremely prejudicial to the duration of life.—In the last place, in the words of an eminent physician, *Sani denique hominis est, cunctum appetere, et ut eam calere, et sobolem procreare*; and indeed it seldom happens, that those who are in this respect deficient, or whose persons are mutilated, live long.

But it must not be supposed, that without a natural good constitution the enjoyment of good health and longevity cannot be expected; many examples, as that of Galen and others, prove the contrary; and indeed it is to be observed, that strong constitutions sometimes do not last so well as the more feeble; for, in the first place, those who enjoy that advantage, are tempted to take less care of their health, and to use greater freedom with it; and, in the second place, they often suffer more from the same disease than those who have less energy to contend with it, the vehemence of the disorder being sometimes aggravated by the strength of the patient.

“5. FORM OF THE INDIVIDUAL.”

Among the various circumstances which

necessarily tend to promote health and longevity, independent of attention to the observance of particular rules, there is none of more essential importance, than the *form* which the individual receives from nature; for it is evident, that, in so delicate a machine as man, any material fault, in regard to structure, must sooner or later be fatal.

"As it is probable that the form most likely to please the stamper and painter, from the beauty and symmetry of the shape, is the best calculated to enjoy good health, we shall first consider the dimensions which these artists have fixed upon as the standards of perfection, previous to any medical or anatomical description of a similar nature.

Artists commonly divide the height of the body into ten times the length of the face; they likewise divide each face, or tenth of the body, into three equal parts: the first commences at the springing of the hair on the forehead, and terminates at the root of the nose; the nose is the second division; and the third extends from the nose to the end of the chin. In measuring the rest of the body, they use the term *face*, or length of the nose, to denote the third of a face, or the thirtieth part of the body. The first face begins at the root of the hair, above the forehead, and extends to the end of the chin; but from the top of the forehead to the crown there is still a third of a face, or a nose, in height. Thus, from the top of the head to the end of the chin, there is a face and a third; from the chin to the juncture of the clavicles, or collar-bones, two thirds of a face; and, therefore, from the top of the breast to the crown of the head, is twice the length of the face, or the fifth part of the body; from the joining of the clavicles to the under part of the nipples, they reckon one face; from this to the navel, is the fourth face; and the fifth extends from the navel to the division of the inferior extremities, which should complete half the length of the body. Two faces are exhausted between the thigh and knee; to the last of which they allow half a face, being the first half of the eighth face; two faces are assigned between the knee and top of the foot; and from that to the sole, half a face; which completes the ten faces, or length of the body. This division has been made from men of ordinary size; but, in those of a higher stature, they allow but half a face additional, between the nipples and the commencement of the thighs, which, in tall men, is not the middle of the body. When the arms are fully stretched in a horizontal line, the space between the tips of the middle fingers is equal to the length

of the body. From the joining of the collar-bones, to the articulation of the shoulder-bone with that of the arm, is one face; when the arm hangs down, or is bended forward, it is four faces in length; two between the joint of the shoulder and the elbow, and two between the elbow and the root of the little finger, in all five faces, and an equal number for the other arm, which is precisely the length of the body; about half a face remains for the length of the fingers; but it must be remarked, that half a face is lost in the joints of the elbows and shoulders, when the arms are extended. The hand is about a face in length, the thumb half of a face, or nose, and the longest toe is nearly of the same length with the thumb. The under part of the foot is equal in length to the sixth part of the height of the body.

"Such is the standard, according to which we may form an idea of the best proportions of the male human figure; though it may be impossible to find such a degree of symmetry and perfection in any one individual that ever existed.

"Medical men, in the views they give of the form, the best calculated for health and longevity, deal more in general description than in such minute details. According to Hufeland, who has dwelt more fully than any other medical author upon this part of the subject, the following is the portrait of a man destined for longevity:

"He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his belly does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and sound. He has also a broad arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is a complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular.

"His stomach is excellent; his appetite good; and digestion easy. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst, which is always a sign of rapid self consumption.

"In general, he is serene, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope; but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His

birth, the probability of long life is greater in women than in men.

"Some authors have laid it down as a general rule, or fact, that the mortality of males is greater than the mortality of females; and that this is the case, not only when they have grown up, but even among children, inasmuch, that the proportions in favour of females, is as 39 to 30. Indeed it appears, from a most authentic document, namely, the Tables of Assignable Annuities for Lives, Holland, which had been kept there for 125 years, wherein the ages, and the sex, of the persons dying, are truly entered, that a given number of females have, in all accidents of age, lived above three or four years longer than the same number of males.

"The greater mortality of the male sex, is so fully proved, on most unquestionable authority, in the course of Dr. Price's observations, that he conceives, the reason why more males are born than females, is this, That there is some particular weakness or delicacy in the constitution of males, which makes them more subject to mortality, and which consequently renders it necessary that more of them should be produced, in order to preserve in the world a due proportion between the two sexes. But this can hardly be admitted. The female is certainly a finer machine than the male, and formed with much more art and contrivance, but it does not equal the male in strength; and the greater mortality of the males, even in their youth, may be attributed to their being more exposed than the other sex to dangers and hardships, and to the inclemency of the seasons, from the time that they are able to go about by themselves.

"Dr. Price himself seems to concur in this idea, as, in another part of his work, he questions whether this difference, so unfavourable to males, is natural; and, after stating some facts, to corroborate his doubts, he infers from thence, that human life, in males, is more brittle than in females, only in consequence of adventitious causes, or of some particular debility, that takes place in polished and luxurious societies, and especially in great towns.

"It may be proper also to mention, that, according to the most authentic information, not only women live longer than men, but that married women live longer than single, in the proportion, according to some registers, of no less than two to one: a difference so great, that it must have been, in some degree, accidental.

"In regard to the greater mortality of males after they have reached the age of sixty, that has never been disputed and is accounted for by

the greater softness of the female organs, which retards that hardness which is generally supposed to be the principal cause of death from old age.

"Advantages of Bills of Mortality.

"The doubts, however, which still remain, regarding some particulars connected with this branch of the inquiry, point out the advantages that might be derived were proper parish registers kept, and bills of mortality formed, for the whole kingdom, under legislative authority, and not in the careless manner practised at present. If this plan were adopted, and properly enforced, it would give the precise law, according to which human life wastes, in all its different stages; and thus supply the necessary data for computing accurately the values of all life-annuities and reversions. It would, likewise, shew the different degrees of healthiness of different situations, mark the progress of population from year to year, keep always in view the number of people in the kingdom, and, in many other respects, furnish instruction of the greatest importance to the state.

"7. RENOVATION OF THE DISTINCTIONS OF YOUTH.

"Among the various circumstances which distinguish youth from old age, three of the most remarkable are, the colour of the hair, the possession of teeth, and the clearness of vision. It is singular, that many instances are to be met with, where, after old people have experienced a failing with respect to these particulars, nature has in a manner made a fresh effort to renew the distinctions of youth.

"We shall proceed to give instances, where a renovation has taken place, in regard to each.

"The Hair.

"The colour of the hair varies much in different men, during their youth; but, when they get old, it almost uniformly becomes first grey, and afterwards white. This does not happen at the same age, in every case: for some are grey as early as twenty or twenty-five, while others have only a few grey hairs at fifty, or even sixty years of age.

"It can hardly be doubted, that dryness, or want of moisture, is a principal cause of grey hairs; and, consequently, that the custom of wearing hair powder must bring them on sooner than otherwise would be the case. There is reason, therefore, to believe, that keeping the roots of the hair well moistened with oily or fat substances, is the best means of keeping back, what so many are inclined to consider as a defect, but which, at the same time, is not

inconsistent with the possession of good health, or the attainment of longevity.

"But the singular circumstance is this, that after an individual has got grey hairs, he suddenly or accidentally loses them; and, in their stead, hair of a different colour makes its appearance. Of this, the following examples may be cited.

"It is recorded, in the Transactions of the Royal Society, on the evidence of Dr. Slare, that his grandfather, whose hair, about the eightieth year of his age, had become white, grew much darker afterwards.

"It is also reported of one Mazarella, who died at Vienna, in the 105th year of his age, that, a few months before his death, he had not only several new teeth, but that his hair, grown grey by age, became black, its original colour.

"A similar circumstance is mentioned of Susan Edmonds, of Wiltshire, Hants, who died at the age of 104; and who, five years before her death, had new hair, of a fine brown colour, which by and by turned grey a few months before her death.

"It is also related that John Week, of New London, in Connecticut, who died at the age of 114 years, lost his grey hairs, which were renewed by hair of a dark colour.

"The Teeth."

"There is no particular, in respect of which former generations seem to have enjoyed a greater superiority over the present, than with regard to the duration of their teeth. A place of interment was lately opened at Scone, near Perth, in Scotland, which had remained untouched for above 200 years, and yet, to the astonishment of every one, among a great number of skeletons, which were there discovered, there was hardly any of them whose teeth were not entire and sound. This must be ascribed to greater simplicity of diet, to the teeth being less injured by fumes from a disordered stomach, to the custom of drinking hot liquors being then unusual, and perhaps to the absence of scorbatic complaints.

"The means of preserving the teeth will be the subject of future discussion. On the present occasion it is only necessary to observe, that many examples may be quoted, where persons, having lost their teeth a second time, have got a third set of teeth, in some cases partly, in others wholly, supplying the places of those they have lost. This circumstance merits to be particularly attended to, for, as Bacon has well

observed, new teeth put forth in our older years, betoken long life.

"One of the first instances of this circumstance, at all authentically recorded, is the case of the old Countess of Desmond, which was accounted to be so remarkable, that many considered it to be a fable. Lord Bacon himself seems to consider it as doubtful. He says, 'They tell a tale of the old Countess of Desmond, that she did twice or thrice cast her old teeth, and that others came in their room.' But the fact is sufficiently authenticated, for one of such great antiquity, and is corroborated by many other instances.

"In the Philosophical Transactions, it is affirmed by Dr. Slare, that his grandfather, who was a native of Bedfordshire, had all his teeth strong and firm at the age of 80, and that, within five years afterwards, he had a new set. He adds, that he remained in good health and strength to the 100th year of his age, and even then died in consequence of fullness of blood. These singular events, the Doctor attributes to the frequent use of sugar, of which his relation was a great eater.

"It is singular that the teeth should, in this particular instance, be preserved so long, notwithstanding the use of sugar, since the ruin of the teeth is so often attributed to that article.

"In the Philosophical Transactions also, two other instances are mentioned, one of Joseph Shute a Clergyman, who got a new tooth when he was 81 years of age; and another, Mariah Start, who got two new teeth at 74 years of age.

"In the return I have received of the old people from Greenwich Hospital, mention is made of one, (John Moore, a native of Ireland, the oldest man in the house,) who said, that he had four new fore-teeth, within five years preceding the return, one of which he had accidentally lost.

"I myself have seen one James Donald, an old man now living, who had got new teeth which I had an opportunity personally of examining. They appeared to be of a much softer consistence than teeth usually are, and not fit to do the same service, and, on the whole, they can only be considered as an imperfect substitute.

"It is said by anatomists, that the foundation of three sets of teeth may frequently be traced in the jaw of man. But, if that is often the case, it is surprising that instances are not more frequent of such teeth being obtained.

"The Sight."

"There is also reason to believe, that after the sight has been lost, seemingly by a decay of

nature, it has again returned, not perhaps in its former perfection, but so as to be of great use.

"One of the most singular instances of the sight being renewed, is in the case of Mackell Vivian, a native of Scotland, but who was settled as a clergyman in Northumberland, and lived beyond 110 years of age. A particular account of him is given by a person entitled to credit, who saw him personally, in the year 1657, and who declares, that his hair had become like a child's; rather flaxen; that he had three new teeth, which he, however, got with difficulty; and though, about forty years preceding that period, he could not read the largest print without spectacles, yet, that his sight was renewed, so that no print or writing was so small that he could not read it without them. He had five children after he was eighty years of age."

"I am assured, from respectable authority, that the following circumstance may also be depended upon. A lady in the county of Fife, North Britain, who died at the age of 89, after having been under the necessity of using spectacles for several years, recovered her sight, so that for some time before she died, she could read very small print, and sew linen without glasses."

"Dr. Rush also mentions an old man, (Adam Riffe of Pennsylvania), who, about the 68th year of his age, gradually lost his sight, and continued entirely blind for the space of twelve years, at the end of which period, his sight returned, without making use of any means for the purpose, and without any visible change in the appearance of the eyes. It is singular, that after recovering his sight, he saw as well as ever he did. During both the gradual loss, and recovery of his sight, he was noways affected by sickness, but, on the contrary, enjoyed his usual health."

"Several other instances of a similar nature might be quoted, but these are sufficient to establish the general principle, that aged people may have this distinction of youth renewed."

"It is singular, that no particular instance has occurred, of the sense of hearing being renewed, after being lost by a decay of nature,

or the effects of old age. It is to be observed, however, that the human race are not so apt to lose their hearing as their sight. In the return from Greenwich Hospital of 96 old men beyond 80, the organ of vision was impaired in about one-half, whereas, the organ of hearing only to the extent of about a fifth. But this circumstance can easily be accounted for, as the eye is certainly a more delicate organ than the ear, and more liable to a variety of accidents."

"CONCLUSION."

"Dr. Rush conjectures, that the antediluvian age was attained, by the frequent renovation of different parts of the body; and it evidently appears, from the facts above narrated, that such a circumstance was not impossible. At the same time, other reasons may be assigned, (which will afterwards be stated,) for the great age of the patriarchs."

"Frisson, in his work entitled, "*De retardandis senectutis malis*," has given us a number of observations regarding what he calls the accidents of old age, as greyiness of hair, wrinkles, &c.; and he proceeds so far, as to point out medicines which will preserve youth, and cause grey hairs to fall, and black or youthful ones to come in their room. This work, though curious, and therefore meriting to be preserved, is unfortunately mingled with much of that mystery, so usual in medical works, at the period when it was written."

"Lombard has paid particular attention to the subject of the teeth, and the renewal of them. The points to be considered regarding them, he observes, are,—1. The preserving of them.—2. The keeping of them white.—3. The drawing of them with least pain.—4. The staying and casing of the tooth-ache.—5. The binding in of artificial teeth;—and, 6. That great one, of restoring teeth in age, which, he says, may be thought of, and would be, indeed, *magnanimi* nature. But though nature occasionally indulges itself in such renovations, it is hardly possible to believe, that it could be compelled to it, by any means in the power of man to apply; and, indeed, if proper care were paid to the preservation of the teeth, commencing at an early age, it would scarcely be necessary."

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